ENGLAND
IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY




SEAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LET THERE BE LIGHT
1868

K. C. Bach.

Helena - Montana.







QUEEN VICTORIA.

ENGLAND

IN

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER

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NOTE.

In respect to my "France in the Nineteenth Century," and "Russia and Turkey" in the same period, I have sometimes been reminded by reviewers — most kind to the books, however, as readable, amusing, and instructive — that I was not an historian working up new material for a definite result.

I readily accept this opinion; I have no desire to arrogate to myself the high title of an historian, though, to a certain extent, all history must be compilation. My aim has been to throw flashes of light on events which during my lifetime have interested the public; to amuse, and now and then instruct, the "general reader." Had I called my work "Historical Gossip," as I at first intended, my aim and scope in writing it might have been better understood.

Throughout "France in the Nineteenth Century" there are many little personal reminiscences of my life in Paris from 1839 to 1842, and again in 1847 and 1848. I disguised these in the third person, not wishing to thrust my personality upon my readers. In the present volume I have done otherwise, and have made use of family and personal reminiscences as far as they would serve.

My grandfather, Captain James Wormeley, being in 1775 a student at William and Mary College in Virginia, was disappointed in a love affair, and ran away to England. There, by the influence of Bishop Porteus, — then Bishop of Chester, and afterwards Bishop of London, — he obtained a captaincy in the Stafford Regiment, at that time serving as the king's body-guard at Windsor. He remained with his regiment till 1785, when peace had ended our Revolutionary

War. His regiment was disbanded, and he returned to Virginia with his wife, — the lady for whose sake he had left his friends and home.

Twelve years later he was importuned to return to his old regiment; his wife had died, and he pined for association with his old comrades. Taking his only son, my father, Ralph Randolph Wormeley, he went back to England, and placed his boy in the British navy. There my father rose rapidly. He served all through the wars of Napoleon in the Mediterranean, under Sir Robert Calder, Lord St. Vincent, Lord Exmouth, Sir Charles Cotton, and Lord Collingwood. He was made a post-captain in 1815, and became a rear-admiral in 1849, — just fifty years after he had entered the navy. He was one of four American-born English admirals in this century; Sir Isaac Coffin, Sir Benjamin Hallowell, and Sir Jahleel Brenton being the others.

In 1820 my father sought a wife in New England, Miss Caroline Preble, niece of Commodore Edward Preble, one of the founders of the American navy. Their children were all brought up with heads and hearts full of American traditions.

This little explanation seemed necessary to make clear to the reader a few things in my narrative, which I hope may be as kindly received as its predecessors.

E. W. L.

HOWARD COUNTY, MARYLAND,
September, 1894.

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ENGLAND

IN

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

THE YEAR 1822. — THE FAMILY OF GEORGE III.

THE Marquis of Londonderry, better known to the world by his title of Lord Castlereagh, had been prominent in English politics for twenty-five years. He had persistently opposed all liberal advancement, all progressive opinions. He was succeeded in his office of Foreign Secretary by Mr. Canning, under whose guiding influence the cabinet of Lord Liverpool seemed to adopt, in foreign affairs at least, an entirely different policy.

I was born in the summer of 1822, exactly as it were on the summit of the Great Political Divide, the old policy of repression going out, and the new policy of progress coming in, which has prevailed in England from 1822 up to this time.

I came into a world governed on High Tory principles, but with all kinds of radicalism, and sympathy for the late French Revolution, seething beneath the surface of society.

Poor George III. had died in 1820, after nine years of hopeless insanity, during which the Prince of Wales had been Prince Regent of his kingdoms. Mr. Pitt, who had been Prime Minister at the beginning of the century, resigned office in 1801, but returned to it in 1804, when,

but for the opposition of the King, his old rival, Mr. Fox, would have formed part of his ministry. Pitt died in January, 1806, and was succeeded by the ministry of All the Talents, in which Mr. Fox was Foreign Secretary. Mr. Fox on coming into office was forced to adopt his predecessor's policy, and to continue the war with Napoleon Bonaparte. He died, however, in 1806. A few months later, Mr. Canning became Foreign Secretary. In 1809, having unhappily quarrelled with Lord Castlereagh, then Minister of War in the same cabinet, whom he accused of tardiness in supporting English generals in the Peninsular War, a celebrated duel took place, after which both combatants resigned their cabinet positions. Lord Castlereagh resumed office shortly after, but Canning, refusing to serve in the same ministry, would only accept, six years later, the office of President of the Board of Control. This he resigned in 1820, at the time of the Queen's trial; but on Lord Castlereagh's death, in August, 1822, he was again made Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and at once committed England to a liberal and enlightened foreign policy. "No," he said, when invited by the Holy Alliance to crush the movement for constitutional government in Spain, "England can't help at that game. We 'll maintain the parcelling out of Europe by the Treaty of Vienna, though we don't half like it; but we hold every nation to be free to do as it likes within its own boundaries, and when we please we will resist any attack on this freedom."

In France, in 1822, the close of Louis XVIII.'s life was made uneasy by the persistent efforts of the *émigré* nobility to restore the old *régime* in France. Prussia, but for the assistance she had afforded the Allied Powers in their struggle with Napoleon, would have been but of small account in the family of nations. Italy, which had favored Napoleon, was punished by being placed, directly or indirectly, under the dominion of the Austrians. Russia was under the Emperor Alexander, who was restrained by a conscientious adherence to what he considered the prin-

ciples of the Holy Alliance from taking advantage of an opportunity offered him of acquiring supreme influence, if not absolute dominion, in Constantinople as the champion and protector of the revolted Greeks. Spain, under a weak and hated sovereign, King Ferdinand, was incurring the enmity of the Powers who composed the Holy Alliance, by making frantic efforts to secure a constitution, and, a year later (1823), was to be invaded by French troops, in order to check her tendencies towards liberalism.

England when I was born had made very little material progress since the age of Queen Elizabeth. It prided itself, indeed, on its macadamized roads, its canal-boats, and its fast stage-coaches, and steamboats were beginning to be used on Scotch and English rivers; but in 1822 the steamboats in Great Britain numbered only a hundred and twenty-three, and these dared not venture on the rough waters of the ocean.

Large cities were beginning to be lighted with gas. The discovery of its illuminating powers was very recent, and the smell was too offensive to allow of its introduction into private houses. Boston, one of the earliest American cities to introduce it into its streets, did not adopt it till 1828.

In 1822 Ohio represented our Far West. A quarter of a century earlier, Indians had tortured white men to death on the banks of the Miami River.

Gutta-percha was a substance not yet applied to common uses. India-rubber overshoes were made for sale by Indians, who ran the sap into rough clay moulds. Stationers kept rubber shoes in those days to cut up for school children who wanted to buy little bits of India-rubber to obliterate pencil-marks. Elastic was not; china buttons were not. Shirt-buttons looked like Queen Mab's chariot-wheels, tiny constructions made of thread and wire. Our nurse lighted our nursery fire with tinder-box, flint, and steel. Innoculation had but recently given place to vaccination; and many faces pitted all over from small-pox might be met in any city in half-an-hour's walk through the streets. In common surgical practice there were no alleviations to pain.

In the summer of 1815 my father crossed the ocean on a ship that had on board the New York dentist, Dr. Parmlee, who had been to Paris to learn how to make artificial teeth. Before that time, if any man (like General Washington) wanted a new set of teeth, he had to reconcile himself to adopting those of a dead man.

On the other hand, there were giants on the earth in those days in statesmanship and literature. Sir Walter Scott was bravely producing Waverley novels as fast as pen could write them, in his grand struggle against debt, prompted by his keen dread of mercantile dishonor. Byron in 1822 was in Venice, and had just published "Cain," as a defiance to steady-going humanity; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Campbell, De Quincy, and Professor Wilson were in their noontide glory.

On the Continent, great authors had not yet shown themselves. The turbid waters of revolution had hardly subsided enough to let them rise. Goethe, indeed, was living, though, as a writer, he belongs rather to the last years of the eighteenth century. Although America had Washington Irving, her literature was as yet only an annex to that of the mother-country. She raised little cotton; she hardly manufactured any cotton cloth; she printed none. Power-looms had, even in England, not entirely superseded the ancient hand-looms, on which weavers in their own cottages wove their webs. Workmen were bitterly opposed to the introduction of machinery, not foreseeing that the increase of production would give employment to hundreds where one would have got a living under the old system. How far large factories, with their armies of working-men and working-women, would be conducive to morality, breaking as they do into the home life of the working-classes, was a matter that in those days did not trouble the public conscience at all.

Postage was a very heavy tax on those who could least afford to pay for letters; for the better class of society people in England avoided postage, through their acquaintance with peers or members of Parliament; and the

franking privilege afforded those gentlemen a cheap and easy way of gratifying constituents, and bestowing favors upon friends.

In 1822, High Churchism, as we know it now, or as it was in the days of Laud, was out of date in England. Wesley and his followers, half a century earlier, had run a furrow, as it were, over English soil, whence had started new life into the English Church, called Evangelicalism. The clergy were divided into high and dry divines of the old solid school, and the zealous, enthusiastic, rash, and somewhat contracted Evangelicals, who claimed a monoply of "Gospel teaching." Among the lay leaders of the Evangelical party were Zachary Macaulay (father of the statesman, poet, and historian), Lord Ashley, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter, and Mr. Wilberforce.

Bishops in England always wore wigs, as well as knee-breeches, black silk stockings, shovel hats, and the episcopal apron; and when a young bishop with a fine head of hair was persuaded by his wife to request the Prince Regent's permission to appear at court without his wig, many persons — especially the Duke of Cumberland — predicted from such an innovation the downfall of the Church, — much as the Court Chamberlain of Louis XVI. predicted the overthrow of monarchy when he saw shoe-strings instead of buckles in M. Roland's shoes.

There was no system of government education at that time in England. The education of the poor was the work of private charity. There was a Poor Law, which obliged ratepayers to support paupers; and sometimes the poor-rate became so grievous that it swallowed up the profits of the farmer and made him poor. He had to pay, besides tithes and church-rates (the latter for keeping church property in order), window tax for every window, taxes on his horses if above the size of ponies, taxes on his cart-wheels, taxes on malt, taxes on silver plate, if he had any, taxes on hair-powder, if he wore it, taxes on property, if he inherited it, and taxes on every bill he paid, for no receipt for any sum

above £10 was legally valid, unless it were written upon stamped paper.

Sydney Smith's celebrated denunciation of taxation at that period (which my father made me learn by heart when I was seven years old) was no exaggeration.

"We have," he says, "taxes upon every article that enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to feel, smell, or taste; taxes on everything in the earth, or in the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad or that is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and on the drug which restores him to health; on the ermine which covers the judge, and the rope that hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; — on bed and board — couchant or levant — we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages a taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of one hundred pounds for the privilege of presiding at his death-bed. His whole property is then taxed from two to twenty per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

This excessive taxation was mainly the result of the vast efforts made by England in her wars with Napoleon. Many persons believed (like Lord Holland) that Napoleon might probably have been quiet, had he been let alone, and considered the wars against him as undertaken solely in the interest of kings and of the aristocracy. As time develops more and more the inner history of Napoleon's career, it may be doubted whether he ever could or would have adopted the motto of his nephew, "The Empire is peace," for more than a few years at a time. There was deep discontent in England from 1818 to 1822, which Lord

Castlereagh put down with a firm hand. His domestic government was stern, rigid, and persecuting. His foreign policy appeared to countenance every encroachment on the rights of nations attempted by the sovereigns of Europe. He shot himself in August, 1822, and popular hatred disturbed his funeral ceremonies as he was laid to his last rest in Westminster Abbey.

In our own day we sometimes talk of being tired of Dickens's maudlin sympathies and sentimentalities; but to estimate what the world was before the days of Dickens we must look back to the state of public sentiment upon the subjects on which he wrote, in my earlier days.

Towards the close of the last century a son of Lord Montagu had been stolen, sold to a sweep-master, and used as a chimney-sweep. Being sent to sweep the chimneys in his father's house, he entered his mother's chamber, and recognized his surroundings. This led to his being restored to his family; and in grateful remembrance of his deliverance from suffering he gave, as long as he lived, an annual feast to all the London chimney-sweeps upon the 1st of May. On his death, Mr. James White (Charles Lamb's friend) undertook to continue the festival; but it was the sole gala day in the year for these unhappy boys. Such horrors as they suffered do not exist now, either in chimneys, or in factories, or workhouses, or Yorkshire schools; and this is largely because Dickens has turned the full light of public sympathy upon the world's dark places of cruelty.

Sydney Smith says, —

"An excellent and well-managed dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a geat triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel and the enveloping sauce, but the rank, wealth, beauty, and wit which savors the meats, the learned management of light and heat, the silent and rapid services of the attendants, the smiling, sedulous host proffering gusts and relishes, the exotic bottles, the embossed plate, the pleasant remarks, the handsome dresses, the cunning artifices in fruit and farina; — the hour of dinner, in short, includes everything of sensual and intellectual gratification which a great nation glories in producing. In the midst of all this, who knows that

the kitchen chimney caught fire half-an-hour before dinner, and that a poor little wretch of six or seven years old was sent up in the midst of the flames to put it out! There is a positive prohibition of sending boys up a chimney in a blaze; but what matter Acts of Parliament where the pleasures of genteel people are concerned? — or what is a toasted child, compared to the agonies of the mistress of the house with a deranged dinner?"

He adds further: —

"When these boys outgrow the power of going up a chimney, they are fit for nothing else. The miseries that they have suffered lead to nothing; they are not only enormous, but unprofitable. Having suffered in infancy every misery that can be suffered, they are then cast out to rob and thieve, and are given up to the law."

I have spoken only of the chimney-sweeps, but the miseries suffered by young children in mines and factories were as great, if not so brutal; and in this connection I may say a few words about a great and good man who came into Parliament at this period. He was born Lord Ashley, he became the Earl of Shaftesbury. He by no means belonged to a pious or exemplary family. His religious impressions were taken from a good old nurse who died when he was seven years old. "The recollection of what she said and did and taught," he has remarked, "even to a prayer that I now constantly use, is as vivid as in the old days when I heard her. I must trace, under God, very much, perhaps all, of the duties of my later life to her precepts and her prayers."

The "duties" he thus speaks of were undertaken to promote love to God and goodwill towards men, especially towards little children. I have heard him speak upon such subjects at public meetings in Exeter Hall. He was a tall, fair-haired, slender, eager-looking man, careless in dress, but fervent in spirit. The House of Commons from 1822 to 1826 was full of great orators, — Canning, who died in 1827; Brougham, versatile, brilliant, and omniscient; Peel, the great debater; Huskisson, the master of facts; Wilberforce, with all the eloquence of conviction and persuasion.

What Wilberforce had done towards emancipating blacks, Lord Ashley set himself to do for factory children.

Factories in 1822 were a new invention. Up to the last quarter of the eighteenth century, linen, stockings, and woollen cloth had been, as I have said, woven in hand-looms by weavers who, like Silas Marner, dwelt in their own cottages. Their webs of linen were laid to bleach upon the grass, or spread upon the hedges. The punishment was death for the Autolycus who filched them in the gloaming.

Edward Cartwright about 1785 invented the power-loom. This led almost immediately to great industry in the manufacture of cotton cloth. Factories were established, modern competition began; and when hard times arrived, manufacturers, anxious to produce cheap goods, threw men out of employment, and took on women, and children of tender age, to tend their looms. Then, too, in the year 1825 there came in England a "commercial crisis." Banks suspended payment in all directions, and as the notes of country banks circulated almost exclusively in the communities around them, ruin was wide-spread in many country towns.

The great reform with which Lord Ashley's name is associated was his protest against employing child-labor in the mills. So great was the new demand for this cheap labor that London guardians of the poor were willing to supply small pauper boys and girls out of their workhouses to mill-owners, and despatched them by the bargeful to manufacturing towns. These friendless creatures, overworked and ill-treated, died rapidly, or became lifelong cripples.

"The factories were filled with women and children working long weary hours in a polluted atmosphere. standing all day on their feet at their monotonous labor. Under this cheap labor system a curious inversion of the rules of life took place. Women and children superseded men in the factories, and the domestic concerns of the family were attended to by shiftless men, or, mother, and father too, lived on the killing labor of their little children, to the utter destruction of parental affection, and of the last remnants of self-respect."

Heartbreaking stories were published, in what are called Blue Books, — *i. e.*, reports of Parliamentary Commissions, — about children so weary from their work that the most inhuman devices were resorted to by their mothers to rouse them in the mornings.

Southey, under date of 1833, wrote of Lord Ashley and the child-labor system: —

> "The slave trade is nothing to it. . . . Once more I say, 'Cry aloud, and spare not.' These are not times to be silent. Lord Ashley has taken up the Factory Question with all his heart, and with a deep religious sense of duty. If we are to be saved, it will be — I do not say *by* such men, but *for the sake* of such men as he is."

I will not dwell on Lord Ashley's further efforts on behalf of children made to work in coal-mines. In South Staffordshire, according to his speech in Parliament, it was common for children to begin work at seven years old. "In the West Riding of Yorkshire," he said, "it is not unusual for infants even of five years old to be sent to the pits. Near Oldham, children are worked as low as four years old, and in the small collieries towards the hills, some are so young that they are brought to work in their bed-gowns." This "work" was dragging sledge-tubs, on all fours, through tunnels too low and narrow to admit grown persons. The child had a girdle fixed about its waist, to which the sledge-tub was made fast by a chain.

It took nearly twenty years from the first agitation of this subject before these abuses were effectually remedied by Act of Parliament. The greatest struggle was to obtain a law permitting only ten hours' work for women and children. Miss Barrett's noble poem, "The Cry of the Children," is said to have had a powerful influence on the result.

At this time there was another noble work, taken up quietly and carried on successfully, by a woman whose name will be handed down to posterity as that of a "mother in Israel."

Elizabeth Fry was a Miss Gurney, one of the rich and

influential Quakers of that name, — a family whose happiness it still is to do good.

Her mother died when she was twelve years old, and her father, self-absorbed, paid little heed to the seven lovely daughters who, on his country place near Norwich, were growing up around him.

Elizabeth was the gayest of the band. She had those bounding high spirits which, overpowering in youth, are sometimes the salt that keeps men and women fresh into old age. A very un-Quaker-like young lady she must have been, doting on dancing, charmed with her own powers of enchanting gentlemen, quick, imaginative, eager for excitement, and admired and beloved wherever she appeared.

"How amazing it must have seemed in after-life," writes one of her biographers, "to the calm, serene, holy-minded woman, invincible to the flatteries of courtiers, the friendship of kings and emperors, the tears of empresses, the shouts and blessings of excited crowds, unmoved, save to deepest humility, by all the homage, the adulation, the almost adoration she met with when her name was ringing throughout Europe, to recall how in her butterfly youth the fripperies of a ball-room could have been 'too much' for her, and singing at a village concert might, she feared, 'be a snare.'"

When about eighteen she was suddenly startled out of her gay carelessness by a sermon heard at a Quaker meeting; and by degrees she came to the fixed resolve of becoming what her sect called "a plain" Quaker. Not long after her adoption of the Quaker speech and dress, she married Joseph Fry, a young man of a family far stricter than the Gurneys, and went to lead the life of a London merchant's wife in the heart of the City.

It is a mystery to many not connected with the Society of Friends how ladies of that Society contrive to do the work they do in furtherance of schemes of benevolence outside of their own homes, and yet maintain their domestic establishments in perfect order and dignity. We account for it on the supposition that Quaker domestic establishments have

their wheels so well greased by wealth, discipline, and kindliness that all things run on smoothly, even in the absence of the guiding hand.

At first Elizabeth wrote of herself, "My time appears to be spent to little more purpose than eating, drinking, sleeping, and clothing myself." But she had at all times a house full of company, and her large family of children came in rapid succession. Moreover, she suffered greatly from neuralgia, or, as she, in her ignorance of our modern long word, calls it, "from toothache." But by chance one day she paid a visit with a friend to the great prison at Newgate.

In four rooms, not over large, they found crowded three hundred women, many of them having with them their children, some tried, and others untried, with only one man and one woman to take charge of them by night and day. Though military sentinels were posted on the roof, such was the prevailing lawlessness among these women that the Governor of the Prison entered that department with reluctance, and advised the ladies to lay aside their watches before going in.

Mrs. Fry's heart was touched. She sent the miserable creatures clothes; but four years passed before she entered on the work with which her name is associated. It was in the midst of the bitter winter of 1816, when the Thames was frozen over, and a fire kindled on the ice roasted an ox whole, that Mrs. Fry, left alone at her own desire with these women, knelt among them and prayed for their little children, — those half-naked and half-starved little children who stood around her. Then, having won the women's sympathy, she proposed to open a school for these little ones. One of the women was chosen superintendent; and thus began that movement which has led to the astonishing amelioration of prison life all over the world.

Here is a description of the Women's Department in Newgate as Mrs. Fry found it, written by one of her friends: —

"The railing was crowded with half-naked women struggling together for the front situation with the most boisterous violence,

and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and shuddered when the door closed upon me."

In a fortnight a great change, at least in outward appearance, had come over the wards. The most depraved had recovered some self-respect.

In those days the offences for which people were hanged were very numerous. Forgery, passing counterfeit money, and even some kinds of petty theft, were capital crimes. One terrible duty was undertaken by Mrs. Fry, — that of seeing, advising, and comforting condemned prisoners; and her stories of these poor creatures, some of whom went out of their minds as they contemplated the horrors of their execution, are harrowing.

One woman, for having passed counterfeit notes received from her lover (not knowing that they were counterfeited), was, in 1818, condemned to the gallows. Mrs. Fry exerted herself to obtain a pardon for her. In vain the Duke of Gloucester, stupid but kindly, used his influence with the Prime Minister; the poor woman was executed. Her fate led to Mrs. Fry's introduction to the old Queen Charlotte, who was paying a state visit to the Lord Mayor. Hearing that Mrs. Fry was in the Mansion House (whither she had come to make interest on behalf of this poor woman), the Queen desired to see her. "A murmur of applause," says a spectator, "ran through all the assemblage as the Queen took Mrs. Fry by the hand. The murmur was followed by a clapping and a shout, which was taken up by the multitude without, till it died away in the distance."

This visit to the Lord Mayor was Queen Charlotte's last appearance in public. She caught cold on this occasion, and died not very long after.

Soon Mrs. Fry began to be consulted even by foreign nations as to the management of prisons. In spite of her numerous children, she undertook many journeys of benevolence, always accompanied by her brother, Joseph John Gurney, who in such matters went with her heart and hand.

During a great part of her life she was very rich; but in her later days sorrows, domestic and pecuniary, came upon her. Her husband's business house was involved by the failure of other houses, and she had to move into a cottage, giving up her beautiful home. It also grieved her that her children all married out of the Quaker connection. Her eldest grandchild was born on the same day as her own youngest child.

In her earlier days she was frequently sent for by the Duchess of Kent to visit the little Princess Victoria, whom she describes as "a sweet, lovely, hopeful child;" and, later, she records long conversations on prison discipline with Prince Albert.

The King of Prussia, when he visited England in 1842 for the christening of the Prince of Wales, insisted upon taking an informal luncheon at her cottage. On this occasion she presented to him eight daughters and daughters-in-law, seven sons and sons-in law, and twenty-five grandchildren. "Her life," says Mrs. Oliphant, "stands nearly alone in the boundless and almost uninterrupted success which attended every effort."

Her end was gradual and peaceful. The naturally frail tenement failed, worn out by ceaseless exertions, at the age of sixty-five. She died at Ramsgate, October, 1845. In the garden of a cottage where she passed the last years of her life, a Memorial Church has been erected, the corner-stone of which was laid by Princess Louise.

"The key to her whole character," says Mrs. Oliphant, "may be found in these words, written for her sister by her own pen: 'My dear Rachel, I can say one thing, since my heart was touched at seventeen, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by night or by day, without my first thought being how I may best serve my Maker.'" Hers was the charity of the Christian, rather than the narrower zeal so frequent with philanthropists.

Such was in part the state of things when I came into the world. With Lord Castlereagh's death, and the resumption

of power by a ministry that included Mr. Canning, a change came over England.

In a world such as I have endeavored to describe, the personal history, predilections, and domestic conduct of the royal family were of very much more public importance than are the character and conduct of Queen Victoria's sons. The influence of the court filtered down, as it were, through all classes of the people.

George III., when a very young man, came to the throne in 1760. He was son of that Frederic Prince of Wales whose name seems to be held in remembrance only in this country. Fredericksburg, Frederick County, Frederick, and Fredericton were all called after this Prince Fred, on whom an epitaph was written by court wits; and as far as he is remembered at all, it is confirmed by posterity: —

> "Here lies Fred,
> Who was alive, and is dead.
> Had it been his father,
> I had rather.
> Had it been his mother, —
> Better than another.
> Had it been his sister,
> No one would have missed her.
> But as it is Fred,
> Who was alive, and is dead,
> There 's no more to be said!"

George III. enjoys the distinction of being the most religious, virtuous, and respectable man of his family. "Farmer George" his people called him, and with good reason; for, under the signatures of Joseph Trenchard and Ralph Atkinson, he wrote several excellent letters to an agricultural paper concerning new methods of ploughing, and the reclaiming of waste lands. He owed his popularity, not only to his real goodness of heart and to a certain blustering *bonhomie*, but to the circumstance that he was an Englishman, and the English had not had a king both born and educated on English soil since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

In early life he had been several times in love. One of

his loves was Hannah Lightfoot, a pretty Quakeress; another, a beautiful countess, of whom he talked much in his insanity; another, Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. This preference was nipped, however, in the bud by his mother and his ministers. Lady Sarah married Sir Charles Bunbury, — a relative of the eccentric Englishman, General Charles Lee, who was the rival of Washington, — and on Sir Charles Bunbury's death gave her hand to one of the members of the brilliant family of Napier, whose representatives during the last century have done their country so much honor. George III. was married to a princess of seventeen, Charlotte, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. It has been the fashion to describe her as ugly, narrow-minded, ignorant, and close-fisted, and she certainly was not popular among the courtiers that surrounded her. But she says of herself, "I have found that the advice of the dear King, — of being uniformly polite to everybody, of doing nothing in the spirit of party, and of adhering closely to my husband's family, — has been my surest guidance." This advice was accompanied, on her young husband's part, by the strongest desire to keep his young wife to himself, to form her, to convert her, as it were, into his own reflection. He read aloud to her daily, while she was engaged in sewing. He discouraged all intimacies, even with his own family. She maintained German court punctilio in matters of etiquette; but her intense sense of decorum and propriety gave tone to the English court and aristocracy for more than a generation.

My grandfather, Captain James Wormeley, who served many years in the Stafford Regiment (then the King's body-guard) at Windsor, had the most tender recollections of the King. I never but once saw him angry with his son, my father, and that was when I was about seven years old, and he had picked up in the nursery a volume of Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, — just published, — in which King George and his insanity were spoken of with levity. What my grandfather then said made a life-long impression

upon me; I have never been able to speak otherwise than tenderly of George III.

And, indeed, how piteous a story is that of his sad life! A worthless mother, a narrow education, no natural abilities, but strong conscientiousness and a kind heart; and, above all, a large and handsome family, of which every member proved a failure.

Two of his fifteen children died in babyhood. One of these he mourned for, saying pathetically in his sorrow: "Some would grieve that they had ever had so sweet a child, since they were forced to part with him. Such is not my case. I am thankful to God for having generously allowed me to enjoy such a creature for four years."

His favorite daughter, the Princess Amelia, died in early womanhood, and her father's sorrow for her loss made him hopelessly insane.

My grandfather often spoke of Princess Amelia as one of the sweetest children ever born. He would tell of her as he used to see her on the Great Terrace at Windsor Castle, trotting before her parents in quaint baby-dress, with smiles, and pretty nods, and kissings of her hand for every one who noticed her. When about fifteen she fell into ill-health. It was then she is believed to have written those touching lines, "Unthinking, idle, wild, and young," which are associated with her memory. Here is a less well-known prayer which after her death was found written on the fly-leaf of her prayer-book: —

> "Gracious God, support thy unworthy servant in this time of trial. Let not the least murmur escape my lips, nor any sentiment but of the deepest resignation enter my heart. Let me make the use thou intendedst of the affliction thou hast laid on me. It has convinced me of the vanity and emptiness of all things here: let it draw me to thee as my support, and fill my heart with pious trust in thee, and in the blessings of a redeeming Saviour, as the only consolation of a state of trial. Amen."

A short time before Princess Amelia's death it is believed that, in defiance of the Royal Marriage Act, she

was secretly united to Captain (afterwards General) Fitzroy, an officer of her household, a gentleman of the family of the Duke of Grafton. At her death she left him all her jewels, which, however, he was not suffered to retain. With a dying hand she pressed a valuable diamond on the finger of her father, and begged him to remember her only with affection.

Queen Charlotte was not a woman with an uncultivated mind. Some of her familiar letters, which during the last ten years have been given to the world, are playful and very charming. They inform us, though we can hardly realize the fact, that George III. once played an April-fool trick on one of his ministers; and here is a little poem that the Queen sent him, two years after their marriage, in "a most elegant Valentine, worked by her own hands." It would be impossible to believe that a German lady, who never acquired a perfect pronunciation of English, could have written it, were it not that there are other little poems in existence from the same hand.

> "Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air;
> His face, like the moon, is both ruddy and fair.
> Soft Love sits enthroned in the beam of his eyes:
> He 's manly, yet tender; he 's fond, yet he 's wise.
>
> "He 's ever good-humored; he 's generous and gay;
> His presence can always drive sorrow away.
> No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
> But open his temper, and noble his mien.
>
> "By virtue illumined, his actions appear;
> His passions are calm, and his reason is clear.
> An affable sweetness attends on his speech;
> He 's willing to learn, though he 's able to teach.
>
> "He has promised to love me: his word I 'll believe;
> For his heart is too honest to let him deceive.
> Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly you can,
> For the picture I 've drawn is exactly the man."

And, indeed, all this was true, except as to the "noble mien," — as true as any eulogy can be expected to be. It

described George III. in his earlier days, before his disposition had been troubled by incipient insanity. The whole story of that insanity is piteous in the extreme. From the age of twenty-seven, he had been subject to brief attacks of delirium. In 1788 a regency had to be appointed. He recovered in six months, but was stricken down again in 1801, and subsequently in 1804. In 1810 he became hopelessly insane, and never recovered.

"At intervals during his first attacks," says one who was about the court at that period, "he still took an occasional interest in politics. His perception was good, though mixed up with a number of erroneous ideas. His memory was tenacious, but his judgment unsettled. The loss of royal authority seemed to prey upon his mind.

"His malady seemed rather to increase than abate up to 1814, when, at the time of the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to England, he gave indications of returning reason, and was made acquainted with the interesting events that had recently occurred. The Queen one day found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. After he had concluded the hymn, he knelt down, prayed for his family and for the nation, and earnestly entreated for the complete restoration of his mental powers. He then burst into tears, and his reason suddenly left him; but he afterwards had occasionally lucid intervals."

Towards the end of his life he became deaf. His sight was already gone. He imbibed the idea that he was dead, and said, "I must have a suit of black, in memory of George III., for whom I know there is to be a general mourning."

In 1817 he appeared again to have a slight glimmering of reason. His sense of hearing returned, more acute than ever, and he could distinguish people by their footsteps.

"After 1818 he occupied a long suite of rooms, in which were placed several pianos and harpsichords. At these he would frequently stop during his walks, play a few notes from Handel, and then stroll on. He seemed cheerful, and would sometimes talk aloud, as if addressing some one;

but his discourse bore only reference to past events, for he had no knowledge of recent circumstances, either political or domestic. Towards the end of 1819 his appetite began to fail him. In January, 1820, it was found impossible to keep him warm; his remaining teeth dropped out, and he was almost a skeleton. On January 27, 1820, he was confined to his bed, and two days later (a few days after the death of the Duke of Kent) he died, aged eighty-two years."

He was the father of nine sons and six daughters; but he had only five grandchildren of legitimate birth.

Mr. Adams's account of his presentation to the King at St. James's Palace, 1785, as the first Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, is familiar to many, but to all it must be interesting.

"I passed," he says, "through the lesser rooms into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with His Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about half way up the rooms, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to His Majesty in the following words: 'Sir, the United States of America have appointed me their Minister Plenipotentiary to Your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to Your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it It is in obedience to their express commands that I have the honor to assure Your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between Your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for Your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your royal family. The appointment of a Minister from the United States to Your Majesty's court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in Your Majesty's presence in a diplomatic character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to Your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire confidence, esteem, and affection — or, in better words, the old good-nature and the old good-humor — between people who, although separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and

kindred blood. I beg Your Majesty's permission to add that although I have sometimes before been intrusted by my country, it was never, in my whole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself.' The King listened to every word I said with dignity, it is true, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I did or could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said, 'Sir, the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, and the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but I am very glad their choice has fallen on you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe — that it may be understood in America — that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do by the duty that I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last man to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, let the connection of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect.' I dare not say that these were the King's precise words, for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between his periods, and between much of the same periods. He was indeed much affected, and I was not less so; but I think all he said to me should not be kept secret in America, unless His Majesty or his Secretary of State should think proper to report it.

"The King then asked me whether I came last from France, and on my answering in the affirmative, he, with an air of friendliness, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, 'There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France.' I was surprised at this, because I thought it indiscreet, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed, but determined not to deny the truth on one hand, nor have him to infer from it my attachment to England on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gayety and a tone of decision as far as was decent, and said, 'That opinion, sir, was not mistaken. I must avow to Your Majesty that I have no attachment but to my own country.' The King replied, quick as lightning: 'An honest man will never have any other.'"

The sons of George III. were George, Frederic, William Henry, Edward, Ernest, Augustus, Adolphus, Octavius, and Alfred. The last two died in infancy. His daughters were Charlotte, Augusta, Elizabeth, Sophia, Mary, and Amelia.

Of these princesses it has been truly said "that during the course of their long lives, full of trials, dulness, and monotony, they showed the same constancy and patience, with a display of domestic virtues and amiability that is truly remarkable. Admirable daughters, tolerant and affectionate sisters, excellent wives, sagacious and observing, they earned the respect and admiration of all, and reflected credit on the Queen their mother."

We have already spoken of the Princess Amelia. Her sisters led all of them unhappy lives, ground down by court restraints, and made sorrowful by the always uncertain condition of the King, who was continually trembling on the verge of insanity, even when considered in his right mind. None married until very late in life, and none had any children.

Charlotte, the Princess Royal, was thirty-one years old when a suitor presented himself for her in the Duke of Würtemberg. He was a *very* stout, elderly man, so stout that he had had to have a curve cut out of his dining-table to accommodate his obesity. In early life he had distinguished himself as a soldier, and had become a favorite of Frederic the Great, who promoted his marriage with a lady of his own house, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and of Augusta, sister of George III.; she was sister to Caroline of Brunswick, wife of George IV. Of the men of this family of Brunswick, it might be said that they were all *sans peur*, but few of the women were *sans reproche*. The Prince and Princess of Würtemberg a year or two after their marriage went to the Russian court, where Catherine II. was then supreme. There the Princess greatly misconducted herself, and is supposed to have incurred Catherine's enmity by attaching one of that lady's ex-favorites to her train of lovers. Her husband returned to Würtemberg with his children, leaving his wife behind. She was imprisoned by Catherine in the fortress of Lode, and soon afterwards her

death was reported, in 1788. Whether she died by violence or natural causes, or whether indeed she really died, has always been doubtful. Many persons thought her escape was effected by one of her lovers, and that she fled with him to Italy. George III. made careful inquiry into the circumstances of her death before he permitted his daughter to be engaged to the supposed widower, and he appears to have been fully satisfied by what was told him. The Princess Royal seems to have been glad to escape the restraints of her home in England, and not unwillingly married her stout, elderly suitor. All accounts say that she led afterwards a happy life, devoted to the care of her step-children and her step-grandchildren. One of her step-daughters was the admirable Princess Catherine, who married Jérome Bonaparte much against her will; but she made him a devoted wife, and when, after the downfall of the Bonapartes, she was entreated by her father to forsake her husband, her letter of refusal is a touching expression of womanly fidelity and of a wifely sense of honor.

The Duke of Würtemberg was made a king by the Emperor Napoleon as a reward for his adherence to the French cause in the war of 1805 with Austria. It is thus that the eldest daughter of George III writes of the way she received, for her husband's sake, her own country's national enemy:

"It was, of course, very painful to me to receive him with courtesy, but I had no choice; the least failure on my part might have been a sufficient pretext for depriving my husband and his children of this kingdom. It was one of the occasions in which it was absolutely necessary *de faire bonne mine à mauvais gout.* To me he was always perfectly civil."

Napoleon said afterwards of another German queen, —

"She should remember that but for me she would be only the daughter of a miserable petty Margrave, and imitate the conduct of the Queen of Würtemberg, daughter of the greatest King on earth!"

The courteous reception of the Emperor Napoleon must indeed have demanded much self-restraint on the part of a lady brought up to consider him the Corsican Monster,

as was the fashion in England in those days. A few years before the interview, she recorded in her journal that she had been reading a scurrilous life of him, published to suit the popular opinion of his character.

"The book," she says, "gives a very accurate account of the Monster from his childhood. I must tell you what happened to me. I was reading to myself, and, my maid was in the room, and, being very eager, I called out *à propos* of one of his very malicious acts as a boy, 'Oh, you devil!' On which she said, 'I know what you are reading, — I read some of it this morning; and a more horrid creature never existed.' I was then shocked at having called him *devil*. It was an injustice to Beelzebub, who was a fallen angel; for I believe Bonaparte to be an indigenous devil!"

When the stout King died, in 1816, his widow thus writes to her family: —

"I believe never was any one more attached to another than I was to the late King. This affection, which during our union was the happiness of my life, makes me look forward with impatience to the end of my days, when I trust, through the mercy of Providence, to be reunited to my husband in a better world. The present King behaves very kindly to me, and has shown the most dutiful affection to his late father."

She never returned to England, but died at Louisburg, Oct. 6, 1828, made happy by the affection of those whom she calls "my dear little grandchildren," and who, she adds, "are really worth seeing. Mr. and Mrs. L——, who saw them last year, will, I am sure, give you a full account of these little angels, who they seemed much pleased with."

The next sister was Princess Augusta. Her intended bridegroom was a prince of Denmark; but the marriage negotiations came to an end, owing to matrimonial complications between the reigning Danish King and his wife, Caroline Matilda, posthumous daughter of Frederic, Prince of Wales, and sister of George III. Princess Augusta never married. She died in 1840. Contemporaries spoke of her as the most charming princess among those of whom one who lived among them and knew them well has written, "I really knew not such girls in any rank of life.

They are all amiable in their different ways, and they are all different." My grandfather's favorite was Princess Elizabeth, who had a sweet face, full of goodness and of intellect; but she became immensely stout even in her years of early womanhood. She wrote and published a little book of verses, illustrating the poems with her own designs. She was also an enthusiastic collector of old China and bric-à-brac. She remained unmarried till 1818, when she was forty-eight years old. Then another stout German came to England as her suitor, Philip Augustus, the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, whose dominions and court were the originals of the court of Pumpernickel.

That the poor princesses, while in England, lived in dread of what might happen to them under the regency of the Prince of Wales, and were ready to accept any fate that might remove them from his authority, may be gathered from this letter, written by Princess Elizabeth to Lady Harcourt, a friend of the family: —

"Think, my beloved Lady Harcourt, how things are changed, that I now pray to the Almighty that I may leave this country. Turn which way we will, all appears gloom, and melancholy stares one full in the face. The prospect we have to look forward to in the wife of him who should be our protector in future times, is so dreadful that I had rather far choose the deserts of Arabia than all the amusements of London or the delights of the country in England. Do pray for me, and wish for us all to be gone. My much-beloved mother knows a little how sincerely we all wish to be gone; but a daughter who loves her as truly as I do must feel the indelicacy of speaking too openly on a subject which separates us from her; but indeed, indeed, it is most necessary. . . . I fear everything, — nearly my own thoughts; but I trust in the mercy of God, who will with his mercy guide my course, and, what I love almost best in the world, my brother. . . . But do get him to wish us all away."

The Landgrave of Homburg made anything but a favorable impression on society in England. He is described by contemporaries as a "gross, corpulent German," as "smelling always of tobacco," as "snoring at theatres;"

and "all wondered at the destiny which could assign so charming a princess to such a monster."

A great-aunt of Princess Elizabeth, the Princess Mary, daughter of George II., had married a former Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and her memory was cherished in the tiny principality.

Mr. Rush wrote home an account of the wedding: —

"The conduct of the Queen was admirable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family, her children then clinging about her, the female head of a great empire, in the seventy-sixth year of her age, went the rounds of the company, speaking to all. There was a kindliness in her manner from which time had stricken away useless forms. No one did she omit, and she wore hanging from her neck a miniature portrait of the King. He was absent, scathed by the hand of Heaven; a marriage going on in one of his palaces, he the lonely suffering tenant in another. But the portrait was a token superior to a crown. It bespoke the affection in which for fifty years this royal pair had lived together. The scene would have been one of interest anywhere. May it not be noticeable on a throne?"

My grandfather used to grieve over the accounts brought home by travellers of the poverty of the Landgravine's surroundings. They told of the bare furnishing of her tall old Schloss, and of her lack of the comforts provided in England for every middle-class family; yet she was probably happier in her married life than she had been at home. She surrounded her old Schloss with an English garden. She called it her "dear and blessed home." The Landgrave, too, improved under her influence, and thus Miss Knight speaks of him in her memoirs: "He has noble frankness of character and a patriarchal kindness in his family, which, added to his graciousness and his care of his subjects, render him worthy of being well beloved. He is well educated, very neat in his person, and never comes into company without changing his dress if he has been smoking."

The Landgravine died in 1840, — the year before the gaming-tables were set up in Homburg.

Of Princess Sophia I can tell very little. She had delicate health. After the deaths of her father and mother she had her separate establishment, and lived in retirement in the country. It is believed that, like her sister Amelia, she had been early married to an officer in her household. She died in 1848.

Princess Mary, the prettiest of a very handsome family, had a sad and romantic history. When she was twenty years old she was engaged to her cousin, William, Duke of Gloucester. The young people were good-looking, amiable, and exceedingly attached to each other; but their engagement was broken by command of George IV., because, having no son, and only one daughter, the Princess Charlotte, and as, having separated from his wife, he was likely to have no more children, it might be desirable to marry the little heiress of the English crown to the Duke of Gloucester. He was therefore ordered to remain unmarried until this little lady became old enough to take a husband, when, if her family could not find for her a more eligible prince, she would have to be married to her elderly cousin. The Prince of Orange proposed to Princess Charlotte, and the hopes of her Aunt Mary rose high. But Charlotte in the end would have nothing to do with the Prince of Orange. How she married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and how deeply she was attached to him, must be the subject of part of another chapter. "As Princess Charlotte after her marriage descended the great staircase at Carlton House, she was met at the foot of it by her aunt, the Princess Mary, with open arms, and a face bathed in tears." A few weeks later Princess Mary became Duchess of Gloucester. For eighteen years she lived happily (though childless) with her kindly, unintellectual cousin and husband, but she long survived him. She died in 1857, the last of the Queen's aunts. The Earl of Malmesbury, in his Memoirs, speaks of her as "all good-humor and pleasantness." "Her manners," he adds, "are perfect, and I never saw or conversed with any princess so exactly what she ought to be."

Such is the history of George III.'s six daughters, all lovely, all amiable, all with marred or *manqué* lives. Now we will turn to the seven sons who grew to manhood, or rather to six of them, for we will leave aside George, Prince of Wales, whose matrimonial history will demand a considerable share of our next chapter.

The sons of George III. may be said to form two groups, — the four elder boys, and the three younger.

The four elder were George, Prince of Wales, Frederick, Duke of York, William, Duke of Clarence, and Edward Duke of Kent. The others were Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge.

Frederick, Duke of York, was the prince of most talent in his family. He was for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; and although the expeditions he commanded in 1793 and 1799 met with little success, he was admirable as an organizer and reformer. His manners, too, were those of a finished gentleman, and by his affability he made himself many friends. On the other hand, he brought great scandal on himself and on his family by allowing an infamous woman, Mrs. Clarke, to sell to officers promises of promotion, to obtain which she used her influence with the Commander-in-Chief. This affair came to light, and was investigated by Parliament.

The Duke of York was always in debt. Mr. Charles Greville relates that he and his Duchess were often thankful to take loans from their attendants. On one occasion they were unable to raise money enough to pay some village laborers who were digging a drain.

My father used to tell a story of the fashionable tailor in London in his day, whose bill against the Duke of York for personal attire and liveries became so enormous that he was seriously embarrassed for lack of payment. His friends urged him to take a post-chaise and drive down to Oatlands, the Duke's place in the country, state his case, and ask a settlement. On his return his advisers crowded round him. "Well," cried the tailor, shaking his head, "he seemed so

glad to see me, and treated me so like a gentleman, that I could not ask him for money."

When, after the Duke's death, it was proposed to erect a column to his memory in Carlton Gardens, a caricaturist in "Punch" drew a plan for it, — an enormous file of bills strung on a wire, with the Duke's statue on the top. Those bills were eventually paid by a grant from Parliament.

The Duchess of York was Princess Frederica, daughter of King Frederick William II. of Prussia. She lived for thirty years in retirement in the country, chiefly remarkable for her care of forty dogs. We judge from Greville's Memoirs that in their later years the pair got what little money they could command chiefly by playing cards. The Duchess died in 1822, and her husband in January, 1827. His funeral procession was kept standing two hours in a damp chapel at Windsor on a flagged floor, waiting for George IV. as chief mourner. Canning insisted that Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, should stand on his cocked hat; and for want of the same precaution, took the cold of which he died some months after.

The Duke of York had a very poor opinion of his brother, George IV., and did not hesitate to tell his intimates that his brother's conduct on some points was so monstrous that he could only suppose he was mad.

When the sad death of Princess Charlotte took place, Nov. 5, 1817, most of her male relations were unmarried. My father used to tell how he was standing on Waterloo Bridge a week after her death, when three Government messengers passed him at a gallop, each bearing an offer of marriage from a bachelor royal duke to some princess in Germany. The three suitors were the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge.

The first married Adelaide, Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. The second married Victoria, Princess of Saxe-Coburg, sister of Prince Leopold, and widow of the Duke of Leiningen, by whom she had had two children, — a son, the Prince of Leiningen, and a daughter, Feodora, subsequently married to Prince Hohenlohe. The third suitor was the

Duke of Cambridge, who married Augusta, daughter of the Duke of Hesse-Cassel.

The Duke of Clarence became afterwards William IV. His wife, Queen Adelaide, was a most admirable woman, who lived long after his death. They had two children, both daughters, who hardly survived their birth.

Edward, the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., was the ill-treated and neglected member of his family, — at least, he considered himself neglected, though several good appointments were given him. In his boyhood anything wrong that was done by his elder brothers was attributed to him. He was considered the member of the family who was of small account. He was sent to Germany, as all his brothers were (except the Prince of Wales), for military instruction, and was then put into the army; but he was kept always with a very small allowance. His father was at least partially insane during his early manhood, — which was one reason, probably, why the young men were sent from England, — and ministers were worried by Prince Edward's continual requests for money. The history of his lost outfits is both comic and curious. By shipwreck or by capture, they were lost one after the other; and when this was the case, the ministry was in no hurry to replace them. He held several positions of trust in Nova Scotia and Canada, where he made warm friends in all classes of society. At Halifax are still shown the dilapidated remains of the Prince's Lodge, which the Prince quitted in 1800, amid the general grief of the inhabitants of the place, with whom he was very popular, — "a grief," says Judge Haliburton, "enhanced, no doubt, by his high rank as the King's son, to say nothing of the lavish expenditure of money for which he had for six years been most famous at the Lodge and in the town, and for the associations which gathered round his every movement, and the prestige which was given to society by his presence, all which were to be now lost forever."

His moral character was not above reproach, but he never made the scandal of an openly irregular life, like almost all

his brothers. Warm-hearted and affectionate, and, justly or unjustly, considering himself estranged from his family, his life was probably a very far from happy one, and the only opportunity afforded him by which he could really have distinguished himself led to disaster and disgrace.

He was sent to Gibraltar as its Military Governor, and entered upon his duties with great ardor. The English troops there at that period were two wholly disorganized regiments. Prince Edward introduced such strict discipline, and carried it out so energetically, that complaints in shoals were sent home to the English Government, and the soldiers broke out into open mutiny. This was suppressed with difficulty, and the Prince was recalled to England. He was never again trusted with any command of importance, but was always treated as the family ne'er-do-weel. It is surprising that, under the mortifications he suffered, he did not go wholly to the bad. In 1818 he was required, as a matter of state policy, to be married. The Duchess of Kent, although, as I have said, she was the mother of two children by her first marriage, made it the chief duty of her life after her union with the Duke of Kent, and the birth of their little daughter, to acquit herself rightly of the responsibility of training up the presumptive heiress to the English throne.

She and the Duke at the time they expected their child's birth were too poor to reside in England. The Duke, indeed, was burdened with debts, and his allowance had always been small. He wrote to his brother, George IV., entreating for money to enable him to come home, that the heir or heiress presumptive to the throne of England might be born on English soil. No notice was taken of this request. The Duchess had come as near as possible to the coast of England, and it is possible that Queen Victoria would have been born a Frenchwoman, had not Alderman Wood advanced money to the impecunious pair.

On May 24, 1819, Queen Victoria was born, at Kensington Palace. On the following January her father died at Sidmouth, after a very short illness, leaving debts which

when Queen Victoria came to the throne she at once assumed, and, setting aside part of her private income every year for the purpose, she has long since paid them off entirely. Here is a pretty picture of the Duke and his baby daughter, written by one who visited them at Kensington Palace, just before their removal to the sea-side: —

"On my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated it was his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib; adding, 'As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer that as she grew in years she might grow in grace and favor both with God and man, nothing could exceed the fervor and feeling with which her father responded with an emphatic Amen. Then, with no slight emotion, he continued: 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father, but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.'"

The Duchess of Kent was a sensible, dignified, judicious woman, who lived in retirement and devoted herself to her child. The little Princess Victoria was rarely allowed to appear in public, and was almost unknown to her own family. Her uncle Leopold was one of her guardians. He and her mother had probably from her infancy selected her future husband, — her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, — and this young Prince, under King Leopold's advice and superintendence, was put in training at a very early age for his future important position.

King William IV. exceedingly disliked the Duchess of Kent, and on several occasions treated her with rudeness altogether unbecoming a gentleman. In emergencies she seems to have relied on the advice of the Duke of Wellington.

When her daughter came to the throne she retired as much as possible behind it, and after the Queen's marriage their households became separated.

If any man was ever cordially hated, it was Ernest, the

Duke of Cumberland. Popular opinion looked upon him as a monster of iniquity. He was even accused of murdering one of his own attendants, a youth named Sellis; and though the investigation seemed to establish the fact that it was Sellis who had tried to murder the Duke, and who, when overpowered, had cut his own throat, it was hard to remove an impression of the Duke's guilt from the public mind.

His wife had been already twice married, — once to Prince Frederick of Prussia, then again to Prince Salms, by whom she had had children, and from whom she was divorced for her irregularities. She was own niece to Queen Charlotte, having been born a princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but on learning of the divorce, the Queen would neither receive her at court, nor acknowledge her as her daughter-in-law.

The dread throughout England was very great lest the young Victoria should die before she was married and had had children, as then the Duke of Cumberland would have mounted the English throne. Hanover, however, was a kingdom that had a Salic law, so that when William IV. died the Duke succeeded him as its sovereign, — to the great joy of Englishmen, who were relieved at his departure. They were also glad to get rid of the connection with Hanover, looking upon it as the exciting cause of Continental wars.

King Ernest of Hanover had one son, blind from his youth, and as good and well-beloved as his father was the contrary. He was very musical. He became King George V. of Hanover after his father's death, resisted the encroachments of Prussia in 1866, fought bravely in the battle of Langensala, where his Hanoverians distinguished themselves, but was finally deposed by Prussia's irresistible power.

He had three children, — two daughters, and one son. The son has married Princess Thyra of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales and of the Empress of Russia. The eldest daughter of the blind King married, after her father's death, the nobleman who had served him as private secre-

tary, with the full consent of Queen Victoria, as head of the family. There is a lovely account of this lady, under a slightly disguised name, in Daudet's novel, "Les Rois en Exil."

Augustus Frederick, the Duke of Sussex, had a somewhat singular history. He was the handsomest, the best-educated, the most liberal-minded and popular prince of his family. Early in George III.'s reign the King, in consequence of the marriage of his two brothers with ladies not of princely birth, favored the passage of an Act of Parliament called the Royal Marriage Act. By it no descendant of George II.[1] (*sic*) can contract a legal marriage without the consent of the sovereign, if less than twenty-five years of age. If over that age, and he cannot obtain the consent of the sovereign, notice of an intention to marry may be given to the Privy Council, and at the end of twelve months after this notice, if no objection has been made by Parliament, the marriage may take place, — always providing that the bride or bridegroom shall be a Protestant. This law, until recently, has restricted English royal marriages to a very few German Protestant princely families. In England the prejudice against these German marriages has been intense. To this day it is understood that children in various branches of the royal family speak German rather than English among themselves.

To return, however, to the Duke of Sussex. When the American Revolutionary War broke out, the Governor of Virginia was Lord Dunmore. He escaped, with his family, on board an English frigate, and on reaching England went down to his Scottish castle and estate. He had a very attractive family. One of his daughters, Lady Augusta Murray, was in Rome with her mother in the winter of 1792. There the Duke of Sussex, then a very young man, met her, fell desperately in love with her, and succeeded in persuading an English clergyman, in spite of the Royal Marriage Act, to perform the marriage ceremony. This

[1] How far the innumerable German descendants of George II. continue to feel themselves bound by this law I am unable to say.

was repeated some months after in St. George's, Hanover Square, the banns of Augusta Murray and Augustus Frederick having been three times previously published, without attracting attention. Two children were born of this marriage, — Sir Augustus d'Este, and his sister, Mademoiselle d'Este, who married Lord Truro, subsequently Lord Chancellor.

The Duke and Lady Augusta were descended from common royal ancestors, in three different royal lines. Both claimed descent from James II., King of Scotland, one by the male line, the other by the female. Again, while the Duke descended from Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., Lady Augusta had for her ancestress his other sister, Mary. Both claimed descent from Louis I., Duke of Montpensier, and from Charles VII. of France, and, both being descended from the house of D'Este, they adopted that as the family name of their children.

As soon as George III. learned the fact of the marriage, he took measures to have it declared null and void. The Duke of Sussex vehemently protested against this for some years, and stood up in defence of his wife, but eventually he weakened. Lady Augusta was created Countess of Ameland; but in 1809 she was forced to give up her children, on the ground that she "was bringing them up with an idea that they were princes and princesses." Troubles arising out of her unhappy marriage lasted till her death, which took place in 1830. Not long afterwards, the Duke, then an old man, and still in search of domestic happiness, in spite of the Royal Marriage Act married Lady Cecilia Underwood. She was ninth daughter of the Earl of Arran, and was born Lady Cecilia Gore; but she had married Sir George Buggin, a London alderman, and on becoming a widow, in 1825, had obtained leave to change the name of Buggin to her mother's name of Underwood.

In 1840 she was acknowledged by Queen Victoria and by Lord Melbourne's ministry to be the lawful wife of the Duke of Sussex, though not entitled to share his rank. She was created Duchess of Inverness in her own right, and was

devoted in her attentions to her husband. He was President of the Royal Society, a fatherly uncle to the Queen, a patron of literature and science, an inordinate smoker, and the owner of a library especially rich in valuable Bibles. The world had nothing to say against him, except that he made debts, as all his brothers did, and died without paying them.

There is little to be said about Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge. His brother, while Prince Regent and George IV., kept him nearly always in Hanover, where he governed as viceroy.

I have seen him sometimes at the Opera, — a rubicund, stout man, with a silly and resounding laugh. He had three children, — George, now Duke of Cambridge, and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army; Augusta, who is Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and Mary, a great favorite of the English public, who married Prince Teck, a German without dominions, who since his marriage has led the life of an English country gentleman. It is their daughter, Princess Mary, now Duchess of York, great-great-granddaughter of George III., who is likely sometime during the coming century to take her place as Queen Consort on the English throne.

It has been noticed that " in most of the male members of George III.'s immediate family, who all had good abilities, there was a certain strain of folly or eccentricity, owing a good deal to unrestrained self-indulgence and love of pleasure, which led to debt and difficulties, which in their turn led to abandonment of principle, to strange shifts, to careless oddities and recklessness."

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE IV. — MRS. FITZHERBERT. — PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FEW persons in our own day have a good word to say for the last of the four Georges.

There were some loyal souls during his lifetime (like dear Sir Walter Scott) who genuinely believed in "the divinity that doth hedge a king," and persuaded themselves into esteeming him accordingly. But in his lifetime all contemporary memoir-writers and journal-keepers spoke of him disparagingly; his brothers, who knew him best, had, with their familiars, none but words of insolence to say of him, — indeed, their satire is so fierce that it awakens a thrill of sympathy for their victim. Here are some of Byron's celebrated lines, written on the opening of the Royal Vaults at Windsor: —

> "Famed for their civil and domestic brawls,
> Here heartless Henry lies by headless Charles.
> Between them stands another sceptered thing, —
> It lives, it moves, in all but name a king.
> Charles to his people, — Henry to his wife, —
> In him the double tyrant starts to life.
> Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain,
> Each royal vampire wakes to life again!
> Ah! what can tombs avail when these disgorge
> Two such to make a Regent in a George?"

Dickens has had his fling at George IV.'s meanness, selfishness, and pomposity, in the character of Mr. Turveydrop; while Thackeray, not content with sticking his steel pen through him, and holding him up to infamy, in the "Four Georges," gives us one of the keenest bits of irony in the English language, when he describes him as he saw

him at the theatre soon after he returned from India, as "George, the First Gentleman of Europe; George the Good; George the Great and the Magnificent," bowing to his lieges.

Peace be to his ashes! There were three things to be said in his favor, — he disliked signing death-warrants (which were very plenty in his reign), and often wretched criminals escaped the gallows through his mercy. Moore's description of him at his breakfast-table, with —

> "Tea and toast,
> Death-warrants and the 'Morning Post,'"

was more witty than justifiable. He had elegant manners and wore an elegant wig, though the deportment was as artificial as the other. He was also more sinned against than sinning in his personal relations to the crew of witty rascals that in his early years he gathered round him. He *was* good to Sheridan, who rewarded him with ingratitude; and he left behind him a paper excusing himself for many of the errors of his life by pleading the anomalous nature of his position.

"The duties of life," he says, "are easy to most men, — they fit them like a glove. Mine did not fit so well, nor so softly. I was blessed with a father, mother, and wife, each and all of whom were certainly the most intolerable persons that even fiction could present. . . . One of the great weaknesses of constitutional government is the impossibility of friendship or accord between a sovereign who thinks for himself, and any minister who does the same. No king may form a friendship founded on politics. After friendship and politics comes friendship and dissipation, — a sorry link, yet a strong one. Friends of that kind had to be sought in men strangers to politics, otherwise ministers would be jealous, — imagine plots, backstairs influence, and so on. I never had but one exception, — Sheridan; and yet what scrapes did he not get me into! One great accusation against me was that I failed to provide sufficiently and honorably for such friends as were ruined by their own imprudence; but if the King of England wanted a small place of two or three hundred pounds a year for a friend, he might go begging for it, and not find it. It took me far less pains to get



KING GEORGE IV.



Lord Moira made Governor-General of India than it did to get Moore the poor clerkship in Bermuda which ruined him. Again, with regard to marriage: It is said I married, or consented to be married, only that my debts might be paid; that I had beforehand determined to quarrel with and discard the Princess of Brunswick. Is it not more natural and proper to suppose that in my position I may have desired heirs to the English throne, and had made up my resolve for the duties as well as the pleasures and advantages of matrimony? that, compelled to espouse what I had never seen or known, I was still, as a gentleman of honor, prepared to reciprocate every generous, every loving, every delicate sentiment? Is it not possible that I may have been disappointed?"

George IV. was born in London, Aug. 12, 1762, and was christened George Augustus Frederick. He and his brothers, York, Clarence, and Kent, were educated in great privacy and under extremely severe discipline. Till he was eighteen he led a dreary life of almost entire seclusion at Buckingham House, Kew, or Windsor. The ordinary recreations of his age had been so utterly denied him that when at eighteen he attained the usual majority of princes, he at once gave way to all kinds of riotous excesses. Gambling, horse-racing, and all sorts of disreputable pleasures occupied his time, and led him into the society of vicious persons.

The French Duke of Orleans (afterwards Philippe Egalité), the most advanced blackguard of his age, was one of his intimates; also Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine, then leaders of the Whig party, and of fast London life. Those were the days when Colonel Byrd, of Westover, Virginia, and other gentlemen of the old Virginia school, half ruined themselves by high play with His Royal Highness. On one occasion, when Colonel Byrd had lost heavily over night, he received a message in the morning from the Prince that half the debt would be enough to settle the account between them; to which the Colonel replied promptly that a Virginia gentleman never staked more than he could afford to pay.

George III. was distressed and scandalized by the

excesses of his prodigal, nor was he soothed by the Prince's openly joining himself with the Whig party, which was opposed to Mr. Pitt, and professed to be in sympathy with the French Revolution.

King George was himself an enemy to every kind of progress, a conservative of the strictest kind. He refused to sanction any proper income for his son, though Parliament was ready to grant the Prince of Wales £100,000 per annum.

At the age of nineteen the Prince met a Roman Catholic lady, Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was six years older than himself, and was the daughter of William Smythe, a Hampshire gentleman. At nineteen she had married Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle, one of the same Weld family since well known in America. Mr. Weld died in a few months. His widow afterwards married Mr. Fitzherbert, of Staffordshire; he died in consequence of over-exerting himself in the cause of law and order during Lord George Gordon's No-Popery Riots, in 1780, so graphically described in "Barnaby Rudge."

At twenty-five, Mrs. Fitzherbert was a beautiful young widow, rich, courted, and admired. Here, in the language of a writer in one of the English magazines, is what followed: —

"George, the fat and fair young prince, already wearied of Mrs. Robinson, his poor Perdita, saw the brilliant young beauty. His heart was (as he said) seriously affected. The fair widow divided his affections with the bottle, and he became an assiduous wooer, whom Mrs. Fitzherbert endeavored as assiduously to avoid. Her coyness did but inflame his ardor. But she remained deaf to all entreaty, till Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr Edward Bouverie arrived one night at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger, that he had stabbed himself, and that only her immediate presence could save him.

"There probably never was a man so ridiculous when playing the part of a lover as the Prince of Wales. To have himself bled that he might make himself look interesting for a

moment in the eyes of some fair lady, was no unusual trick with him. On this occasion, however, it was positively declared that he had stabbed himself, and Mrs. Fitzherbert believed it to the day of her death. Meanwhile the four male emissaries of love besought the young widow to hasten and heal the wound. They succeeded in persuading her, after much difficulty, and she went to his residence at Carlton House, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire. When she reached the Prince's bedside she found him pale and covered with blood. The Prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and let him put a ring on her finger."

She yielded; but the next day grew frightened, and repented. A narrative was drawn up of what had passed; those who had been present signed it as witnesses, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, declaring that she had not been a free agent, fled beyond the seas. While abroad she became intimate with the Princess of Orange, who at that time was spoken of as the future Princess of Wales.

The rage and grief of the Prince drove him to madness. There must have been incipient insanity in his composition. Lord Holland, on the testimony of Mr. Fox, says that "he cried by the hour; he testified the sincerity and violence of his despair by extravagant expressions and actions, — rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, etc."

Mrs. Fitzherbert remained a year on the Continent, "endeavoring," as she says, "to fight off" the perilous honor that was persistently pressed upon her. Love-letters from the Prince followed her in such numbers that the French Government of that day fancied they were connected with some intrigue on the part of the Duke of Orleans (Chartres at that period), and arrested two of the couriers. At last a love-letter of twenty-seven pages, in which the Prince assured her that the King, his father, would connive at the marriage, decided her. She came to England, and at the same port where she landed was married to the Prince by a clergyman of the Church of

England, in the presence of several witnesses, among them her cousin and her brother. The certificate of this marriage is in existence in the handwriting of the Prince; but Mrs. Fitzherbert afterwards cut out the names of the witnesses, for fear of bringing them into trouble.

For some years the couple lived together as man and wife, and then, the Prince's debts getting intolerable, he applied to Parliament for money. In the course of the debate that followed, reference was made to his illegal marriage, when he desired his personal friend, Mr. Fox, utterly to deny that he ever had been married. At this Mrs. Fitzherbert was naturally so indignant that her lying husband had to get Sheridan, another friend, to make a counter-speech, in which he reproached Mr. Fox for having said anything to the disparagement of a lady "whose good name, malice or ignorance alone could attempt to injure, and whose conduct and character were worthy of the truest respect."

Though of course, in the face of the Royal Marriage Act, the marriage ceremony did not constitute the union of the heir-apparent with Mrs. Fitzherbert a legal marriage, society believed in her, and she was received everywhere. Even old Queen Charlotte was kind to her, and George III. was her warm friend.

The pecuniary difficulties of the Prince marred the happiness of their union. At one time, animated by a desire to show the world how mean he considered the allowance made him by his father, the Prince sold his carriages, vacated Carlton House, and assumed the character of a penniless prodigal. This lasted, however, only a few months. The pair quarrelled several times, but made up again. In 1793, after ten years of comparative constancy, the Prince transferred his assiduities to Lady Jersey. In 1794, as Mrs. Fitzherbert was seated at the dinner-table of the Duke of Clarence, a note was brought her. In it her husband bade her farewell, saying that it was decided he must be married to his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick.

After this marriage Mrs. Fitzherbert, by the advice of her

friends, opened her house in a series of brilliant parties. All the fashionable society of London, including the royal princes, attended her balls.

"Upon this, as upon all other occasions," says her friend and biographer, Lord Stourton, "she was principally supported by the Duke of York, with whom through life she was always united in the most friendly and confidential relations. Indeed," he continues, "she frequently assured me that there was not one of the royal family who had not acted with kindness towards her; and as for George III., from the time she returned to England till his mind was clouded by insanity, had he been her own father he could not have acted towards her with greater kindness and affection. She had made it a rule to have no secrets of which the royal family were not informed by frequent messages, of which the Duke of York was generally the organ of communication; and to that rule she attributed at all times much of her own contentment and ease in extricating herself from embarrassments which would otherwise have been insurmountable."

After the Prince Regent's alienation and separation from his wife, the Princess Caroline, he resumed the same desperate courtship of Mrs. Fitzherbert as she had been exposed to a dozen years before. Members of the royal family, male and female, urged her to forgive his political marriage, and to receive him again as her husband.

Doubtful as to what might be right under such extraordinary circumstances, she despatched one of the chaplains at the Spanish Chapel (the principal Roman Catholic place of worship then in London) to Rome, to ask the advice of the Pope and Council. The reply from Rome was in a Brief. At that day it was against the law to bring a Pope's Brief into England, and this one Mrs. Fitzherbert afterwards, in a moment of panic, destroyed. The Pope's decision was that she was in truth the Prince's wife, and should return to him. She did so, receiving him, not clandestinely, but inviting him to a breakfast at her own house, with all the fashionable world of London.

"The next years, she told me," says Lord Stourton, "were the happiest of her connection with the Prince. She used to say they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets; and as a proof of their poverty, she told me that once, on their returning from Brighton to London, they mustered their common means, and could not raise five pounds between them. She added, however, that even this period, the happiest of their lives, was much embittered by the numerous political difficulties that beset the Prince, and especially by all that concerned the 'delicate investigation,' as it was proper to call the inquiry into the conduct of the Princess of Wales. That lady did not hesitate in the coarsest manner to allude to the Prince as 'Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband.'"

At last the Prince's wandering fancy for other ladies of the court led to their final separation.

After Queen's Caroline's death, and when the Prince at last was King of England, he announced to Mrs. Fitzherbert his intention of marrying again; to which she only replied, "Very well, sir."

In conjunction with Queen Charlotte, the Duke of York obtained for Mrs. Fitzherbert, by a mortgage on George IV.'s plaything, the Pavilion at Brighton, £6000 a year. Her influence with the old King George III. had been so great that on one occasion, even when she was separated from the Prince, she obtained from him a promise to treat his son with more kindness. Soon after their final separation, the Prince Regent consulted her as to how he should act in a political emergency. She gave him excellent advice,— to act honestly. He of course did exactly the reverse.

When, in spite of his usual regard for children, he was treating his daughter, Princess Charlotte, with extraordinary harshness, the poor girl threw herself on the neck of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and implored her to beseech her father to be less unkind. But when Mrs. Fitzherbert urged on the Prince the moral and political necessity for less harshness, his only reply was, "So that is *your* opinion, madam."

When he was on his death-bed, Mrs. Fitzherbert wrote him a touching letter, as from a wife offering her services to her sick husband. He read the letter, not without emotion,



MRS. FITZHERBERT.



and he died and was buried with her portrait hung about his neck by a little silver chain.

On the accession of William IV., Mrs. Fitzherbert applied for an interview with him, and laid before the new sovereign all the documents relating to her marriage. He was moved to tears by the perusal, and expressed his surprise at her forbearance, with such papers in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials. He offered to make her some amends by creating her a Duchess; but she replied that she did not wish for any rank, that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and had done nothing to disgrace it. She was admitted to the private family circle of King William and Queen Adelaide, and always, when they stayed at Brighton, where she lived, attended their small Sunday parties.

She destroyed all her papers, except a few documents which she sealed up, and which now lie unopened in the bank of Messrs. Coutts in London. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Albemarle assisted her in the destruction of the most important of her papers.

She passed the last years of her life entirely at Brighton, and died in 1837, the year Queen Victoria came to the throne. King William had desired her to adopt for her servants the royal livery, and had authorized her to wear widow's mourning for his brother.

To return to George IV., in his earlier days. For years as Prince of Wales he was on bad terms with his parents. His reckless extravagance, his disreputable habits, his contempt of respectability, his politics, and his private life were distasteful alike to the old King and Queen.

In those days, when Europe was on the eve of great changes in public thought, when ardent spirits, not foreseeing the Reign of Terror, hailed the coming Revolution, England was divided into the old Tory party, led by Mr. Pitt, who took for their war-cry, "King, Church, and Constitution," and the Whigs, led by Mr. Fox, who were supposed to have imbibed the principles of Rousseau and the Revolution.

The Prince on coming of age (as Princes do at eighteen) conceived a great admiration for Mr. Fox, and entered into close personal relations with him, his party being in opposition to the King's ministers. In November, 1788, the King's insanity forced Parliament to meet the question of a regency; and after many intrigues and much fierce debate, members decided that it should be offered to the Prince of Wales, with certain restrictions, one of which limited his power over the King's person and over the other members of the royal family; for Queen Charlotte and her daughters had a great dread of falling into the hands of such a brother and such a son. But before the bill came into effect, the King suddenly recovered his reason. The spirit that the Prince of Wales had manifested towards his father and mother during the discussion of the Regency Bill so shocked public feeling in London that the mob made demonstrations against him, while rejoicing in the old King's recovery. Perhaps I am wrong to speak of him as "the old King," for in 1788 George III. was barely fifty years old.

After 1792 the Prince gradually ceased to be a Whig, and before long tried to win the favor and confidence of Mr. Pitt and the Tories. This turning of his coat is not so much to his discredit as it at first appears, for by 1797 Mr. Fox had withdrawn himself from politics, and the French Revolution had disgusted and disheartened the friends who had welcomed it with enthusiasm a few years before.

In 1794 the Prince (as I have told already), in order to obtain the second payment of his debts, and a larger income from Parliament, intimated his willingness to marry any lady of royal birth selected for him. The one chosen was his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. Referring to Mrs. Fitzherbert, Queen Charlotte said, when informed of the probability of this marriage, "George best knows whether he can reconcile it to his conscience to marry."

Lord Malmesbury, a trained diplomatist, was sent over to Brunswick to bring the young lady to England. The revelations jotted down in his journal day by day are very frank and very amusing.

"Princess Caroline of Brunswick," he says, "while endowed by nature with a kind heart, and some quickness of apprehension, was as ineligible a person as could have been selected for the consort of the future King of Great Britain. Her education had been wretchedly neglected, she was vain, giddy, and imprudent, addicted to the society of persons infinitely below her own rank, whom she treated with unbecoming familiarity, totally ignorant of the world and its usages, and unable to control her tongue. She stood in awe of her father, who was an austere person, and who treated his children habitually, it was said, with much severity. For her mother she had no respect, and did not scruple, when she could find an opportunity, — which occurred only too often, — to turn her into ridicule. Her conversation was that of a thorough gossip, — her manners those of a flirt. She was disposed to be liberal, not from generosity, but from absolute carelessness, — a fault she extends to her person."

Subsequently he writes while conducting her to England:

"I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline, one on the toilet, on cleanliness, and delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible *for a man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well to what was hid as to that which was seen. . . . It is amazing how on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, though an Englishwoman, has been inattentive to it."

Was ever an unfortunate ambassador, a man of courts and councils, sent on such an embassy? He was required to act the part of Mentor to this vulgar, ignorant, headstrong girl, — by no means in her first youth, — elated by the promotion held out to her, and absolutely beyond his control. He sums up her character as that of one "who, in the hands of a steady and sensible man, would probably turn out well; but when it is likely she will meet with faults perfectly analogous to her own, she must fail."

After a delay of three months in Hanover, and considerable difficulty in getting safe across the high seas (for the year was 1795, and England was at war with the French Republic), the Princess landed at Greenwich. The Royal carriages had not arrived to meet her, and she was kept waiting for more than an hour on the landing-place. They

at last appeared, and the Princess reached St. James's Palace in the middle of the afternoon.

Here is Lord Malmesbury's account of the Prince's first interview with his bride: —

"I notified our arrival to the King and the Prince of Wales. The last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her that it was the right way of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her gracefully enough, embraced her, said barely a word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the room, and, calling me to him, said, 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?' Upon which he, much out of humor, said, with an oath, 'No, I will go directly to the Queen.' And away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment, and, on my rejoining her, said, 'Mon Dieu! is the Prince always like that? He is so fat, and not nearly so handsome as his pictures!' I endeavored to say that his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal flurried and affected by this first interview, but she would certainly find him different at dinner."

Alas! during that dinner the poor girl's conduct was flippant, rattling, wanting in ordinary delicacy. The Prince was evidently disgusted. "And this unfortunate dinner," says Lord Malmesbury, "fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove."

The unhappy pair were married a few days after, the Prince on that occasion being civil, and not ungracious, though his father, who stood behind him, had to prompt his responses.

What could come of such an ill-starred union but division and unhappiness?

Within a year after the marriage the Princess gave birth to a daughter, — the Princess Charlotte. The wife and husband (if wife and husband they were) lived for some months after their child's birth under the same roof, but they never spoke to one another. Then a formal separation took place, and the Princess retired to Blackheath.

The excuse for this ill-treatment within a year after the marriage was simply that the Prince "had taken a dislike to her." The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, a man noted for rough speech, said to another nobleman that he thought the Prince's strange conduct could only be imputed to madness, and that he was struck by the good sense and discretion of the Princess. This, however, was not to last long; cast off by her husband, friendless in a strange land, her lady-in-waiting (Lady Jersey) notoriously the reigning favorite with the Prince, the unhappy woman became reckless. She put no restraint on her incurably *gamin* temper, her capricious choice of friends, her love of scandal and of gossip, her taste for flattery, and her propensity to say and do imprudent things. "People may talk," she said, "I do not care! From henceforth I will do what I please, — *that I will!*"

She did nothing very bad, however, for some years, when a lady whose friendship she had most imprudently made, and whom she afterwards discarded, brought charges against her which were inquired into by a Parliamentary commission. This was known by the name of the "delicate investigation;" but in spite of the influence of the Prince of Wales, who earnestly hoped matter might be found on which to ground a charge which must lead to a divorce, the Princess was pronounced not guilty on the graver charges, though cautioned for the future to be more circumspect.[1]

After 1814 the Princess went abroad. She wandered over Europe for four years, living principally in a villa on the Lake of Como. The general impropriety of her conduct, and the relations that seemed to exist between her and her Italian chamberlain, Bergami, led all respectable English people to keep aloof from her.

King George III. had always been kind to her, as long

[1] My father, who was home from the Mediterranean on sick leave, and was staying at Blackheath at the time, has often told me that the population of Blackheath openly expressed opinions unfavorable to Princess Caroline; but could any serious charge have been substantiated, we may be sure it would have been taken advantage of.

as he retained his reason; but he lost it permanently in 1810, having been worried from many causes into hopeless insanity. On his death, in 1820, the first act of the new King was to forbid the insertion of his wife's name into the Prayer-book, where the name of a queen consort always appears in the Litany, and in prayers for the health and welfare of the royal family. George IV. was resolved that the woman he hated should not be prayed for by his people as Queen of England.

Queen Caroline at once returned from Italy. The populace of England, believing her to be at least as much sinned against as sinning, took her part, and made riotous demonstrations in her favor. King George IV., whose daughter, Princess Charlotte, had been dead for eighteen months, ardently wished for a divorce, that he might make another marriage. Another investigation of the Queen's conduct took place, not, this time, in secret, but openly before the House of Lords, during the summer of 1820. Lord Brougham (then Henry Brougham) was the Queen's counsel. The particulars are not edifying, though in those days the foul details were in everybody's mouth.

The King was not able to obtain his divorce, for there were no direct proofs of the criminality of the Queen, and the peers, like the people, seem to have judged that however bad the Queen's conduct might have been, that of her husband had been worse, and that he was more responsible. However, though she achieved a partial triumph, nothing would induce the King to acknowledge her in any way as Queen of England. At the coronation she came in her robes and tried to gain admittance at every door of Westminster Abbey; but special guards had been stationed to prevent her entrance, and she was everywhere refused.

On that occasion she stood for two hours within a few feet of my mother, then a bride, who had a seat in the gallery erected between the Banqueting Hall and the Abbey. Part of the time she was in tears, but more often she acted with an effrontery and a flippancy which greatly outraged my mother's sense of propriety.

She did not long survive this mortification. She died in August of the same year. Her body was taken to Brunswick for burial, the populace attending it through London with riotous demonstrations of sympathy.

The remainder of George IV.'s reign was passed in quarrels with his ministers, who in general found it hard "to get along" with him. He hated the Duke of Wellington, and so did his brothers, the Dukes of York and Cumberland. The questions that agitated England were that of Catholic Emancipation and the dawning one of Parliamentary Reform.

On the accession of King William and Queen Mary, in 1688, such terror was felt throughout England of Roman Catholic influence that the Test Act was strictly enforced, and a new oath of allegiance was exacted besides. By this Act, which was in force until almost the close of the reign of George IV., every officer of the Crown, even down to a midshipman, who desired a lieutenant's commission, had to take an oath renouncing all allegiance to the Pope of Rome, all belief in transubstantiation or the invocation of saints, and also had in public to receive the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Church of England. This excluded conscientious Roman Catholics (and in many instances Protestant Dissenters) from serving their King and country. They could not send their sons to the English universities; they had to worship in unpretentious chapels in obscure places; they could not sit as magistrates, nor vote for members of Parliament.

The object of the Catholic Emancipation Bill was to abolish the Oath of Abjuration and the Test Act.

All England on this subject was wildly agitated. When, returning from New England in 1828, we reached England in October, I was six years old, and well remember seeing the words "No Popery" scrawled in chalk upon fences and walls along our route from Liverpool to London.

In those days, during the time of an election, all Tories wore blue badges, and the Whigs yellow. I recollect one Tory in Ipswich who would not suck an orange or eat

the yolk of an egg during an election. Of course this wearing of colors led to fights and riots indescribable, especially as the Blue and Yellow candidates had each their own public-houses, at which their supporters were supplied with beer.[1]

The Catholic Relief Bill passed in 1829, under the administration of the Duke of Wellington. That year and the next there were riots all over England in opposition to the introduction of threshing-machines. I have seen barns blazing by night in all quarters of the horizon. Farmers were warned by a mysterious individual, "Tom Swing," and if they did not at once abandon their new machines and take back the old flails for threshing, their barns were fired.

Before the passage of the Catholic Relief Bill, however, the King, wishing to re-establish his popularity, which had been so much impaired by the Queen's trial, determined to make several progresses in different parts of his dominions. He had never in his life been out of England. He went to Ireland, where his reception was cordial, but he was two days crossing the Irish Channel on his return to England. His yacht, which was attended by several English warships, encountered a stiff gale, and for some hours the King was, or thought himself, in great danger. He visited Hanover, landing at Calais on his way thither, where in the street among the crowd he caught sight of his discarded favorite, Beau Brummel. He does not seem to have admired his German subjects, who, however, did their best to convince him that they were delighted to see their sovereign, after having been deprived of that honor for more than sixty years. In the summer of 1822 it was decided that he should visit Scotland. Poor dear Sir Walter Scott made the arrangements for his reception in Edinburgh, where, at a great levee held at Holyrood, His Majesty appeared dressed in the Highland garb, affording food for laughter to those who found it ludicrous that an immensely fat King

[1] An account of an election such as I saw in Ipswich in 1829 may be found, with little exaggeration, in Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year."

should appear as a Highlander in a Lowland city, where three-quarters of a century before, all Highlanders had been considered savages and cattle-thieves. "Surely," says Lockhart, in that delightful book of biography, his Life of Scott, "no Stuart prince, except Prince Charles when in rebellion against the great-grandfather of George IV., had ever thought of presenting himself in the saloons of Holyrood in Celtic array!"

The King, however, professed to assume this incongruous costume out of compliment to the Scottish nation. The affair had at least one merit: it gave pleasure in his waning days to the dear and good man, Sir Walter Scott, whom all generations of English-speaking men and women should delight to honor. He had the entire charge of the arrangements, which he conducted, as far as he could, with mediæval pageantry.

Here is his letter on the occasion to his eldest son: —

My dearest Walter, — This town has been the scene of such giddy tumult since the King's coming, and for a fortnight before, that I have scarce had an instant to myself. For a long time everything was thrown on my hands, and even now, looking back and thinking how many difficulties I had to reconcile, objections to answer, prejudices to smooth away, and purses to open, I am astonished I did not have a fever in the midst of it. All, however, has gone off most happily, and the Edinburgh population have behaved themselves like so many princes; for the day when he went in state from the Abbey to the Castle with the regalia borne before him, the street was lined with the various trades and professions, arranged under their own deacons and office-bearers, with white wands in their hands, and with their banners, and so forth. As they were all in their Sunday clothes, you positively saw nothing like mob, and their behavior, which was most steady and respectful towards the King, without either jostling or crowding, had a most excellent effect. They shouted with great emphasis, but without any running or roaring, each standing as still in his place as if the honor of Scotland had depended on his behavior. . . . The Celtic Society, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array," mounted guard over the regalia in the Abbey with great order and stateliness. They were exceed-

ingly nobly dressed and armed. There were from two to three hundred Highlanders besides, brought down by their own chiefs, and armed cap-à-pie. They were all put under my immediate command by their own chiefs, as they would not have liked to receive orders from each other. . . . To-morrow or next day the King sets off, and I also take my departure, being willing to see Canning before he goes off for India, — if, indeed, they are insane enough to part with a man of his power.

Lockhart in his Life of Scott does not by any means share his father-in-law's enthusiasm. On the contrary, he pokes some sly fun at the ceremonies on the occasion. He tells how, when Sir Walter (an old acquaintance of His Majesty) went on board the royal yacht on its arrival, the King called for a bottle of Highland whiskey, and, having drunk Sir Walter's health in that national liquor, caused another glass to be filled for him. Sir Walter, after draining it, made a request that the King would condescend to bestow upon him the glass out of which His Majesty had just drunk his health. This being graciously granted him, the precious article was immediately wrapped up and deposited in the pocket of Sir Walter's coat. On reaching home, he found the venerable Mr. Crabbe awaiting him; and in his joy at seeing his brother-poet, he drew up a chair, sat eagerly down beside Crabbe, — and the glass in his coat-tail was smashed to atoms!

Lockhart says also, "The King at his first lèvee diverted many and delighted Scott by appearing in the full Highland garb. His Majesty's Celtic attire had been carefully watched over by the Laird of Garth, who was not a little proud of his achievement. . . . In truth King George did look a most stately and imposing person in that beautiful dress; but his satisfaction was cruelly disturbed when he caught sight of Sir William Curtis, the fat and eccentric London alderman, dressed in the same Stuart tartans and all the rest of the Highland paraphernalia."

As to the central figure among the "plaided and plumed," if we wish to see how unloved and unrespected he was in his own home at Windsor Castle, — a failure in

every relation of life, — we may take this passage from Charles Greville's Memoirs: —

"The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent than he was about the Catholic Question, — tired of that too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life; never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains about six or seven in the morning. He breakfasts in bed, and whatever business he can be brought to transact is done in bed too. He reads every newspaper straight through; dozes three or four hours; gets up in time for dinner; and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times a night. If he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his valet-de-chambre down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water."

A few months after Charles Greville wrote thus in his "Journal," the King died. Ten days after his death Greville again records: "Nobody thinks anything more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him, and rake up his vices and misdeeds."

A few pages must suffice for the Princess Charlotte, whose fate, however, made so deep an impression on the nation that for more than a generation after, one class of the people dated events before or after "the death of Princess Charlotte." [1]

Princess Charlotte was born, poor girl, on Jan. 7, 1796. The separation of her parents occurred a short time after, and the Princess of Wales went to reside principally at Montague House, Blackheath. There, for a little while, the baby was suffered to remain with her; afterwards they were parted, and she was only allowed to see her daughter once a week.

[1] When in our nursery we would ask our dear old English nurse, "How long have you had this bodkin, or this ribbon?" she would answer: "Let me see: I think I had it two winters before Princess Charlotte died." And I have elsewhere met the same mode of computation.

Hannah More speaks of Princess Charlotte as being in her babyhood "exactly like the child of a private gentleman, — wild and natural, sensible, lively, and civil. Though only six years old, when the Bishop of London one day told her that on her next visit to the sea-side she would be in his diocese, she dropped unbidden on her knees, and asked his blessing."

After a time the Princess was removed to Carlton House, her father's residence; but weekly she used to be driven over to Blackheath to see her mother. "On these occasions," says an eye-witness, "she stood at the carriage-door kissing her pretty hand to those who bowed to her, her beautiful fair hair falling on her shoulders. One day we observed, to our surprise, that she wore a black crop wig, surmounted by a turban with a rose in it. On remarking this to a lady connected with the court, she said, 'Oh, I can explain it. The Prince of Wales the other day asked Lady Elgin why the child's hair was suffered to grow long in that frightful manner. And on hearing that her mother liked it long, he sent for scissors, and, without another word, cut the hair off himself so close to the child's head that it had to be rubbed with spirits to prevent her taking cold.'"

Princess Charlotte loved her mother, "who," says the same writer, "though wayward and flighty almost beyond belief, had a certain gay good-humor very attractive to children; but the little Princess was by no means fond of her grandmother, Queen Charlotte, whom her mother had taught her to consider stern and stingy."

It must, however, be said in defence of Queen Charlotte that after her death it was found out that her six extravagant younger sons had been a continual drain on her resources.

One day, when Princess Charlotte had been deliberately guilty of a breach of court etiquette in her behavior to the Queen, the old lady sent for her, and addressed her thus: "The King's days can be but few, and should an untimely end unhappily await his successor, your father, you would be Queen of England. In that case I should

think it proper to pay you the same respect that you now owe to me." This so much touched the Princess that she burst into tears.

Her character was compounded of self-will, caprice, and obstinacy, tempered by kind-heartedness, generosity, a strong love of truth, candor, and rectitude. It depended into what hands she would fall in matrimony, which elements would prevail.

She was fine-looking rather than beautiful, very pale, with a lovely neck and arms. She stuttered a little, but her voice was "ever soft, gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman."

As she grew older, her father placed her at Warwick House, the back of which looked upon the gardens of Carlton House, his own residence, and he forbade her to make any more visits to her mother. It was then that a touching interview took place between mother and child in the Park. Their carriages met on one of the drives near the artificial lake called the Serpentine, and drew up side by side, when mother and daughter leaned forward, and for a moment were clasped in each other's arms.

In 1814 the Prince of Orange presented himself in England as Princess Charlotte's suitor. Her father wished her to marry him, and at first she consented. But on discovering that one object of the match was to remove her from England, she broke off the engagement. Persuaded that her aversion to the Prince was fostered by her mother, the Prince Regent is said to have broken open his daughter's writing-desk and seized her letters. He resolved also to remove her to Cranbourne Lodge, a dull, secluded residence in the centre of Windsor Forest.

"Accordingly, he repaired to Warwick House, accompanied by five ladies whom he had chosen to replace the ladies of her household. These he left in an ante-chamber while he had an interview with the Princess, in which he told her abruptly and roughly that her attendants were all dismissed; that she must pack up instantly and accompany the new ladies he had provided for her to Cranbourne Lodge. Commanding her outraged feel-

ings, she only begged she might have five minutes given her to take leave of her attendants and prepare for the journey. On her leaving the room, her father, pleased with his own good management, returned to Carlton House to dress for dinner. No sooner had he left the house than the Princess, in bonnet and shawl, stole down the back stairs and passed out alone into the street. She called the first hackney-coach she met, and, putting a guinea into the astonished coachman's hand, ordered him to drive her to Connaught House, where her mother was then living. The Princess of Wales proved to be spending the day at Blackheath. Thither Princess Charlotte at once sent a messenger. Her mother was in her carriage to return home when this messenger reached her. She showed spirit and good judgment on the occasion. She drove at once to the House of Commons and asked to see Mr. Whitbread, who was not there, then to the House of Lords to get Lord Grey, who was also absent. Then she secured Mr. Brougham, and also Miss Mercer Elphinstone, one of Princess Charlotte's young girl friends. Soon after these reached Connaught House the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Sussex, together with several other persons sent by the Prince Regent, arrived, each in a hackney-coach, no one having had time to order his own carriage and horses."

The Lord Chancellor was very violent with the Princess, — the rest persuasive. There was no help for her. By the law of England she was absolutely subject to the King's (or Regent's) will during her minority. She is said to have exacted a promise that she should not be forced to marry the Prince of Orange, and was then carried back to Warwick House, whence, with her new ladies, she was removed to what was almost an imprisonment at Cranbourne Lodge.

Her mother, either to carry out a previously formed resolve, or because her presence seemed to embarrass her daughter's position, left England for the Continent a month later, and mother and daughter never met again.

Princess Charlotte's health failed, under the many restrictions forced upon her. She was not allowed to see her friends, and it was only occasionally and with difficulty that she could get leave to write to them. Here are one or two of her letters at that period.

She had asked leave to see a friend who was going abroad, and who was soon to be married.

"This was refused, and with a clause, too," she says, "that no visits shall be allowed until after my return from Weymouth. This has made me quite hopeless and spiritless. At Weymouth I hope to remain not more than a month. Going there is a *devoir* for my health. Certainly I stand very much in need of being recruited in health. . . . If you will write to me as often as you can, I shall feel it very kind of you, and I shall not fail in writing; only consider that *if you do not always get my letters it is not my own fault*, and that I have written. And I shall think the same if I do not hear from you. . . . What may or may not happen to me, God only can tell. For those who are happy, looking forward is a happy reflection; for those unhappy, a sorrowful one of uncertainty. Should I have any commissions (to you I cannot call them commands), I will give them to you, but I know of none I can give you but that of not forgetting me, and not believing all you may hear about me."

Again, in the same letter, recurring to the refusal to let her see her friend, she repeats: —

"How bitter a mortification it is, heightened by bad spirits and presentiments of God knows what! There are pains and pangs that come sometimes and make one think one's heart will quite break, — is it not so? This is a grave letter, I fear too grave; I have tried not to make it more so. I wish and I pray for your health and happiness and all that can add to it, and that when we meet it may be under happier auspices and circumstances. I can only offer you my *best wishes*. It is little. . . . Will you accept the enclosed trifle? It is only that, but it is all I have to offer of my own; and I have no means of any sort to procure what might be more worthy of your acceptation."

Her health improved at Weymouth, and some months later she wrote again to her friend: —

"I always think six months got over of the dreadful life I lead six months gained, but when the time comes for moving from place to place I do it with reluctance, from never knowing my lot, or what may next befall me. *Espérance et constance* is my motto, and that supports me through it all."

Again: —

"It makes me sad to think of the time past, and of the time to come. I don't know what is most painful to think of, — the past, or the future. . . . My life is one quite of uncertainty from day to day, hour to hour, and total ignorance of what my fate will be, where to go, and how things will be arranged."

This letter terminates with words of the most generous appreciation of the stern old grandmother, who had never been very kind to her, but whose conduct in a matter of family morality she entirely approved.

This last letter was written in September, 1815, ten weeks after the battle of Waterloo. *Espérance et constance* had been her motto, and the kind Father in Heaven was providing happiness for the desolate girl. All unconsciously to her, the moment of her deliverance was at hand.

There had come to England in 1814 in the train of the Allied Sovereigns, a young Austrian lieutenant of dragoons, dressed in a handsome white uniform. He was poor, and lodged in a by-street, over a little greengrocer's shop, which my father often pointed out to me.

This was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Princess Charlotte had noticed him at one of the very few fêtes at Carlton House that she had been permitted to attend, and had then expressed the opinion that he was so handsome she wondered that the lady to whom he was said to be attached did not at once accept him. It is supposed also that he may have been favorably recommended to her notice by the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, sister of the Emperor Alexander. At any rate, early in January, 1816, Prince Leopold was summoned to England, and encouraged to propose himself as suitor to the Princess Charlotte.

Her father had never been willing to consider her in the light of the possible heiress to the English throne. His hope was to divorce his wife and to become the father of a son. Parliament, however, persisted in considering Princess Charlotte as his heir.

Her father may have thought she had been sufficiently punished for her escapade in escaping from Warwick House;

he may have been sensible that his harsh treatment of her was increasing his unpopularity, and the desire of the country to see her married may have weighed with him and his ministers. Princess Charlotte had thought Prince Leopold handsome in 1814, and as soon as she knew more of him his high qualities filled her with admiration.

The courtship went on smoothly and prosperously. They were married on the 2d of May, 1816.

"She had longed for the sympathy and affection denied her in her miserable girlhood. Now she found both in the fullest measure, and her happiness was just as great as her former suffering had been extreme.

"Everybody knows that her marriage was perfectly happy, but it is only by recollecting her former misery that we can appreciate what her happiness was. In place of constant petty coercion, — indulgence. Instead of isolation, loneliness, and suspicion, — sympathy and confidence in their fullest measure. And the society of all the old friends she loved, as well as of many fresh ones whose talents or goodness could recommend them to her. And her happiness did not spoil her any more than adversity had hardened her. The few letters preserved after her marriage breathe the same spirit of humility, unselfishness, gratitude for kindness, and generous thought for others. . . . Though her nature and that of Prince Leopold were very different, there could not have been more perfect harmony than that which existed between them. She was impulsive, quick-tempered, eager, and impetuous; he was quiet, courteous, reserved, and grave: but those who lived with them, especially her old friends, could not help being touched and amused by the change wrought in her by the influence of this temperament so unlike her own. All her little roughnesses quieted down, her vehement expressions of likes and dislikes were restrained by a reproving look or word. Leopold at that time spoke little English, — they usually talked French together; and when her tongue and her high spirits were carrying her beyond the bounds of dignity and prudence, she would be checked by his '*Doucement, ma chère, doucement.*' She called him *Doucement*, but she took his advice, acted on it, and indeed thought of nothing but pleasing him and showing her gratitude for the happiness he had brought her. He, on his part, felt the bright influence of her sunny disposition, her liveliness, and warmth of heart on his own naturally melancholy and somewhat morbid disposition."

It is a little singular that Leopold twice supplanted the Prince of Orange, — once as a suitor, once as a sovereign; Belgium having been torn from Holland fourteen years after his marriage with the heiress to the throne of England.

Claremont, which had been built originally for Lord Clive, was purchased by Parliament for the residence of the young couple, and the eighteen months they spent there was a continual honeymoon. The grounds of Claremont House are of great extent, and the gardens employed twenty gardeners.

"All the stories that have come down to us of her life at Claremont exhibit her unbounded goodness of heart and tender charity, colored by an engaging *bonhomie* that must have been irresistible. Now we find her ordering twelve thousand yards of silk for the furnishing of her house to assist the Spitalfields weavers, now aiding the 'suffering Irish,' now visiting the cottages and interesting herself in the domestic concerns of the rustics of the neighborhood. She delighted in the place, and busied herself with the gardens and the forming of the library. Happy as was this life, it was to last but a little time!"

In October, 1817, only a month before the young wife's death, Sir Thomas Lawrence went down to Claremont to take her portrait. He has left an account of his visit, in which he says: —

"The Princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been attributed to her. Her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt or coarse, and I have in this little residence of nine days witnessed considerable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, . . . somewhat like that of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does everything kindly. . . . It gratifies me to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct and character indeed deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think that in his behavior to her he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet. . . . Her manner of addressing him was always as affectionate as it was simple, — 'my love;' and his to her was 'Charlotte.'"



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.



The portrait Sir Thomas Lawrence was to paint was intended to be her present to Prince Leopold upon his birthday. Alas! when that birthday came she and her little babe lay in one coffin. Surgical mismanagement, it was thought, brought about their deaths, and the surgeon in attendance killed himself.

The picture was taken down to Claremont and placed in the breakfast-room. Strong men who had known her in her brief days of happiness, when they saw it wept aloud.

The young widower desired to see Sir Thomas Lawrence before he returned to London, and this is Sir Thomas's report of their interview: —

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale, but received me with a firm effort at composure. 'Two generations gone!' he said, 'gone in one moment. I have felt for myself, but I have also felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte has gone from the country! It has lost her! She was a good — she was an *admirable* woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her. It was my study — it was my duty to know her character; it was also my delight. Yes,' he resumed, 'she had a fine, clear understanding, and very quick. She was candid, she was open, and not suspecting. But she saw characters at a glance — she saw them so true. *You* saw her, — you saw something of us; you saw us for some days, you saw *our year*. Oh, what happiness! And it was solid, — it could not change. We knew each other. Except when I went out to shoot, we were always together, and we could be together, — we did not tire.'"

Subsequently he said: —

"She was always thinking of others, not of herself. No one so little selfish! — always looking out for the comfort of others. In pain, when even good people will be selfish, my Charlotte was not."

Prince Leopold made Claremont his home for many years. In 1826 he refused the throne of Greece, which it is said he afterwards regretted, and in 1831 he accepted that of Belgium.

For twenty years the room in which Princess Charlotte died at Claremont was kept closed. Prince Leopold's

sister, the Duchess of Kent, and his niece, the Princess Victoria, were often with him. At Claremont there is a picture of the Duchess of Kent with her baby daughter playing with a miniature of her dead father.

When Leopold became King of the Belgians it was made a condition that he should marry the Princess Louise of Orleans, the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, who thus became aunt to Queen Victoria, and her warm personal friend.

Both the Queen and Prince Albert looked upon King Leopold as a father; their youngest son was named for him, and the Princess Louise was called after his Queen.

Leopold died in 1865. He had two sons and one daughter by his second marriage. His eldest son, the present King of the Belgians, has no son, and the heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne is his brother, the Earl of Flanders. The daughter was named Charlotte. This name was Italianized into Carlotta when she married the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who met his death at Queretaro, as the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. She is the "poor Carlotta" whose sad fate touches all hearts, and who is tenderly cared for by her Belgian relatives.

Claremont seems to be a home of sorrows. King Leopold placed it at the disposition of his father-in-law, Louis Philippe, in 1848, who two years later died there. There too died the good and gracious widow of his son, Hélène, Duchess of Orleans. The widowed Duchess of Albany and her children live there now.

CHAPTER III.

LORD CASTLEREAGH. — MR. CANNING. — THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I HAVE said that the summer of 1822 is the date of a great change in the governing principle of the European world, — a change from blind conservatism to a passion for progress, — and that that change was the immediate consequence of the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry, better known in history as Lord Castlereagh.

And yet, though "his body lies mouldering in the grave," the work that he accomplished still cries aloud to be undone. He it was who was the leading spirit at that Congress of Vienna which carved Europe into portions in the interest of rulers, small and great, who held out their hands for such slices of territory as might be assigned them. He it was who, in conjunction with Lord Cornwallis, did away with the old Irish Parliament, and effected what it is somewhat an Irish bull to call the "Union." He put down the rebellion in 1798. *He*, more than even Wellington (who was raised to command in the Peninsula by his direct influence), overthrew the great Napoleon's imperial throne.

It will not, therefore, be out of place if I briefly run over some few particulars in the life of a man whose death closed a period in English policy.

His name was Robert Stewart. The name by which he is best known, — Lord Castlereagh, — was the honorary title given to the eldest son of the Marquis of Londonderry. These Stewarts were not of the clan royal of Scotland, though they came from that country to Ireland in

the days of James I. The family were ultra-Protestant. In the war between William of Orange and James II., one of them, at the head of a troop of horse (raised at his own expense), was active in the celebrated siege of Londonderry, so graphically described by Lord Macaulay.

Lord Castlereagh's father was made first Marquis of Londonderry, after rapidly ascending the lower steps of the peerage. He married an English lady of rank, and their first son was born in 1769, — a year made memorable by the birth of many great men. On coming of age Lord Castlereagh wished to enter into public life, and it cost his father £60,000 ($300,000), and made him a poor man for the rest of his days, to get him a seat in the Irish Parliament, so enormous were the election expenses in those days. His first act was to express his intention of promoting Parliamentary reform; but "circumstances" alter the views of statesmen, and the last part of his life was taken up in opposing any such change.

Up to 1793 no Roman Catholic in Ireland could vote for a member of the old Irish Parliament. In that year Roman Catholics secured the franchise, and all who paid rent of forty shillings and upwards per annum ($10) could vote, though only for a Protestant candidate. This law had been passed in the early days of the war with France, as a measure to allay discontent among the people. It had quite the opposite result. It put the whole country into a ferment. It encouraged bribery; it split large farms into small holdings; it inflamed men's minds against their landlords; it stimulated the rebellion of 1798; and, finally, it led to the extinguishment of that Parliament which the Home Rule party is now trying to restore.

"The original condition of the Irish peasantry," says a writer on Ireland, "was not that of owners of the soil. A few hereditary chiefs (or kings, as they called themselves), having the power of life and death, ruled the whole lower population as absolutely as a king in Central Africa. English law raised the peasantry from this condition, and gave them the rights of Englishmen; but no law on earth could

give them equal industry, prudence, or perseverance. The English settlers grew rich, the Irish peasants continued savage and poor. They robbed, murdered, and rebelled; were put down by the strong hand, and after every outbreak they were punished by finding more and more of the soil of Ireland pass into the hands of those who supported the rule of the English in that country. Not, however, that these 'lands' consisted of fertile fields, dotted with smiling villages. They were mostly vast green swamps, uncrossed by roads. The Celtic Irish never cultivated any arts, never carried on any commerce, never devoted themselves to agriculture."

To put the case very briefly: English landlords by degrees took the place of native Irish chiefs, and hostility to landlords of an alien religion and an alien race had for three centuries been at the root of Irish troubles.

With the sea all round their island, the Irish never were (nor are they now) sailors, adventurers, or even fishermen. They make gallant soldiers when disciplined, and work admirably for wages in gangs, when some supreme authority is set over them. National feeling in past times (whatever it may be at present) was directed to maliciously envying the prosperity of English colonists, and seeking measures to ruin them. In 1641, fifty thousand Protestants perished in that horrible Irish massacre (sixty-nine years after the St. Bartholomew) which was so sternly and so cruelly avenged by the iron hand of Cromwell. In 1641, Ireland contained but a million of inhabitants. Under English rule in less than two centuries its population rose to be eight millions. It is now computed at less than five millions, owing to the famine of 1845–47 and the enormous emigration.

The effect of new and untried political rights on the Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland in 1793 was such that, combined with the sympathy of the Northern and ultra-Protestant part of the country for the principles of the French Revolution, the whole island became ripe for rebellion, which broke out in 1798. It was the result of a

combination between Protestant Dissenters in the North, and the Roman Catholic peasantry in the South: the insurgents called themselves the United Irishmen. The Irish Protestant militia, which had been armed to protect the island from French invasion, was employed to put down this rebellion, and committed all sorts of outrages and cruelties upon the Catholics. The rebellion cost in all about thirty thousand lives, and many millions of pounds sterling. Its leaders were Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Thomas Addis Emmett.

The Irish Parliament was wholly unable to cope with the rebellion; but Lord Castlereagh, then head of the Government in the absence of the Viceroy, took vigorous measures of repression. The rebellion was nipped in the bud; but, had a projected French invasion under General Hoche taken place in 1798, instead of two years earlier, the fate of England and of Europe might have been to be deplored. But the French fleet, like the Armada, was dispersed by a storm. The conspirators betrayed each other. Emmett was banished to America. He was the only one of the leaders who seems to have united prudence with courage. Wolfe Tone escaped to France and took service under the Directory, returned afterwards to Ireland in a French uniform, with a party of French invaders under General Humbert,[1] was taken, tried, condemned to death, and died by his own hand in prison. Lord Edward Fitzgerald (son of the Duke of Leinster), after wandering about Ireland in woman's clothes, was betrayed by a lady named Reynolds.[2] Lord Edward was wounded by his captors, and died of his wounds in prison. His wife was Pamela, — the adopted child of Madame de Genlis, brought up with the Orleans princess and princes.

The vigor of Lord Cornwallis and the foresight of Lord

[1] The best account I know of the invasion of General Humbert may be found in Charles Lever's admirable novel, "Maurice Tierney."

[2] She retired to Paris with her blood-money. In 1840 we met her frequently at English parties, where, at an advanced age, she waltzed indefatigably with her grandson.

Castlereagh having broken up the rebellion and repulsed the French invaders, they proceeded to put an end to the Irish Parliament. To turn the Irish Catholics over to the ferocity of Protestant Orangemen, who composed that Parliament, seemed to more moderate English statesmen an act of inhumanity. To admit Catholics into the Irish Parliament, though Mr. Pitt approved the measure, was thought untimely and impracticable. It was therefore resolved to place Ireland under the milder rule of the Imperial Parliament, and to effect the Union.

In those days, during the English struggle with France, a strong government in Ireland was indispensable to the safety of the British Empire. With a Protestant Irish Parliament that might goad the people to despair, or with a Catholic Parliament in sympathy with the headstrong disaffection of the people, and ready to ally Ireland with France, England would never have been safe from the chance of foreign invasion. How far the same reasons apply now is uncertain. In the event of a war, such a Parliament as Ireland might choose, within thirty miles of England, might well be dreaded.

The Union of England and Ireland having been accomplished by a vote of the Irish Parliament (individual members of which, it is said, were not above being influenced by the promises of Lord Castlereagh), that nobleman became a resident of London, and took office in the cabinet of 1802. In 1805, the year after Mr. Pitt's return to power, he was made Secretary of War.

Mr. Pitt died in 1806, and was succeeded by Lord Grenville, a moderate Whig who made Mr. Fox his Foreign Secretary. Fox died the same year as his great rival.

In 1807, a Tory ministry, with Lord Castlereagh again as War Minister, and Mr. Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, came into power. Two years later, Castlereagh and Canning fought their celebrated duel. Lord Castlereagh lost a coat-button, and Mr. Canning was slightly wounded. Both gave up office and retired into private life. The duel led to no personal feud, though their views differed to the

last on matters of public policy. Canning remained out of office until he was sent to Lisbon as ambassador extraordinary to welcome the King of Portugal on his return from Brazil. He declined to form part of Lord Liverpool's cabinet because Lord Castlereagh was leader of the House of Commons; but he subsequently accepted office as the President of the Board of Control. This, however, he resigned, as he wished to take no part in the Queen's trial.

Lord Castlereagh after the duel in 1809 remained for some time out of office. On the murder of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister, and offered him Mr. Canning's place in the cabinet as Foreign Secretary. Under his administration the power of Napoleon was broken. He was himself the English representative at the Congress of Vienna. There a new map of Europe was made. The claims of the four Allied Powers (or rather three, for England made small demands upon the Congress) had to be satisfied, and at the same time what is called the balance of power had to be preserved. Therefore Russia was not allowed to take any steps to gain the coveted outlet of Constantinople, nor to acquire sufficient Polish territory to form an autonomous tributary kingdom. The French King of Sweden paid for his throne by relinquishing all claim to the ancient Duchy of Finland, which five years before had been annexed to Russia. Austria got all Northern Italy, whose people bitterly hated her sway. Prussia acquired fresh possessions on the Rhine, and Holland received Belgium. Prussia greatly desired to annex Saxony; but only a part of it was accorded to her. Small portions of territory were carved out of Germany to satisfy the pretensions of various petty princes; and in the end the Great Powers, England, Russia, Austria, France, and Prussia, bound themselves to defend each other's possessions should any one of them attempt at any future time to break this Treaty of Vienna.

Before all this was fully concluded, Napoleon returned from Elba, and the labors of the Congress nearly went to

the winds. After Waterloo the Powers were even stronger than before, and worked their will in Europe with a higher hand.

Lord Castlereagh, who by this time had no tenderness for what it is the fashion to call "peoples," but only considered the rights of sovereigns, continued to guide the foreign affairs of England until his death. He was accused of keeping spies in his service, after the Continental system. He certainly put down every show of liberal feeling everywhere.

Canning used to say that "no vigor of mind or body could stand the wear and tear of a minister's life over ten years." Lord Castlereagh had stood it thirty years, rising at five, and occupying himself with state business fourteen or fifteen hours a day. He succumbed at last to mental exhaustion, aggravated by depressing medicines that he took to check the gout. At a cabinet council he was observed to seem "very odd," and the Duke of Wellington wrote to him that evening to urge him to see his physician. He went down to his country place, whither the physician, by advice of the Duke, followed him. This gentleman early the next morning was summoned to his Lordship's chamber by a maid. He found the Marquis standing near a window in a strange posture, and exclaimed, "My dear Lord, why do you stand thus?" The reply was, "Bankhead, let me fall upon your arm. It is all over;" and he fell forward dead. He had cut his own throat.

He was a tall, handsome man, with the appearance and the manners of one born to a high station. After his death the affairs of the Foreign Office were put by Lord Liverpool into the hands of Mr. Canning, in spite of the distaste for his services felt and professed by the King.

Canning at once reversed his predecessor's policy of blind conservatism, and from that time the new era of progress set in.

George Canning was born in London in 1770, and died fifty-seven years after, in 1827. His father was a gentleman of very small estate, and Canning was his only son. The

father, who died when his child was in early boyhood, had offended his family by twice marrying beneath him. Canning's mother (his second wife) was an Irish lady of beauty and accomplishments, but of low origin. After his death she went on the stage for a time to support herself and her son. She subsequently married an actor, and on his death remarried with a linen-draper in a country town.

Notwithstanding the somewhat plebeian character of these associations, Canning was educated by an uncle as a young aristocrat. He went to Eton, where he greatly distinguished himself, not only in school, but out of it, by starting an Eton periodical called the "Microcosm." When still very young he went to Oxford, where his attainments won the notice of Sheridan, who predicted his success in public life. When, in 1793, he entered Parliament, it was as the follower of Mr. Pitt. He was the man Pitt most earnestly loved, and whom he designated as his successor. When about twenty-three he projected the "Anti-Jacobin," the object of which was "to ridicule and refute the theories of religion, government, and social economy propounded by the revolutionary leaders in France, and their friends and admirers in England." Its publication took place as a serial, and lasted about nine months. Hookham Frere and Canning were its chief writers. The contributors met in a small room at their printers' office, where each laid his manuscripts open on the table for the correction of the others. Mr. Pitt contributed occasionally prose articles on finance, but its most celebrated piece was Canning's "Needy Knife-Grinder," a supposed conversation between the Knife-Grinder and a Friend of Humanity.

In the last number of the "Anti-Jacobin" were some celebrated lines on Candor, ending, —

> "Give me th' avowed, th' erect, the manly foe:
> Bold I can meet — perhaps return the blow;
> But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save — save — O save me! — from a candid friend."

Canning did not confine his poetical powers to the "Anti-Jacobin." His squibs on his political opponents were very



GEORGE CANNING.



good and very frequent. Addington was by him laughed out of office, and the parliamentary career of Mr. Whitbread, the brewer, will be best remembered in connection with the famous parody of his speech on the trial of Lord Melville in Westminster Hall.[1] Nay, whilst head of the Foreign Office some of his most important despatches were written in rhyme. On one occasion, when a treaty of commerce was being discussed between England and Holland, the English ambassador at The Hague was summoned from a state dinner to make out a despatch which had just been received in cipher at the legation.

> "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much;
> So, in order outrageous demands to prevent,
> We 'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent."

But these brilliant *jeux d'esprit* were a hindrance rather than a help to Canning's political career. Even Sydney Smith jeered at him as "a clever writer of ephemeral news-

[1] I 'm like Archimedes for science and skill;
I 'm like a young Prince going straight up a hill;
I 'm like (with respect to the fair, be it said),
I 'm like a young lady just bringing to bed.
If you ask why the first of July I remember
More than April, or May, or June, or November,
T 'was on that day, my Lords, with truth I assure ye,
My sainted progenitor set up his brewery.
On that day in the morn he began brewing beer;
On that day he commenced his connubial career;
On that day he renewed and he settled his bills;
On that day he cleaned out all the cash in his tills;
On that day, too, he died, having finished his summing,
And the angels all cried "Here 's old Whitbread a-coming!"
So that day I still hail with a smile and a sigh,
For his beer with an *e*, and his bier with an *i*;
And still on that day, in the hottest of weather,
The whole Whitbread family dines all together.
As long as the beams of this house shall support
The roof which o'ershades this respectable court,
As long as the light shall pour in through these windows
Where Hastings was tried for oppressing the Hindoos,
My name shall shine bright as my ancestor's shines,
Mine recorded in journals, his blazoned on signs.

paper productions, an extraordinary writer of small poetry," and not a large-minded statesman; "and it is hardly surprising that the political representatives of the great houses loved not to be subordinate to the lively intellect of the son of an actress."

Canning's bearing in society, too, was not calculated to favor his political advancement. "Pitt, cold, austere, and proud, disarmed the sense of rivalry; Canning, on the contrary, gay, easy, and elegant, the very life of society, provoked animadversions. The aristocracy of those times was apt to believe it ought to have a monopoly of those gifts, and to stare at the display of them in others as a species of impertinence." Canning either did not see this, or contemptuously ignored it.

He had always supported Catholic Emancipation, provided the Catholics would give guarantees for good behavior. He had always advocated the emancipation of slaves in the West Indies. While Foreign Secretary, in 1808, he directed the British policy of opposing Napoleon in Spain. "If there is any part of my political life," he cried, "in which I glory, it is that in the face of every discouragement, difficulty, and prophecy of failure, mine was the hand which committed England to an alliance with Spain."

In 1820 Mr. Canning formed part of Lord Liverpool's cabinet as President of the Board of Control. He declined, however, to take part in the proceedings of his colleagues at the time of the Queen's trial, and tendered his resignation to George IV., frankly stating his reasons at the same time. The King accepted his resignation with expressions of esteem for his talents and his honesty, but for a long time afterwards he bore him a deep-seated personal grudge.

His Majesty acquiesced with alacrity in Mr. Canning's appointment, in the summer of 1822, to the Governor-Generalship of India, hoping thus to send him into exile. Canning was on the eve of departing, when the death of Lord Castlereagh made a change in the ministry, and the Duke of Wellington proposed Canning to His Majesty as Minister for Foreign Affairs. A curious conversation is then said to have taken place.

"'Good Heavens, Arthur,' said the King, 'you don't mean to propose that fellow to me as Secretary for Foreign Affairs? It is impossible. I said on my word of honor as a gentleman he should never be one of my ministers again. You hear, Arthur? — on my word of honor as a gentleman! I am sure you will agree with me. I can't do what I said on my word of honor I would *not* do.' 'Pardon me, sir, I don't agree with you at all. Your Majesty is *not* a gentleman.' The King started. 'Your Majesty, I say,' continued the imperturbable soldier, 'is not a gentleman, but the sovereign of England, with duties to your people far above any to yourself, and these duties make it imperative that you should at this time employ the abilities of Mr. Canning.' 'Well!' replied the King, drawing a long breath, 'if I must, I must.'"

A few weeks after this appointment some one asked the King how he liked his new Foreign Secretary; to which he replied, "Like him, — that word is too weak. I *love* him!"

"Absorbed in public affairs and satisfied with his own select circle of admirers, Mr. Canning cared little for society at large," says Sir Henry Bulwer, "and in general confined his powers of pleasing (which were great) to his own set. But he set his heart on gaining George IV.'s good will; and what with fascinating Madame de Lieven, whose opinion as to the manners and capacity of any man in the world of fashion was so completely law that even George IV. was led by her (desirous as he was before all things to pose as a man of fashion), and what with reviving in the King memories of the brilliant days of his youth, when the wit of Sheridan sparkled at his table, and the eloquence of Fox rang in his ears, he succeeded entirely in overcoming the prejudices of the King, who had previously looked upon him as a clever literary politician, but not a statesman."

Besides this, the King always had to be managed by his ministers, as we have seen in the instance of the Duke of Wellington; and Canning was skilful in such management.

In pursuance of his South American policy, of which I am about to speak, Canning found it desirable to send envoys to the newly acknowledged little republics. While he was considering how the King might be induced favorably to consider this matter, Lord Ponsonby returned from

his mission to the Ionian Isles, very desirous of procuring promotion as a diplomatist. Some years before, there had been an early love affair between him and Lady Conyngham, the reigning favorite of George IV. at this period. Lady Conyngham, on beholding her old lover unexpectedly at a party, was overcome with emotion, and fainted away. At this the King grew jealous, and, as he always did in any love-trouble, took to his bed. All business was stopped. The King would see none of his ministers. At length, however, Canning succeeded in obtaining an audience. George IV. received him, lying on his bed in a darkened room, the light being barely sufficient to read a paper. "What 's the matter?" he asked peevishly. "I am very ill, Mr. Canning." "I shall not occupy Your Majesty's attention more than five minutes. It is very desirable, as Your Majesty knows, to send envoys without delay to the States of South America that are about to be recognized. . . ." The King groaned, and moved impatiently. "I have been thinking, sir, that it would be most desirable to select a man of rank for one of these posts." Another groan. "And I thought of proposing Lord Ponsonby to Your Majesty for Buenos Ayres." "Ponsonby?" said the King, rising a little from his reclining position, — "a capital appointment! A clever fellow, though an idle one, Mr. Canning. May I ask you to pull back that curtain a little? A very good appointment indeed. Is there anything else, Canning, that you would wish me to attend to?" "From that moment," says the private and authentic chronicle from which this anecdote is taken, "Canning's favor rose more and more rapidly at court." But what an opinion does it give us of the Majesty of England, who had to be managed like a spoilt child!

Canning, however, was in all things a true Englishman. On his return to the Foreign Office, in 1822, he wrote to Count Nesselrode, then Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, "You know what my principles are, and that where others have for a long time written 'Europe,' I must be allowed to write 'England.'"

He took an early opportunity of going counter to the Holy Alliance, — that system of Continental policy by which Russia, France, Prussia, and Austria bound themselves to stamp out every tendency to promote liberty, or to disturb the established order of things in Europe, wherever found. England did not formally join this alliance, but Lord Castlereagh approved of it, and acted in harmony with its spirit.

Spain was the first country that needed the repressing hand. Spanish patriots, under General Riego, rose against the feebly wicked old King Ferdinand, and forced him to grant them a constitution. The Holy Alliance interfered. France was deputed to put down Spanish patriotism, and to bring back the former state of things in the Peninsula. An army, under the Duc d'Angoulême, was marched over the Pyrennees, and despotic power was restored.

But the Spanish colonies in Mexico and South America caught the revolutionary infection. Canning amazed Europe by recognizing them as independent Republics, saying, in a celebrated speech, "I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. I looked to America to correct the inequalities of Europe. I called a new world into existence to redress the inequalities of the old."

From 1822 to the early months of 1827 Mr. Canning was Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the premiership of Lord Liverpool; but one morning, at the close of February, Lord Liverpool fell on the floor of his breakfast-room in a fit, holding in his hand a letter which told him of the serious illness of Mr. Canning. He died in less than a week, and, after considerable opposition on the part of Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, Canning was made Prime Minister. He died in less than six months afterwards, having never recovered from a cold caught in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, at the funeral of the Duke of York, while waiting two hours for the royal mourners.

His last act was signing the Treaty of London, which secured partial independence to Greece.

"As a statesman he was liberal, wise, consistent, and independent. The three great acts of his foreign policy were the

recognition of the South American States, the maintenance of constitutional government in Portugal, and the treaty on behalf of Greece."

In domestic politics he uniformly supported Catholic Emancipation, and opposed Parliamentary Reform.

"His eloquence was persuasive and impassioned, his reasoning clear and to the point, his manner was extraordinarily graceful, and his wit brilliant above all. He had married a rich wife, but he died poor. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, where a beautiful statue of him in the act of making a speech stands facing that of Mr. Pitt, England's still greater commoner."

Canning died in August, 1827, and was succeeded as Prime Minister by the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke — for he was for long years called THE DUKE, *par excellence* — was the fourth son of Lord Mornington, born in Ireland, 1769, — the same year as Napoleon and Lord Castlereagh. The three great British celebrities of whom this chapter treats were all Irishmen; for though the Canning family claimed its origin from a famous Mayor of Bristol, it had been settled at Garvagh, in County Derry, since the days of Queen Elizabeth. The Duke was sent to school at Eton, and afterwards to a French military academy at Angers. He went very early into the army as an ensign, and was employed in various services which offered no opportunity to attain distinction, until, when he was twenty-eight years old, his brother, Lord Wellesley, who had made himself prominent in England as a statesman, was sent out to India as Governor-General. At that time the English were involved in a war with Hyder Ali and his son, Tippoo Sahib. Lord Wellesley brought his brother into notice by giving him employments in which his abilities would meet the public eye. He did well in everything he undertook, and at the age of thirty-four found himself a major-general and a victorious commander at the important battle of Assaye.

On his return to England he was for some time without employment, till, by the influence of Lord Castlereagh, he was sent to the Peninsula. The Duke of York had wanted

that command for himself, and thenceforward he became Wellington's personal enemy. Indeed, Wellington was always unpopular with the princes of the Royal Family, his greatness overshadowing theirs.

He was thwarted and worried while in command in Portugal, and supplies were withheld from his army by the Government; and at last, at the very moment of success, he was superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple, a very inferior commander. Public clamor, however, on his return to England was so great that he was sent back to Portugal with reinforcements, and fought his closely contested campaigns against Soult and Masséna.

He was at the Congress of Vienna when Napoleon came back from Elba, and was at once put in command of the allied armies that were collected in all haste to oppose the Man of Destiny. Wellington had been sent to the Congress that he might escape assassination in Paris, where a plot had been formed to put him out of the way.

My father sailed from London for America in June, 1815, in the first regular packet-ship that crossed the ocean after the conclusion of the War of 1812. While in the Downs they got a newspaper containing the Duke's first despatches from the field of Waterloo. These despatches were so unlike the vaunting bulletins which the public was accustomed to receive from Napoleon after a victory that the passengers concluded that it was "Boney," after all, who had won the day, and that the Duke's despatches were intended to make the best of a defeat. In consequence, they made the whole voyage, of nearly fifty days, under this impression, speculating among themselves as to what would probably be the fate of Europe, and the next step of the imperial conqueror.

Speaking of Waterloo, I may perhaps be allowed to tell here a little anecdote of those times, showing what reporters were to the great financial houses. News of the victory was of course despatched at once to Louis XVIII., who was at Ghent, and was sent also by Captain Percy, an especial messenger, to ministers in England. The Rothschilds had

their own agent on the watch, and he thought his best plan would be to station himself at Ghent, and watch for the news that might be sent to the French King. He therefore hired a room opposite the house in which the French royal family were quartered, and kept a sharp eye on the movements of His Majesty.

On the eventful evening the King gave a dinner-party. In the midst of it the Rothschilds' agent saw a courier covered with dust gallop up to the door. Through the open windows, all a blaze of light, he saw the King summoned from the dinner-table, saw him receive a paper, saw him read it, saw him fling his arms about the courier and kiss him on both cheeks, then saw him return briskly to his guests at table. That was enough. The Rothschilds' agent had a carriage and a boat in readiness. He was off. He had fair winds. He reached London some hours in advance of Captain Percy. The Rothschilds received him rapturously, and made instant use of his information. Then they deemed it their duty to take him to the ministers in Downing Street. These gentlemen did not believe his story. In fact, what had he seen? "Have you told us all?" said one of the ministers, when he had several times repeated what he had to say. "All, except one thing," said the reporter. "I saw the King hug the courier and kiss him on both cheeks." "Why did you not tell us that before?" asked one of the noblemen present. "I did not like to mention it. It seemed so un-English, so un-kingly." "That confirms his report, however," said the other. "I know Louis XVIII. If he would hug and kiss a dirty courier, the news he brought must have been favorable and great."

By midnight Captain Percy had arrived. He went first to the Prime Minister's house, then to that of the Secretary of War. Not finding either of them at home, he followed the secretary to a ball, where, after he had delivered his despatches, he was dragged, dusty and travel-worn, into the ball-room, to tell his tidings; above all, what he knew of the lists of killed and wounded. Five minutes after, the

house was empty. The guests, without waiting for their carriages, had dispersed to tell the news.

After Waterloo there were no honors that nations or sovereigns could confer that were not showered on the Duke of Wellington. At the Congress of Verona he had a guard of honor, like sovereign princes. He was made Duke of Wellington; Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo; Grandee of the First Class in Spain; Duke of Vittoria in Portugal; and Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands; Knight of the Garter; Grand Cross of the Bath; Field-Marshal of the Army; colonel of two regiments; constable of the Tower; Warden of the Cinque Ports; and he was in receipt of $250,000 a year. He was also Field-Marshal in the Portuguese, Spanish, Netherlandish, Russian, Austrian, and Prussian services. Apsley House was built for him. The kings of Prussia and Saxony sent him magnificent porcelain; the City of London gave him a shield of massive silver, three feet in diameter, with representations of his victories, in relief; and the ladies of England presented him a colossal bronze statue of a nude Achilles, which they placed before his windows at Apsley House.

Besides this he was made, after the death of the Duke of York, commander-in-chief of the English army, was treated by Queen Victoria rather as an uncle than a subject, and her third son, Arthur Patrick, the Duke of Connaught, was named for him. As he rode daily through the London streets on horseback, all hats were lifted to him as if to royalty, and with his finger to his hat he returned their salutations. "I saw the Duke this morning," seemed to every man who said it to set a mark upon the day.

I had a good view of him once, when, in the spring of 1848, I went to the House of Lords to see the Queen prorogue Parliament. He came into the House early, when there were few peers there. He was in Field-Marshal's uniform, with all his orders on; but over his red coat he wore a light gray overcoat like those familiar to us in pictures of Napoleon. I was surprised to see that he was so small a man. He could not have been more than five feet six, — the same height as Napoleon.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel (then Mr. Peel) formed part of Lord Liverpool's administration; but on his death they refused to serve under Mr. Canning. They knew that he favored Catholic Emancipation, and they were not prepared to follow him. Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and questions of the currency were the three topics that agitated England at that day.

A brief ministry under Lord Goodrich succeeded Mr. Canning's; but in January, 1828, the Duke of Wellington was gazetted as First Lord of the Treasury, — in other words, Prime Minister, — and the more liberal Tories, who had belonged to the ministries of Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, made no difficulty in joining him. His cabinet contained, among other statesmen, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Goldbourn, and Mr. Huskisson. A quarrel took place between the latter and the Duke of Wellington, which led in the end to Mr. Huskisson's sad death, as I shall tell hereafter.

Many people in England felt as if the English constitution and the Protestant religion had received their death-blow when, unexpectedly, the Duke of Wellington and his colleague, Peel, declared themselves in favor of Catholic Emancipation. Mr. Pitt had advocated it as far back as 1800; but the dread of bringing another attack of insanity on George III., who considered that to grant civil rights to Catholics was a violation of his coronation oath, kept him from pressing the measure. Mr. Canning's heart was set on carrying the Catholic Relief Bill through Parliament, and by the concession of a just claim pacifying, as he hoped, the people of Ireland. He died on the eve of its attainment; but the Duke and Peel, to the disgust and consternation of many of their adherents, took up the measure and carried it through. The excitement throughout England was intense. The Duke of Cumberland posed as defender of the Protestant faith. But in spite of the exertions of himself and of his party, the bill was carried through Parliament, and received the royal signature, George IV. saying, as he put his name to it, "that his



DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



feelings and sentiments with respect to the measure were unaltered, and that he never before affixed his name with pain and regret to any Act of the Legislature" (April 13, 1829).

Catholic Emancipation having been passed, the next measure to agitate the United Kingdom was the Reform of Parliament; but this must form the subject of another chapter. Meantime let me tell of the death of Mr. Huskisson.

Edward Cartwright (brother of Major Cartwright, a man who lived all his life under the stigma of being an advanced radical, because, in 1774, he advocated in some very celebrated letters that the American colonies should have local legislatures) spent the last thirty years of his life experimenting on carriages to be run on ordinary roads by steam. He died in 1824, without bringing his invention to any practical use; but when George Stephenson started his project of carriages propelled by steam on iron rails, Mr. Huskisson warmly advocated the experiment, and from his place in Parliament supported the bill to authorize the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad. It was during the discussion of this bill that Sir Isaac Coffin made a speech denouncing the project "as a most flagrant imposition. He would not consent," he said, —

"to see widows' premises and their strawberry-beds invaded. Railroad trains would take many hours to perform the journey between Liverpool and Manchester, and in the event of the scheme's success, what, he would like to ask, was to be done for all those who had advanced money in making and repairing turnpike roads? What with those who might still wish to travel in their own or hired carriages, after the fashion of their forefathers? What was to become of coachmakers, harness-makers, coachmasters, and coachmen, inn-keepers, horse-breeders, and horse-dealers? Was the House aware of the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl, which locomotive engines, passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, would occasion? Neither the cattle ploughing in the fields, nor grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay. Iron would be raised in price one hundred per cent, or more probably be exhausted altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturber of quiet and comfort, in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent."

But Mr. Huskisson, member for Liverpool, pressed the motion, and the bill was carried by a vote of about two to one.

After incredible difficulties of construction, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was ready to be opened September 5, 1830.[1]

"Its completion was regarded as a great national event, and the ceremonies for the opening were arranged accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, Secretary of State, and Mr. Huskisson, M.P. for Liverpool, were foremost among the number of distinguished persons present. Part of the show was to be a procession of the eight locomotive engines, — the Northumberland, Phœnix, North Star, Rocket, Dart, Comet, Arrow, and Meteor. At Parkside, about seventeen miles from Liverpool, the trains stopped, that the engines might take in water. The Northumberland, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on the right hand track, that the other seven engines might pass in review on the other track before him. Mr. Huskisson had alighted from his carriage, and was standing on the track along which the Rocket was rapidly approaching. At this moment the Duke of Wellington, between whom and Mr. Huskisson a coolness had existed since their disagreement which had been followed by Mr. Huskisson's resignation from the ministry, made a sign of recog-

[1] A week earlier, August 28, 1830, the first trial trip with steam took place on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which was to carry out Washington's favorite idea of uniting the Atlantic seaboard with the Ohio River. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was exceedingly crooked; the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was nearly straight. The first steam-engine placed on it had been constructed under the direction of Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York. It dragged one car, containing twenty-three passengers, and attained the wonderful celerity of twelve to fifteen miles an hour. The car was made light, and was entirely open. It much resembled the high carts that carry empty barrels. The trial trip, as we can well imagine, was an exceedingly exciting one. The curves were passed without difficulty at fifteen miles an hour. A man riding a swift horse undertook to race the engine from Baltimore to where the road terminated at Ellicott's Mills, fourteen miles from the city. In the height of the race the band slipped off the fly-wheel of the engine, and the horse won! The directors and their friends were, however, elated at their success; and when the little engine, for a few moments, made eighteen miles an hour, one of them exclaimed that he should record it in a book, to be transmitted to posterity!

nition, and held out his hand. A hurried but friendly grasp was given; but before it was loosened, a cry arose of 'Get in, get in!' Alarmed and confused, Mr. Huskisson endeavored to get round the open door of the Duke's carriage; in so doing he was struck down by the Rocket, and, falling with his leg across the track, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words on being raised were, 'I have met my death!' He was carried into a house near by, and only lived a few hours."

The accident threw a deep gloom over the day's proceedings. The Duke and Sir Robert Peel were anxious to discontinue the procession; but, in view of the thousands of people waiting to see the train come in at Manchester, it was decided to continue the journey. There was, however, no further festivity.

Next day a train started from Liverpool to Manchester, carrying forty passengers, and did the distance in the allotted time, — two hours. Since that time there has been no interruption to the daily trains.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REFORM BILL. — LORD ALTHORP. — LORD BROUGHAM. — WILLIAM COBBETT.

MEN and women in England younger than myself have probably no realizing conception of the intense excitement produced throughout the country from 1828 to 1832 by the agitation of the Reform Bill, — that bill which, as some one phrased it, seemed to the populace "a bill for giving everybody everything;" that bill upon whose fate all hopes or fears were concentrated; that bill which, though its passage quieted the country for a time, made far less difference in practical politics than had been expected, though it was an enormous stride forward in the march of progress, which has to keep abreast of the spirit of the times.

There is no better illustration to me, as I think over those days and recall the agitation of England, of how all classes and all ages caught the fever of politics, than to remember how I — a child of eight in 1830 — was encouraged by my mother to produce my first literary composition; viz. two numbers of what we called "The Nursery Gazette." Well I remember standing by my mother's side and dictating it! Here are some of its contents. I give them as a specimen of the feelings of the day, of the hourly talk that interested and excited even the youngest members of a quiet household.

"Nursery Gazette," November 14, 1830: —

POLITICS. — We are happy to inform our readers that the prospects of the country are a little brighter. The funds have risen, owing to the report, it is imagined, that the Duke of Wellington was going to resign. This, however, has not yet taken place. Kent is a little more quiet; but the fires, we

regret to say, are beginning to spread into Essex and Sussex. On Tuesday afternoon two respectably dressed men in a barouche stopped a boy and inquired: "Who is your master?" To which he replied, "Master Sherwin, sir." "Tell him to keep a good look-out," said they, and rode on. About ten o'clock at night Mr. Sherwin's barns and outhouses were set on fire. The boy had told his master, but it created no alarm, and was not attended to.

The "Nursery Gazette" No. 2, November 21, 1830: —

POLITICS. — We are happy to inform our readers that the Duke of Wellington has really resigned, as well as the other ministers.. This has had a good effect, not only upon the country, but on the two patients mentioned in our last,[1] who have almost entirely recovered their health and spirits. The fires in Kent still continue to burn with unremitted fury, and we are sorry to add they are now fast spreading into Suffolk. For our own part, we do not blame the peasantry for using *some means* to obtain support; but they ought not to use violence, for we do not see what good they can possibly gain by it.

We regret to state that we shall not be able to publish another number next week, the printer having refused to perform his part of the "Nursery Gazette."

Which meant that my mother, very sensibly, finding that the "Nursery Gazette" was getting talked about (my father being but too ready to spread its fame), thought that editorial notoriety at eight years old was by no means good for her little girl. Indeed, a female taste for literary work was a thing in those days by no means to be encouraged in a *demoiselle bien élevée*.

Of course all the ideas in the "Nursery Gazette" were the result of the general excitement upon politics, which penetrated even into the nursery.

The state of things prevailing in England at the date of my infant paper was the offspring of the terror created by the great French Revolution. The men and women of my childhood had grown up under its influence.

[1] My father and his chief political opponent, Mr. Roop, paymaster of the garrison at Ipswich. I had announced in No. 1 that both of them were suffering from a political fever.

"Nine-tenths of the English people," says Walter Bagehot, "were above all things determined to put down what they called French principles; and, unhappily, *French principles* included what we should now all consider obvious reforms. They would not even allow the extreme cruelties of the penal code to be mitigated; they did not wish justice to be questioned; they would not let the mass of the people be educated, or at least only so far that it came to nothing; they would not alter anything that came down from their ancestors, for in their terror they did not know but there might be some charmed value even in the most insignificant thing; and, after what they had seen happen in France, they feared that if they changed a single iota, all would collapse."

Then, too, the national hatred of Napoleon connected itself with this hatred of revolutionary principles. Napoleon was really the man who set himself in his great might to stem the tide of revolution, to reconstruct society, and bring order out of chaos; for which reason it is now the fashion for ultra-republicans in France to deny him and decry him. But in England, long after I began to think for myself, the popular idea was, that he had been a raging Jacobin, a *Robespierre à cheval.*

"A war-time, too, is naturally a hard time," said Mr. Bagehot; "men's minds grow familiarized with cruelty by pain. Suffering seems inevitable. The effort is made, not to alleviate it, but to bear it."

When the Great War was closed, innumerable industries had been stopped. The price of land in England went down enormously; many landed proprietors were ruined. With landlords pinched, laborers suffered. Trade suffered from the uncertainties of commerce and of credit. The working-classes were in a chronic state of suffering, and the savage spirit that lies latent in the breasts of Englishmen showed itself at its worst. Suffering, of course, led to complaint, complaint was called sedition. I remember well the panic among the gentlefolks of Ipswich and its neighborhood when an assembly of working-men — laborers and others — met on Rustmere Heath to have a conference with the gentry. My father said that what he saw

that day was very pitiful, — a crowd of aimless, dispirited, hungry wretches, bent on impressing the gentry with a sight of their sufferings. On Rustmere Heath there was no attempt at violence; but in many places it was otherwise. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, harsh laws were passed, and a sterner administration of justice was invoked to put all complaint (even the most reasonable) sternly down. It *would* not be put down; it incessantly smouldered and incessantly broke out, and for four years England was filled with the fear of violence, first by the breakers of law, and then by the defenders of it.

As I write, it seems to me that my childish notion contained the gist of the situation: that it was not surprising suffering men should seek some means of improving their condition, but that lawless violence would do no good.

The panacea for all social evils was supposed to lie in the Reform Bill. In one sense it *did* lie in the Reform Bill, because the passage of that measure restored confidence and calmed excitement; and "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength," is as true of nations as of individual Christians. But the Reform Bill of 1832 politically benefited only that class which corresponds to the French *bourgeoisie*. The era of 1830 was the especial era of advancement for such men. All the revolutions of that year upon the Continent were in their favor, and so was the differently conducted revolution of 1832 in England.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, though they had adopted, and successfully carried, the bill for Catholic Emancipation, in opposition to the larger half of their own (the Tory) party, were opposed, as Mr. Canning had been, to the proposed measures of Parliamentary Reform. George IV. died in the summer of 1830, and in August of the same year Charles X. of France came again as an exile to claim English hospitality.

Let me briefly endeavor to point out what was the Reform Bill. The English House of Commons consists of over six hundred members. These are elected from counties, from the Universities, and from boroughs, — boroughs meaning

places inhabited by burgesses; in other words, incorporated towns. In the days of the Barons and in the Wars of the Roses, Parliamentary representation was ill-defined and irregular. The House of Commons "struggled up," as it were, till it became a mighty power in the state. Like Topsy, the system had in some mysterious manner "growed." It was by no means always an acceptable position to be chosen a member of Parliament for a borough. "In those days," says a "Quarterly" reviewer, "the right of representation was regarded as an oppressive burden, from which the smaller boroughs frequently petitioned to be set free;" and, with the connivance of the sheriff, they not seldom evaded the exercise of their privilege. Furthermore, down to the time of the Reform Bill the qualifications for voters differed in different boroughs. In some, there was universal suffrage; in some, only the mayor and bailiffs voted; in many, all tax-payers had the franchise; in some, only the free burgesses; in some, freeholders. The Reform Bill proposed to make the qualification for voting for a borough member the ownership of a house in the borough of the clear yearly value of not less than £10, provided such person should have paid the poor-rates and assessed taxes, also to give votes to those who paid a yearly rent of £10. This necessarily gave an immense increase of power to petty tradesmen. It swamped the previous importance of the cultivated classes. It did nothing, or less than nothing, for the laboring population, — for there is never any love lost between small capitalists and the poor; while the disfranchisement of "rotten boroughs" — *i. e.*, boroughs in which there were few or no voters to cast their votes—did away with the practice of Government to watch Oxford and Cambridge for young men of promise, that they might be brought into Parliament as supporters of the ministry. Under this system Macaulay one day at breakfast opened a letter which, to his surprise, offered him a seat in Parliament. Gibbon relates that, "as he was destroying an army of barbarians," a minister of the Crown called and offered him a seat in the House of Commons. It was the aim of

statesmen to build up a governing class in those days, and the House of Commons always contained members who from education or sympathy took on themselves the duty of looking after especial national interests.

In the days of Sir Robert Walpole and the years that succeeded his administration the possession of a "pocket borough" — which was another phrase frequently employed — was very valuable to its proprietor. Even in the novels of the day we see that to offer a borough to the Government was a common and not discreditable way of obtaining favors. It was estimated that one hundred and twenty-seven lords and gentlemen had the choosing of three hundred and fifty-five members of Parliament. The most complete instance of a rotten borough must have been Lugershall, the member for which rose in the House of Commons and said: "I am the proprietor of Lugershall; I am the member for Lugershall; I am the constituency of Lugershall; and in all these capacities I consent to the disfranchisement of Lugershall."

That retirement of the Duke of Wellington in 1830, which as an infant journalist I appear to have approved, made way for Lord Grey, who was pledged to bring forward a Reform Bill. A great revolution had just been accomplished in France without any reign of terror, and the advocates for reform were greatly encouraged. It had been said to Lord Grey that success depended upon making the bill sweeping enough and very comprehensive. Here is an account of its first announcement to the House of Commons, given by an eye-witness, John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton), Byron's life-long friend: —

"At last came the great day, Tuesday, March 1, 1831. I went to the House at twelve o'clock, and found all the benches crammed. . . . Lord John Russell began to speak at six, and then never shall I forget the astonishment of my neighbors as he developed his plan of reform. Indeed, all the House seemed perfectly astounded; and when he read the long list of the boroughs to be wholly or partially disfranchised, there was a sort of mild ironical laughter, mixed with expressions of delight

from the late Tory ministers, who seemed to think themselves sure of recovering their places immediately. Our own friends were not so well pleased. One of them, turning to me, said, 'They are mad! — they are mad!' And others made use of similar exclamations, — all but Sir Robert Peel. He looked serious and angry, as if he had discovered that ministers by the boldness of their measure had secured the support of the country. Lord John seemed rather to play with the fears of his audience, and after detailing some clauses which seemed to complete the scheme, smiled and paused, and then said, 'More yet.' . . . When Lord John sat down, we who were advanced Liberals cheered loud and long, although there was scarcely one of us who believed that such a scheme could by any possibility become the law of the land. . . . We all huddled away, not knowing what to think; the anti-reformers chuckling with delight at what they deemed a wholly impracticable project, and the friends of the ministers in a state of bewilderment."

The English parliamentary idea differs from that of the United States in several particulars; in the latter country Members of Congress represent their own districts, and take especial charge of the interests of their own constituents; in England, while each member represents a county or a borough, he is supposed rather to fight for the general interests of the country than for local interests. Before the Reform Bill passed, in 1832, each county sent two members to Parliament, except Yorkshire, which sent four. These gentlemen were officially called Knights of the Shire. The Reform Bill greatly increased the county representation in England, from ninety-four members to one hundred and fifty-nine. Fifty-six boroughs, which had sent two members each to Parliament, were disfranchised. Thirty, which had sent two members to Parliament, were reduced to one. Eighteen large towns, which, risen to importance since Queen Elizabeth's time, and had never returned a member, were now to have two representatives in Parliament. The outlying parts of London, with a population over a million, were divided into four electoral districts, — Lambeth, Marylebone, Finsbury, and the Tower Hamlets, — each of which was to elect two members. Ireland received five

additional members, and Scotland five, besides which the elective franchise in Scotland was largely extended, being placed on the same footing as England.

To do away with "rotten boroughs" was a principal object of the Reform Bill. The monstrous character of the borough of Old Sarum has been frequently mentioned; its name was, indeed, a sort of war-cry among reformers. It had once been a Bishop's See, and the site of a cathedral, — afterwards removed to Salisbury, — and had returned two members to Parliament for years after the twenty-three acres on which it formerly stood had not a house or an inhabitant.

In England, a county or a borough may choose its member of Parliament from anywhere.[1] Mr. Gladstone, who is not a Scotchman, sat in Parliament for many years as member for Midlothian. No member of Parliament can resign his seat unless disqualified to retain it by the acceptance of a place of honor and profit under the Crown, or by some public disgrace. If he accepts an office under Government he must, if he wishes to retain his seat, go through another election to ascertain if his constituents approve of his joining the administration. If a member desires to give up his seat, he therefore accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, a small office under Government, with a salary of twenty shillings ($5) a year; and then he has to quit the House of Commons.

The members of the House all wear their hats except when speaking, — a token that they acknowledge no superior under their own roof. The Speaker sits in gown and wig; the members are seated upon benches. On the right of the Speaker are the Government, or Treasury, benches, on which sit all the members of the cabinet. Opposite to them sit the leading members of the Opposition. Behind the Government benches sit the supporters of the Government; behind the Opposition leaders, their friends. Members speak from their places, and without their hats.[2]

[1] It was proposed once to return my father as member for Brighton, — a place he had rarely, if ever, been in in his life.

[2] When I saw the House of Commons in session in St. Stephen's, in 1843, the member speaking (Sir Charles Napier) had his hat filled

It was more than a year after the first reading of the Reform Bill before the measure was carried. A bill has to be three times read and voted on in England. In 1831 the second reading passed by a majority of one, and the scene in the House when, on March 22, three hundred and two members voted Aye, and three hundred and one No, was breathlessly exciting. Before the third reading the Government was defeated on another motion by a small majority, and Lord Grey determined to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the sense of the country. This resolve was greatly opposed by William IV., who was now King. He had been a Whig while Duke of Clarence, always voting in the House of Lords with that party; but as King he looked upon so great a change in popular representation as revolutionary. In a paper which even his opponents called "able" he said (and his words seem almost like a prophecy): —

"The King conceives that the most strenuous advocates of Reform, those whose object it may be to introduce a preponderance of *popular* influence, will not be disposed to deny that the influence of the House of Commons has increased more than that of the Crown or the House of Peers; and the question is, Whether greater danger is not to be apprehended from its encroachments than from any other evil which may be the subject of speculation; and whether it is not from this source that the mixed form of government in this country has to dread annihilation?"

There was a strong court party opposed to the passage of the bill, to Lord Grey, and to his ministry. The excitement through the country (and I well remember it) was intense; there was mob violence all over England, and in London and at Ascot personal insults were offered, not only to the King, but to Queen Adelaide, who was popularly supposed to use all her influence to persuade the King to obstruct the bill.

with oranges. Ladies had then to occupy a little space wide as a pew, and, sitting on a seat as high and narrow as a mantelpiece, look through the ventilators. It is against the law for strangers, even reporters, to be present, and therefore, by a fiction, members are supposed not to see them.



KING WILLIAM IV.



The new Parliament assembled June 14, 1831. In September the bill passed its third reading in the House, and was sent up to the Lords. They rejected it by a vote of one hundred and ninety-nine to one hundred and fifty-eight. Lord Grey and his ministry resigned. The Duke of Wellington and his friends were called to take their place; but the Duke could not form a cabinet. Lord Grey resumed office. Again a Reform Bill, slightly altered, passed the House of Commons, twenty-three new Whig Peers were created, — the first time such a step had been resorted to by any ministry, — and, to help the passage of the bill, about a hundred Tory Lords, unwilling to vote for it, absented themselves from the House of Peers. The bill then passed both Houses, and received the King's reluctant signature on June 7, 1832. During several months the vacillations of King William IV. had caused much trouble.

He was a thoroughly honest, kind-hearted man, and a good man of business, conscientiously endeavoring to understand every paper that he signed. But his eccentricity, especially under excitement, seems almost to have amounted to insanity, and in the early months of his reign London society made merry over accounts of his strange behavior.

He affected blunt manners. He used naval slang, though he had never been a favorite with the navy. He made the most extraordinary speeches in public; in private he would electrify his company by exclaiming, "I am tired. I wish you a good night. I am going to bed. Come along, my Queen." "Altogether," says Charles Greville, who, however, took delight in reporting the poor monarch's eccentricities, "he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he does n't go mad may make a very decent king."

He particularly hated France, and used to alarm his ministers by the speeches he made about her on public occasions. His *bête noire*, however, was Russia, and he dreaded lest she should invade his kingdoms. In view of such an invasion he was anxious to resuscitate the old militia. Every now and then he would have a spurt of

irritable self-assertion. In the last months of his life he was particularly put out with the Duchess of Kent, and treated her on one occasion, before her daughter and his guests, in a manner wholly unbecoming a king and a gentleman.

In 1867 — that is, thirty-five years after the passage of the first Reform Bill — further Parliamentary reforms were introduced in England. The £10 qualification was reduced to forty shillings, so that any man who has a family can vote for the member for his borough. This approaches very near to universal suffrage. It has swamped the £10 *bourgeoisie*. The year 1830, and those that followed, were the favored period everywhere for the *bourgeois;* the day of the *prolétaire*, or the man who labors with his own hands, was postponed to our own times. All civilized Europe and America have got to deal with *that* problem *now*. It has been storing up for many years for us to solve it. God grant we may meet it as successfully as the generation of my youth did that which was presented in 1832!

But before I close this part of my subject let me repeat what I think it is important to remember, that we are now treating of the second phase of politics into which England had entered in the nineteenth century. The first was influenced by fear and rage against France and all things French and revolutionary; the second began with the death of Lord Castlereagh, and was the era of the infant growth of liberal ideas. The statesmen of this second period were largely occupied in correcting the mistakes of their predecessors, and bringing England to a point she probably would have reached a quarter of a century before, without convulsions, had not the French Revolution held her back from progress.

When Lord John Russell made his celebrated speech introducing the Reform Bill to the House of Commons he said: —

"Suppose a stranger from some distant country should arrive in England to examine our institutions. He had been

informed that our country was singular from the eminence she had attained in wealth, science, and civilization. If in addition to this he learned that this land so great, so learned, so renowned, once in six years chose its representatives to sit in its great council and legislate on all its concerns, with what eagerness would he inquire by what process so important an election as that of this body was effected. What, then, would be his surprise if he were taken by his guide to one of the places of election, — to a green mound,[1] — and told that this green mound returned two members to Parliament, or to a stone wall with niches in it, or to a green park, and told that they return as many? But greater would be his surprise if he were carried to the North of England, where he would see large flourishing towns full of commerce and activity, containing magazines of trade and manufactures, and was told that these places had no representatives in the Assembly which was said to represent the people!"

I have said very little of the agitation that for more than a year spread over England while the passage of the Reform Bill was debated in Parliament. During the interval between the dissolution of Parliament in March, 1831, and the final accèptance of the bill, even the most quiet parts of England were in a ferment, and the great towns were wrought up to a state of alarming excitement. One of these towns was Bristol; an account of the riots which occurred there may be a sufficient picture of the state of feeling in the rest.[2]

Bristol, until the rise of Liverpool, was the second commercial city in England. Liverpool was built up by the cotton trade; Bristol by colonial commerce and the slave trade. In the centre of the city stood both the cathedral and the Bishop's palace, on College Green, and the mayor's official residence in Queen's Square. Queen's Square was an open space with grass and trees. An equestrian statue of William III. stood in the middle.

[1] Old Sarum.

[2] Miss Yonge has told the story of the Bristol riots in one of her volumes called "Chantry Manor;" and she also gives from her remembrance an excellent picture of the state of feeling in the country at that time.

Bristol had been much excited by news of the French Revolution in July, and its working population was very generally affiliated with one of the political societies then promoted by Cobbett, and all were ardent in the cause of reform.

Of course, while the passage of the Reform Bill was in agitation, everything bitter against the existing system was said both inside and outside of the House of Commons. All opposers of the bill were loaded with opprobrium, — dignitaries of the Church, and more especially the Peers. When the Lords rejected the bill passed by the Commons in September, 1831, the dread of riots throughout the country was very great, the funds fell, and the public agitation became intense. The Recorder of Bristol — that is, its chief judicial officer — was Sir Charles Wetherell, who had bitterly opposed the Reform Bill on its first introduction in the House of Commons. He was a narrow-minded politician and very unpopular. He was expected to hold an assize in Bristol at the very time the ferment was at its height; and so great was the apprehension of riot on the occasion that the magistrates asked and received a military force to protect him on his entrance into the city. This force consisted of ninety-three enlisted men, of whom half were dragoons, and half hussars.

With considerable difficulty, on October 29, the Recorder was got safely into the city. There was one moment of great danger, however, when he was transferred from his own coach to that of the Mayor. He reached the court-house, however, opened court, and adjourned it for two days. Then began the difficulty of getting him back in safety to the Mayor's residence. Law and order triumphed, however, for a time; but at night an attack was made upon the Mayor's residence, — the Mansion House, — which was nearly demolished. The Riot Act was read and the soldiers sent for. By the laws of England, a party of military may not fire on a mob till the Riot Act has been read aloud by a magistrate by way of warning. The colonel in command of the troops, named Brereton,

lost his head. He said, good-humoredly, that he had no doubt he could make the rioters walk off, and, drawing up his troops as spectators of the disorder, he refused to act in any other way.

The hussars were very impatient under this inaction, and their officers made a demonstration, on their own responsibility, which checked the riot for a time. On Tuesday the rioters poured into the Mansion House grounds and Queen's Square; by mid-day the Bishop's palace had been taken and sacked, the jail-doors opened, and the prisoners dispersed. The mob had complete possession of the city. Still Colonel Brereton refused to act, and even ordered the hussars to withdraw into the country, because when their captain was attacked they had fired on the mob. The only thing that checked plunder and destructiveness was general drunkenness. The populace broke into the Bishop's and Mayor's wine-cellars, and propitiated the soldiers, who stood idle spectators of these outrages, by offering them liquor. The only orders Colonel Brereton could be brought to give to his soldiers were, "Use no violence. Go to the spot where the jail is being stormed, but do nothing." So the Bishop's servants were driven out of the Bishop's palace, and the building was consumed.

The Colonel himself on Tuesday night went to bed and to sleep. All night the riot went on. The mob, increased by sympathizers from the country, began to plunder and demolish private houses; when suddenly at dawn a troop of yeomanry marched in, and, after the riots had lasted three days and nights, cowed Colonel Brereton, encouraged the civil power to appoint special constables, and, charging on the rioters, cut down about a dozen. The uprising was thus quelled, and the city restored to the care of its police. The total amount of damage done was estimated at about £65,000 ($320,000). The money to repay claims was borrowed by the city of Bristol from the Government, and repaid by an assessment yearly on the poor-rates. Colonel Brereton shot himself.

This burning of Bristol had a great effect in France,

where riots in Lyons took place about the same time, in which the rallying cry was "Bristol!" Other riots took place in other towns in England, but none equalled in duration or destructiveness the riot at Bristol.

There were three men very prominent in the passage of the Reform Bill besides Lord Grey, the Whig leader, a man of great experience, self-control, amenity, and wisdom. The three I mean, and of whom I should like to speak in this connection, are Lord Althorp, Lord Brougham, and William Cobbett. In each of their lives there are picturesque and interesting elements, and I think it may be well to give of each a brief biography.

The most prominent of those personages who under Lord Grey's leadership promoted the passage of the Reform Bill was probably Lord Althorp. Indeed, it has been commonly said, "It was Althorp who secured the bill; his fine temper did it."

In the House of Commons there is always a man who is recognized as leader in the House. He is the man to whom the party of the Government looks in all emergencies, — the officer, in short, who drills and commands subordinates. For years Sir Robert Peel was leader of his party in the House; Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were Whig leaders.

Lord Althorp was the only son of Earl Spencer; Althorp was his title by courtesy. Until his father's death he was only a commoner, and entitled, if elected, to sit in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston had only an Irish title, so that he too was eligible for a seat in the Lower House. Mr. Disraeli refused the title of Earl of Beaconsfield for many years, not wishing to sever his connection with the House of Commons.

One would suppose that so responsible an office as that of "leading the House" might demand a man of especial talent and quickness; but probably no leader was ever so faithfully followed, so trusted, so beloved, as Lord Althorp, who was a slow-witted man, with little or no education, but so sterlingly *good* and sensible that all men put their trust in

him. "His mind," says a biographer, "was like a reserve fund, not invested in showy securities, but sure to be come at when wanted, and always of stable value. . . . Everything with him was solid and ordinary. Men seem to have trusted him as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing he would not deceive if he could, and that he could not if he would."

Lord and Lady Spencer, the father and mother of Lord Althorp, were frivolous people, and until he went to school at Eton he lived almost entirely in the stables, getting all the early instruction he ever did get from a Swiss footman. In the stables he learned to love horses, dogs, and field-sports. All his life he was a "mighty hunter," yet no man ever had a more tender love of animals. With culture he would probably have developed into a distinguished naturalist. A knowledge of animal life and a taste for statistics were the two prominent characteristics of his mind. He went through school like any other dull, ordinary, stout-hearted English school-boy. At college a few words of interest from his mother spurred him up to make some exertions in mathematics. On leaving college he went abroad; declined to learn French, shunned society, took no interest in sight-seeing, and was glad to get home to his sports and his hounds. He went into Parliament in 1804 for a family borough, and had an office in the Treasury, to which it was with difficulty he could be brought to pay any attention. When his attendance in town was absolutely necessary, he used to have horses posted along the road from London to Althorp, and would ride hard all night to get home.

"Being a somewhat uncouth person, and addicted to dogs and horses, — a 'man's man,' as Thackeray used to call it, — he probably did not go much into ladies' society, and was not very agreeable when he was there." It is difficult to imagine how he might ever have succeeded in getting married, if he had not met in the hunting-field a Miss Acklom, a species of Di Vernon, who made all the advances, and succeeded in capturing him. A lady who

acts thus towards a young nobleman is not commonly what we call "a very nice person;" but Lady Althorp secured her husband's whole heart. When she died, which she did in a few years, he went into complete retirement for months, occupying himself almost solely in reading the Bible. He gave up hunting, because, he said, he should find too much pleasure in it for a man in such affliction.

But during his wife's life he had begun to take some interest in politics, espousing warmly the cause of the lowly and oppressed. He now threw himself into their cause with enthusiasm.

"So far from running away to hunt, as in old times, he was so constant in his attendance on Parliament that tradition says hardly any one, except the clerks at the table, was more constantly to be seen there. He opposed all the acts by which the Tory Government of Lord Castlereagh tried to put down dissatisfaction instead of curing it, and his manly energy soon made him a sort of power in Parliament. He was always there, always saying what was clear, strong, and manly, — things that even his opponents understood, — in a rugged English way which changed feelings, if it did not change votes. He was a man whom every one in the House respected, and therefore he spoke to prepossessed listeners. No doubt, too, the tinge which grief had given to his character added to his influence. He took no share in the pleasures of other men. Though a nobleman of the highest place, still young (he was only thirty-six when Lady Althorp died), he stood aloof from society, which courted him, and lived for public business only; and therefore he had great weight in it, for the English very much value obviously conscientious service, and the sobered fox-hunter was a somewhat interesting character."

So invaluable was he as leader in the House of Commons that when, in 1834, his father died and he had to take his seat in the House of Lords as Earl Spencer, the loss of his services in the Lower House broke up Lord Grey's ministry. King William refused to give his countenance to a Whig ministry that did not contain Lord Althorp, and called the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to his counsels. They, however, found it impossible to

retain office, and were forced to give place to a new ministry of the Whigs under the premiership of Lord Melbourne. Nothing, however, would ever induce Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer) to enter into public life again.

"He said that retirement from office was to him the cessation of acute pain, and never afterwards would he touch it, though he lived for many years. . . . He retired into the country and occupied himself with the rural pursuits which he loved best, attended magistrates' meetings at the Quarter Sessions, and was active as a farmer. 'Few persons,' said an old shepherd, 'could compete with my Lord in the knowledge of sheep.' He delighted to see a whole flock pass, and seemed to know them as if he had lived with them."

"Of all my former pursuits," he wrote, after Lady Althorp's death, and in the midst of his grief, "the only one in which I now take interest is in breeding stock; it is the only one in which I can build castles in the air."

"Lord Althorp was wise," says Walter Bagehot, summing up a review of his character, "with the solid wisdom of agricultural England; popular and useful; sagacious in usual things; a model in common duties; well able to advise in the daily difficulties which are the staple of human life. But beyond this he could not go. Having no ability to decide on more intellectual questions, he was distressed and pained when he had to do so. He was a man picturesquely out of place in a great scene; and it was his personal misfortune (though a blessing to the country) that the simplicity of his purposes, and the reliability of his character, raised him at a great conjunction to a high place for which nature had not meant him, and for which he felt that she had not."

The next character on our list in connection with the Reform Bill is a man altogether different from Lord Althorp, — a man brilliant as a comet, and about as undefinable; a man vain with a vanity that sometimes seemed to border on insanity; a man dreaded by his friends, who never knew what he might do next, but with talents that needed only to have been balanced by steadiness of character to make him one of the greatest Englishmen that ever lived, — I mean Henry, Lord Brougham.

"Punch" persecuted him for fifteen years, and he did

not like it. Probably during that period there was not a number published in which he in his checked trousers did not somewhere appear. He is even on one of the titlepages, — a little floating angel, in checked trousers still. But afterwards "Punch" repented, and dropped him.

He was born on Scottish soil, and his boyhood was passed in Scotland. He came of an old Westmoreland family, mixed Norman and Saxon, — Vaux and Brougham; but his mother, as he liked to tell, was of the Celtic race, a niece of Robertson the historian. Of the same family came the mother of Mr. Gladstone. The family had settled in the Shetland Isles. Brougham was far more the Celt than the Englishman, and he valued his Celtic origin. At a very early age he had learned to read; but a putrid fever wiped all his acquirements from his memory, even his knowledge of his letters. He was a grave, sad little boy, whose chief pleasure at play was to act scenes in court, and be an imaginary Lord Chancellor. After his recovery and the restoration of his memory, he was sent to various schools in Edinburgh. His great desire was for knowledge. From his earliest years he had a remarkable aptitude for asking questions. He would put anybody, who had information that he wanted, through keen cross-examination. In classics he was a proficient, but in science he was no less wonderful. French he spoke so perfectly that abroad he has been taken for a Frenchman, and much of his time in his later life was passed on a property he bought at Cannes.

One of his schoolmasters at Edinburgh was Dr. Adam, whose miserable income, on first starting in life, had been £3 a quarter, — a dollar a week. His lodging cost eight cents a week. It was four miles from his college. He lived on oatmeal and a pennyworth of bread daily. Fire and candle were luxuries beyond his reach. When very cold he ran up and down the long staircase of his lodging-house to warm himself. All, that by these means, he could save out of his dollar a week he spent in books for study. It was under this man that Brougham acquired not only

learning, but industry, self-reliance, and an intense love of study.

At sixteen, Brougham wrote an article on the Refraction of Light, and shortly after sent in a paper on the same subject to be read at the Royal Society. Unfortunately the reader omitted some passages as too extravagant. These contained the germ idea of photography.

But Brougham was by no means all student; he wrote a romance.[1] He was convivial beyond anything the present age can conceive of. He wrenched knockers off doors when a collegian, and played at "high jinks" generally. One of his exploits was, at dead of night, to wrench a gilt serpent from the front of a druggist's shop, where it was put up as a sign. He and his fellow mischief-makers were discovered by a watchman in the execution of this feat, and had to save themselves by a breathless run. At the age of ninety the ex-Chancellor chuckled over the remembrance of this deviltry.

He adopted law as his profession, but at first he professed to hate it. He wrote of it as "the cursedest of all professions." He wanted to be a diplomatist, but no opening presented itself, though from the first he was resolved to combine his law with politics. His maxims as a lawyer were: First, to sacrifice every consideration to the cause of his client; secondly, to consider no cause beneath his notice.

In 1816 he was sent to Portugal on a mission from the Government. Next he got into Parliament, and distinguished himself in the debates on slavery. In 1820 he was the most brilliant defender of Queen Caroline, and had long been her legal adviser. While the Queen's trial was at its height he ran down for one day to York to defend the rights of a poor widow who rented a pigstye at sixpence a year. Her landlord had pulled down the pigstye, and Brougham recovered for his client eight dollars damages, after which he rushed back to London to defend the defamed virtue of the Queen.

[1] His Autobiography, written towards the end of his life, is considered highly imaginative.

In 1830, after distinguishing himself by his unrivalled eloquence in the House of Commons, he was made Lord Chancellor, in the ministry formed by Lord Grey. Such a hare-brained Chancellor was a curious spectacle, but he proved a most industrious and omniscient one. Never but once, after entering the House of Lords, would he set foot in the scene of his former triumphs, the House of Commons. More than a quarter of a century later, when he was nearly ninety, he went in, leaning on a friend's arm. From the door that led from the Upper House he gazed on the stirring scene a moment or two; and then the tears rose in his eyes, and he murmured to his friend: "Take me away! Take me away! There is not a face I recognize. Dead! — dead! All gone!"

The actual material House of Commons which he then entered was not the building in which he had made his brilliant oratorical displays. That House had been burned down in 1834. Parliament had to take refuge in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, till its new houses were built. The cause of the fire was very curious, very English and conservative. In ancient times the votes on any question had been kept by notches cut on sticks, which were called tallies. Each member as he voted had a notch cut. This custom continued down to 1834, and the old tally-sticks had grown so numerous that they were ordered to be burnt, by a vote of the House. That burning set fire to the Houses of Parliament, and England paid heavily for her devotion to an obsolete custom.

William Cobbett's is the third name on our list. He had nothing in a Parliamentary point of view to do with the passage of the Reform Bill, but no man in England had so much influence on that state of opinion and feeling outside of Parliament which led to its passage.

On the borders of Berkshire and Hampshire, not very far from Aldershot, on the edge of a wild moor, and about six miles from the old town of Farnham, where the palace of the Bishop of Winchester stands, is a little village so primitive that in 1844 an hour-glass hung over the pulpit in its

church, and Punch and Judy, having visited the place, were invited to stay over Sunday and assist the choir. It is within a drive of Swift's Moor Park, of the old Monastery of Waverley, and of White's Selborne. No words can describe the beauty of the moors in autumn, covered with gorse and purple heather. On a little cultivated knoll on the edge of this moorland stood the thatched cottage of Cobbett's grandmother. His grandfather had been a day laborer, and worked forty years for the same employer; his son rose somewhat in the world. He owned a little house and some land near Farnham, and kept a sort of public-house, — The Jolly Farmer.[1] He had three boys whom he taught to read and cipher on winter evenings. During the day he sent them into the fields to scare birds for neighboring farmers. Cobbett was so little when he had to do this work that he tells us, "I could hardly climb the stiles without assistance, and often found it difficult to get home."

Cobbett is his own best biographer; for although he never sat down to write his memoirs, his writings are full of autobiographical reminiscences.

"With regard to my ancestors," he tells us, "I shall go not further back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason, I never knew any other prior to him. . . . He died before I was born; but I have often slept beneath the same roof that sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for many years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows. A damson-tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas or Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, and apple-pudding for dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for our supper. Her fire was made of turf cut from the heath, and her light was from a rush dipped in grease. . . . My father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. I do not remember the time when I did not earn my own living. My

[1] Among the queer names of roadside inns that I have seen in that neighborhood was one called Tumble-Down Dick, in derision of Richard Cromwell.

first employment was scaring birds, my next was weeding and tending a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed; and thence I arrived at the honor of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding the plough."

Of the diversions of his boy-life he tells us: —

"One diversion was this: we used to go to the top of a hill which was steeper than the roof of a house. One used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock-frock, and lay himself down, with his arms at his sides, and then the others, one at head and one at foot, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, and nose and mouth were all full of this loose sand; then the others took their turn, and at every roll there was a monstrous spell of laughter. . . . Thus was I receiving my education, and this was the sort of education; and I am perfectly satisfied that if I had not received such an education, or something like it, that if I had been brought up a milksop with a nursery-maid everlastingly at my heels, I should have been at this day as great a fool, as insufficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out of Winchester or Westminster school, or any of those dens of dunces called colleges or universities. It is impossible to say how much I owe to that sand-hill; and in later life I went to return it my thanks for the ability which it probably gave me to become one of the greatest terrors and one of the greatest and most powerful enemies of those knaves and fools that are permitted to afflict this or any other country."

I have quoted all this passage because it gives a good idea of Cobbett and his style of writing, his plain straightforwardness of speech, his art of drawing landscape sketches, his boastfulness, his ignorance, his arrogance, his want of sympathy with all that was outside his own sphere and experience, and his mastery of the art of unsparing invective. When he indulges in this last, each sentence cuts like a lash.

On winter evenings his father taught him reading and writing.

"I have some faint recollection," he says, "of going to school to an old woman who, I believe, did not succeed in teaching me my letters. . . . As to politics, we were like the rest of the

country people in England, — that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter. The shouts of victory or the murmur of a defeat would now and then break in on our tranquillity for a moment, but I do not ever remember seeing a newspaper in my father's house. . . . At eleven years of age my employment was clipping box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens."

He ran away from home, therefore, and one evening in June, 1773, he reached Richmond, with three pennies in his pocket. He says: —

"I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eyes fell on a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, 'The Tale of a Tub,' price threepence. The title was so odd that curiosity was excited."

Instead of supper or a night's lodging, he bought Swift's little book and carried it under a haystack.

"It was something so new to my mind," says he, "that although I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description, and it produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens wakened me in the morning, when off I started for Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manners, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. One day the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) and one of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress while I was sweeping the grass-plot in front of the pagoda."

Twice afterwards he ran away from home, — once to Portsmouth, where he offered himself as a sailor on board a man-of-war; and afterwards on an impulse he climbed

on a stage-coach that was passing, and went up to London. Here one of his fellow-passengers, taking pity on him, got him writing to do in a lawyer's office; but this was so distasteful to him that, seeing a placard addressed, "To Spirited Young Men," he went down to Chatham, the great recruiting station, and enlisted in a foot regiment. At Chatham for the first time in his life he had leisure to read. "But that reading and writing had all to be done amidst the talking, laughing, whistling, singing, and brawling of idle soldiers."

He suffered often, too, from downright hunger. His pay was sixpence a day, out of which he had to find food, clothes, washing, hair-powder, and pipe-clay. The whole week's food was not a bit too much for one day. One Friday he had managed to economize a halfpenny. He determined to buy a red herring on Saturday morning; but as he undressed he found he had lost the money. "I buried my head," he wrote, nearly fifty years after, "under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child."

But his abilities and his knowledge of reading and writing raised him rapidly in his regiment, which was sent to Nova Scotia. His officers gladly employed him in all kinds of business. They saw in him, too, a smart soldier, and he soon rose to be sergeant-major. His next step might have been a commission. It was at this time that he met his wife, the wife who survived him, and whom he cherished with the most loyal affection for forty-two years.

When he first saw her she was thirteen years old, the daughter of a sergeant-major in the artillery. The story seems to me an idyl in common life. I quote it from one of his volumes.

"I sat in the same room with her for about an hour in company with others, and I made up my mind she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, — for *that* I always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that *sobriety* of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and of course the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit (I rose at four o'clock) when I had

done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day and take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks stood. . . . It was hardly light, but she was out in the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That 's the girl for me!' I said, when I was out of her hearing."

They were engaged; but her father's règiment soon after was ordered to England. Cobbett gave her the £150 that he had saved, desiring her not to spare the money, but to get herself good clothes, and live without hard work.

It was four years before he again saw her, "and then," he says, "I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was), at £5 a year ($25), in the house of a Captain Brissac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my £150 unbroken."

This was in 1792. Cobbett got his discharge, and forthwith married, bringing a charge he was unable to substantiate against officers of his regiment for misappropriating regimental money. He decided after this to take back his young wife to America. They settled in Philadelphia. It was in those days that Genet, ambassador from France, and a fierce Jacobin, was stirring up strife in American politics. Washington and the Federal party were accused of leanings towards England and despotism. Jefferson and his party sympathized with France and her Revolution. A split in the cabinet took place on this question, and the whole country was divided. France and the Revolution was the popular side, but Cobbett chose to pose as an extreme Englishman. He opened a bookseller's shop in Philadelphia, flaming with portraits of George III. and Pitt, "and every picture," he says, "that I thought likely to excite the rage of the enemies of Great Britain." He also began to issue a paper, which he wrote all himself, "The Porcupine Gazette," the spirit of which may be judged from the title of its most celebrated article, "A Kick for a Bite." If Cobbett gave kicks, he got bites too. Many libel suits were brought against him for his violent language, — one by the Spanish minister; one by Dr. Rush,

whom he had called Sangrado for his treatment of yellow fever. For this he was fined $5000 and costs. This broke him up, and he quitted Philadelphia, shaking off his feet the dust of the City of Brotherly Love.

On his return to England he began by writing High Tory political articles in the interest of Mr. Pitt; but he soon changed his politics, nobody knows exactly why. I think that a man of his stamp would be fiercely English upon foreign soil, and fiercely critical and intolerant on returning to his own country.

"Cobbett was forty," says an article upon him in "Fraser's Magazine," "when he set up his 'Political Register,' and he soon became a political power in the state, and a thorn, or rather a whole bunch of thorns, in the side of the ministry, — indeed of every ministry all his life in turn." He became "an Ishmaelite of the political world; the Thersites of journalism;" and throughout all his savage political career he was ever "an excellent husband, an exemplary father, a genuine patriot at heart; he had fancy and feeling, with a keen sense of moral and natural beauty; he had indomitable energy and strong good sense; he was largely endued with civil courage; and his style is simply inimitable," when not disgraced by ferocity of speech.

He never claimed consistency. He fought on whatever side commended itself to his state of feeling. He was furious against Catholic Emancipation, but he grieved over the dissolution of the monasteries, and wrote of Good Queen Mary and Bloody Queen Bess. Sir Francis Burdett and a leading nobleman had been his friends through evil report and good report; the former lending him money which was never repaid. Both were attacked, when the occasion offered, with all the stinging epithets which flowed so readily from his tongue or pen. The American Republic was sometimes "the only land worth living in;" at others he called it "a land where judges became felons, and felons judges." Tom Paine had once been to him "a hideous miscreant;" afterwards he proposed to make political amulets of his hair and bones.

For all the abuses he attacked from 1801 to 1832, his panacea was Parliamentary Reform. He formed associations for Reform, he lectured for Reform, he pressed Reform on all his readers (and they amounted weekly to some hundred thousand). Over the top of his paper was always set a woodcut of a gridiron, because he had said he would rather be roasted to death than give up the cause of Reform.

In 1829–30, during the height of the Reform agitation, he made a horseback journey through England, lecturing on Reform in all the towns and villages. "His main topics were the villany of existing modes of taxation, and of the funding principle, and the effect of these on the farming interests; also the accursed rotten boroughs. . . . He was against standing armies, paper money, and national debt, modern shop-keeping, and locomotion and modern London. . . . He abhorred Jews, Methodists, Quakers, bishops, and Malthusians." His opinions were usually on a rational foundation, but built up into ill-balanced and grotesque edifices, lop-sided and untenable. One result of his lecturing tour on horseback was the publication of a book unrivalled for its pictures of English scenery and manners, "Cobbett's Rural Ride through England."

Several times, during the period from 1801 to 1832, his "Register" got him into prison, when he, or his friends for him, paid heavy fines. Once he went to America, and lived a year on Long Island. He came back enthusiastic about the cultivation of Indian corn, which to this day is called "Cobbett's corn" in England. I remember when attempts were made to raise it in English vegetable gardens; but the best efforts produced only a few nubbins. He prophesied that England would be ruined by the "accursed root," as he always called the potato.

He owned a charming farm at Botley, in Hampshire, — a part of England in which he had had his early home. He endeavored to live there as the model farmer of the olden time. All kinds of guests flocked thither, and, like dear Sir Walter Scott, his means were insufficient to stand such

promiscuous hospitality. Like Scott, too, he loved dogs, and took delight in the planting of trees.

This happy home was broken up by his conviction and sentence to two years' imprisonment in Newgate for libel. Ten years exactly from the day when he had lost a fortune in America for a so-called libel on Dr. Rush, he stood up in Westminster Hall to be sentenced to a fine of £1000 and two years' imprisonment.

In later life he bought another farm not far from Farnham; but it was never dear to him as Botley had been. The one friend with whom he never seems to have quarrelled was Lord Cochrane. Hazlitt, another remarkable reformer, and keen hater, of that period, has drawn Cobbett's portrait.

"Mr. Cobbett," he says, "speaks almost as well as he writes. The only time I ever saw him he seemed to me a very pleasant man, easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in his manners, deliberate and unruffled in his speech, though some of his expressions were not very qualified. His figure was tall and portly. He had a good sensible face, rather full, with little gray eyes, a hard, square forehead, a ruddy complexion, with hair gray or powdered, and had on a scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps of the pockets hanging down, as was the custom for gentleman farmers in the last century, or as we see it in pictures of members of Parliament in the reign of George I. I certainly did not think less favorably of him for seeing him."

In the first Reformed Parliament, Cobbett sat for Oldham. He distinguished himself very little in the House, — indeed, he was too old to begin there. In the middle of May, 1835, he made his last speech, in favor of the agricultural interest, and against the manufacturers. His throat was so sore that his words were hardly audible, and two days later, at his own farm, he quietly died.

"I have seven children," he once said. "I never struck one of them in anger in my life, and I recollect only one single instance in which I have ever spoken to one of them in a really angry tone and manner. And when I had done so it appeared as if my heart had really gone out of my body. It was but once,

and it will never be again. . . . In my whole life I never spent one evening away from my own home without some part at least of my family, unless I was at a great distance from that home."

Cobbett was so typical an Englishman, and is so indissolubly associated with Reform, that I have given a sketch of his life at more length than he might rightly claim, perhaps, in these pages.

CHAPTER V.

THE ACCESSION AND CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA. — LORD MELBOURNE.

THE remaining years of the reign of William IV. were chiefly marked by secret intrigues among the Court party to get rid of a Whig ministry, and put in place of Lord Grey or Lord Melbourne the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. These manœuvres, as we have seen, would have succeeded in 1835, had the Duke of Wellington believed it possible to induce the House of Commons to support a Tory ministry. As it was, the Whigs had, of necessity, to retain office, and a new cabinet was formed under the premiership of Lord Melbourne, who remained in office for six years.

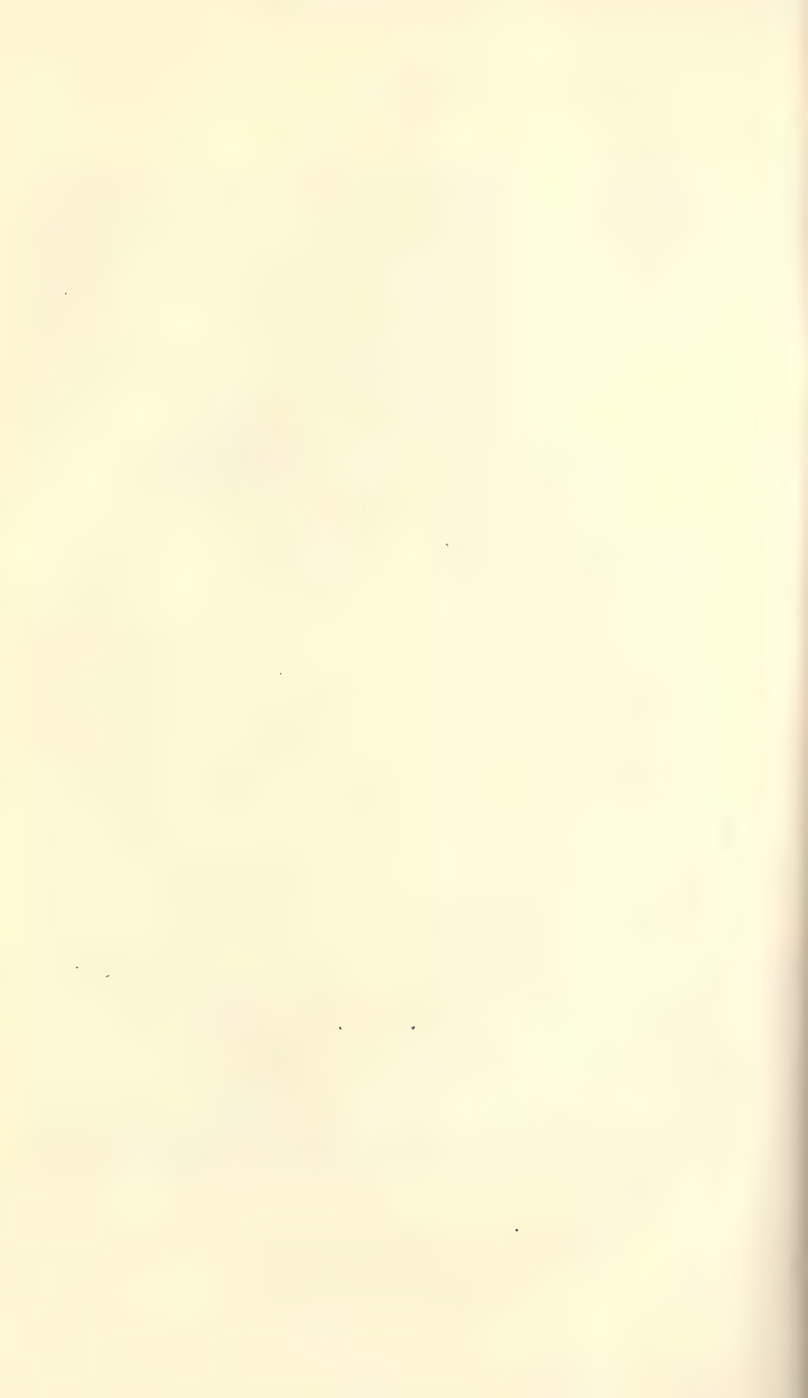
The picturesque particulars attending the accession of Queen Victoria have been already so excellently told by Mr. Justin McCarthy (who commences with them his admirable "History of our Own Times"), and by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council, that nothing seems left for me to do but to throw on it a few faint side-lights of personal reminiscence.

As we all know, Princess Victoria — christened Alexandrina[1] Victoria, and happily not Alexandrina Georgeanna, as had been at first proposed — was only daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. His three elder brothers, George IV., the Duke of York, and King William IV., died childless; the daughter of the next

[1] In the school-books of my childhood she is called invariably Princess Alexandrina.



QUEEN VICTORIA.
(*In her Coronation Robes.*)



brother took precedence therefore of her uncles as heiress to the English throne.

Queen Victoria was born May 24, 1819, at Kensington Palace, and on the day of her accession, June 20, 1837, she was a month more than eighteen years old. Had William IV. died a few weeks earlier, there must have been a Regency, with probably heart-burnings among the Royal uncles, because the Queen's mother would have been at its head.

On the 19th of June, 1837, my father, mother, and myself, went with a party of American friends to visit Richmond, where we dined at its celebrated inn, The Star and Garter. As we were sitting over our dessert, a waiter came up to us, twisting his napkin in his hand, and whispered solemnly that news had come from Windsor that the King was dying, and that by morning the young Queen would be upon the throne.

How the talk changed at once! What speculations there were around our table about the girl princess, of whom the world in general knew absolutely nothing! She had only once appeared at court; she had never been seen in public places; no portrait of her was well known, except one taken when she was a mere child, with cropped hair and a coral necklace. It was agreed that she would be wholly governed by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who was supposed to be a hard, ambitious woman. Was the young Princess in good health? Would she live? If she did not, there would surely be a revolution, for England would never bear the rule of the next heir to the throne, the Duke of Cumberland.

So, saddened and speculative, we drove back to London. The gentlemen who bore the chief part in the conversation never dreamed of considering the child-queen as anything more than a state doll-baby. They never attributed to her a mind, a heart, or knowledge and intelligence of her own. And in this uncertainty there was a great deal of public regret for William IV., a man whom, as Justin McCarthy says, "responsibility had seemed to improve." He him-

self felt for his country much the same fear that the country seemed to fear for itself, and said, with pathetic simplicity, upon his death-bed, that he would be willing to live ten years more for the good of his country. "He was evidently under the sincere conviction that England could not do without him;" and to keener, more experienced eyes the situation seemed very doubtful.

In England a sovereign's death is followed by three months' general mourning. The Sunday after King William's death my mother and I went to St. Pancras, one of the largest churches in London. On coming out, circumstances compelled us to stand aside till all the congregation had passed us. Not a soul was there who was not dressed in decent mourning. William's last royal act had been to sign a pardon.

He died at Windsor at 2 A.M., June 20, 1837, and at once two high personages, who had been in attendance on his death-bed, set off to bear the news to Kensington Palace. They were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor. They reached the Palace about five o'clock, and pounded on the door some time in vain. At last one of the servants let them into a room upon the lower floor, and there they were kept waiting because the Princess "was in such a sweet sleep" that her attendants did not like to rouse her. The two elderly gentlemen, however, insisted that their errand was so important that she *must* be disturbed. In a few minutes she came out to them, just roused from sleep, in a shawl and a white wrapper, perfectly collected and dignified. They did homage to her, sent for the Prime Minister, and a Council was ordered for eleven o'clock.

Whence shall I draw my narrative of what took place at that Council? Greville's most interesting pages tell of it at length, and Justin McCarthy has copied his story; but Lord Broughton (Byron's friend, John Cain Hobhouse) has told the same thing in his papers, and, as these are less known than Greville's record, I will follow his narrative. He says: —

"Arriving at the Palace, I was shown into the antechamber of the Music Room. It was filled with Privy Councillors standing round the long table, set in order, as it seemed, for a Council, Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington on the right, near the head of the table, Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne, in full dress, with others of the Whig party, on the left, near the top of the table. The Duke of Argyle, and one or two officers of the Household, were behind the arm-chair at the top. There were nearly ninety Privy Councillors present, — so I was told. After a little time, Lord Lansdowne, President of the Council, advancing to the table, addressed the Lords and others of the Council, and informed them of the death of William IV., and announced to them it was their duty to inform Her Majesty Queen Victoria of that event, and of her accession. He added that he, accompanied by those who might choose to assist him, would wait upon Her Majesty. Accordingly, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Cumberland (now King of Hanover), and the Duke of Sussex, together with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Lord Chancellor, withdrew through the folding doors behind the arm-chair, and saw the Queen. She was alone ; but Lord Lansdowne told me that as they entered they saw a lady retiring into the back apartment. Lord Lansdowne returned, and informed the Council they had seen the Queen. . . . Not long afterwards the door was thrown open, and the Dukes of Sussex and Cumberland (who had returned) advanced to receive Her Majesty, and the young creature walked in and took her seat in the arm-chair. She was very plainly dressed in mourning, — a black scarf round her neck, without any cap or ornament; but her hair was braided tastily on the top of her head. She inclined herself gracefully on taking her seat. . . . Soon after she was seated Lord Melbourne stepped forward and presented her with a paper, from which she read her declaration. She went through this difficult task with the utmost grace and propriety, — neither too timid nor too assured. Her voice was rather subdued, but not faltering, pronouncing the words clearly, and seeming to feel the sense of what she spoke. Every one appeared touched with her manner, especially the Duke of Wellington and Lord Melbourne ; I saw some tears in the eyes of the latter. The only person who was rather more curious than affected was Lord Lyndhurst, who looked over Her Majesty's shoulder as she was reading, as if to see that she read all that was set down for her.

"After reading the Declaration, Her Majesty took the usual

oath, which was administered to her by Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, who by the way let the Prayer-book drop. The Queen then subscribed the oath, and a duplicate of it for Scotland. She was designated in the beginning of the oath Alexandrina Victoria, but she signed herself Victoria R. Her handwriting was good. Several of the Council — Lord Lyndhurst, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Wellington — came to the table to look at the signature, as if to discover what her accomplishments were in that department. Some formal Orders in Council were made, and proclamations signed by the Queen, who addressed Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne with smiles several times, and with much cordiality. The next part of the ceremony was swearing in the new Privy Council. A cushion was placed on the right of the Queen's chair, and the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first took the oaths. They kissed the hand of the Queen; she saluted them affectionately on the cheek. She had kissed them before in the inner apartment, as Lord Lansdowne told me. The Archbishops and Chancellor were then sworn; after them Lords Lansdowne and Melbourne, and the Duke of Wellington. After that they swore in twenty together. There was a good deal of bustle and noise while this was going on. . . . The ceremony over, some of us sat down to the Council Table. . . . During this time the doors of the Chamber were opened frequently, and many persons admitted to see the young Queen, who continued quietly sitting at the head of the table, giving her approval in the usual form to several Orders in Council.

"The Proclamation of the Queen's accession took place at St. James' Palace. Her Majesty was presented to the people at the window facing Marlborough House. Lords Melbourne and Lansdowne and others in court dresses were at her side, with certain great officers of state behind her. The Duchess of Kent was near her at her right. The crowd was very great, but composed of decently dressed people, and gave Her Majesty a warm reception."

Daniel O'Connell was prominent on this occasion, acting as fugleman to the cheers of the crowd. Lord Broughton concludes thus (and his testimony is corroborated by all other testimonies): —

"It is impossible to speak too highly of the Queen's demeanor and conduct during the whole ceremony. They deserve all that has been said of them by all parties, and must have

been 'the offspring, not of art, not of education, but of a noble nature;' to use the words of the eulogy pronounced on them by Sir Robert Peel."

Lord Broughton also remarks that "on the morning of the Queen's accession there was more gloom on the faces of all than might have been expected, not only among Privy Councillors, but generally."

The truth is the apprehension of the experiment of an untried child-queen weighed heavily upon the nation. Queen Victoria, as I have said, was wholly unknown, not only to the general public, but to the nobility of England, and there was but one frail life between the Duke of Cumberland and the English throne. As for the Duke (now Ernest, King of Hanover), he went off shortly after to his new dominions, and public opinion in England most readily acquiesced in the loss of both the King and his Hanoverian kingdom.

King Ernest's first act on reaching Hanover was to revoke the constitution granted by his predecessor. He then turned out of their professorial chairs at Göttingen three distinguished men of letters, whom he sent into exile for their liberal opinions. One of these was Gervinus, the admirable Shakespeare commentator and scholar.

Sir David Wilkie was employed to paint the scene of the Queen's First Council. His picture now hangs in the great hall at Windsor, but he put in the portraits of persons who were not there, while many who were present were left out. [1]

[1] I saw the Queen frequently not long after her accession. She was decidedly pretty as a young girl, and her heads on English postage stamps and English coins are excellent likenesses. As to her reading, I had heard by common report that it was beautiful, but supposed people exaggerated its merits because of her position. When I heard her read I found I was mistaken. I have heard Fanny Kemble, and Charles Kemble, and other great readers, but I never heard any reader who equalled Queen Victoria. It was like Rachel's acting, a revelation of the possibilities of a thing familiar. Without effort her voice filled the House of Lords, clear, distinct, yet giving the effect of being sweet and low. I saw her once in the Royal Pew

It has been supposed, and the supposition is supported by a letter the Queen has permitted to be published from herself to her uncle King Leopold, that her early life had not been altogether a happy one; but at all events it admirably fitted her for the station to which she was called. She learned patience, self-control, punctuality, industry, and fidelity to every duty; kindness of heart, and a strict sense of propriety, came to her naturally. The dread felt in England lest the Duchess of Kent should attempt to govern in her daughter's stead, or even be "a power behind the throne," proved entirely uncalled for. The good sense of both mother and daughter kept the Duchess in the background, and from the moment when the young Queen, in her white wrapper, with her bare feet thrust into slippers, came forth from her chamber to meet the Lords who announced to her her uncle's death, she has reigned (so far as a constitutional sovereign can reign) alone. She has had no favorites, no advisers except members of her cabinet, her uncle Leopold (through Baron Stockmar), and her husband. She has had no private secretary, and has always read, and commented on, all foreign despatches. From the time of her marriage she rose early, walked with her husband about the grounds at Windsor, breakfasted, had daily prayers afterwards in the Chapel, and worked steadily at her desk, or with her ministers, till luncheon time. If a despatch was brought her she retired with it instantly to glance over it, and to put it aside *herself* till she had time to read it attentively. Sometimes her children played round her as she was writing, but then it was required of them to be quiet and "good."

To return however to more early days. The ministry when the Queen came to the throne, was a Whig ministry,

(a gallery pew) in the Chapel Royal at St. James'. She wore a black silk mantle, and a straw bonnet trimmed with brown ribbon, and pink roses in her bonnet cap, — as was the fashion at that period. My father was at her first *levee*. He told us she behaved charmingly, but looked very tired towards the last, and her poor little hand was quite red, several hundred gentlemen having that day kissed it.

E. W. L.

and at its head as Prime Minister was Lord Melbourne. A few years before, in anticipation of the possibility that he might be called to be the adviser of a girl-queen, his enemies made an effort to ruin him.

Sheridan had had three lovely granddaughters; one became Lady Eglintoun (we all remember the Eglintoun Tournament); one married the Hon. Capt. Blackwood, R. N., and became Lady Dufferin; and one became the wife of a city magistrate, Mr. Norton. All these ladies were as clever and accomplished as they were beautiful, but Mrs. Norton is best known to the present generation as the poetess Caroline Norton. She wrote the well known little poem "The Arab's Farewell to his Horse," and in later life was the author of one of the loveliest of our modern poems, "The Lady of Garraye." Those who have read "The Lady of Garraye" will not easily be induced to believe harm of Mrs. Norton. But her husband was a proud, hard, cruel man, and a violent Tory. Her relations with him were unhappy, and she seems unwisely to have sought counsel from Lord Melbourne as one of her father's former friends. Mr. Norton became jealous; and the opportunity for incapacitating Lord Melbourne for serving a young unmarried queen, was too tempting to be lost by his party. A scandal was raised, and a suit was brought which resulted in the entire acquittal of Lord Melbourne and Mrs. Norton. The jury gave their verdict without hearing the witnesses for the defence, or leaving their box; but the affair left the unhappy woman forlorn, and deprived of the society of her children for many years. Before Mrs. Norton's death, when she was seventy years old and unable to rise from her chair, she married Sir Stirling Maxwell, who wished the world to receive this additional proof that he believed her married life with Mr. Norton had been free from blame.

Lord Melbourne's father and mother had been in their day noted members of society, — that society of Fox and Sheridan, which gamed high, drank deep, was as witty as it was dare-devil, and as brilliant in intellect as it was reckless in expenditure.

He was his father's second son, and is known to us in early life as the Hon. William Lamb. His habits were indolent, and his studies somewhat desultory, but his mind was clear and brilliant, and one of his college essays was quoted in Parliament by the great Charles Fox, with much appreciation. He was, of course, a Whig, and an admirer of the French Revolution before it grew lurid under the Reign of Terror. He adopted law as his profession, and got one brief. He used to say that the first sight of his name on the back of that brief gave him the highest feeling of exultation he had ever enjoyed, — far greater than that of seeing himself Prime Minister.

Unhappily, his marriage for years blighted his life. In the silken covered books of Byron's Beauties, common in my young days, we could see an *espiègle* face crowned with short curls, and labelled Lady Caroline Lamb. The poor woman was clearly insane, — that sort of incomplete insanity so difficult to deal with; so terrible to those who are responsible for the patient's control. She had fancy and feeling; she was charming, even in her moments of caprice; provoking, irritating, exasperating; but she could recover at will her power over almost any man who had ever come under the influence of her fascinations. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" has quoted, in connection with her, Pope's lines:

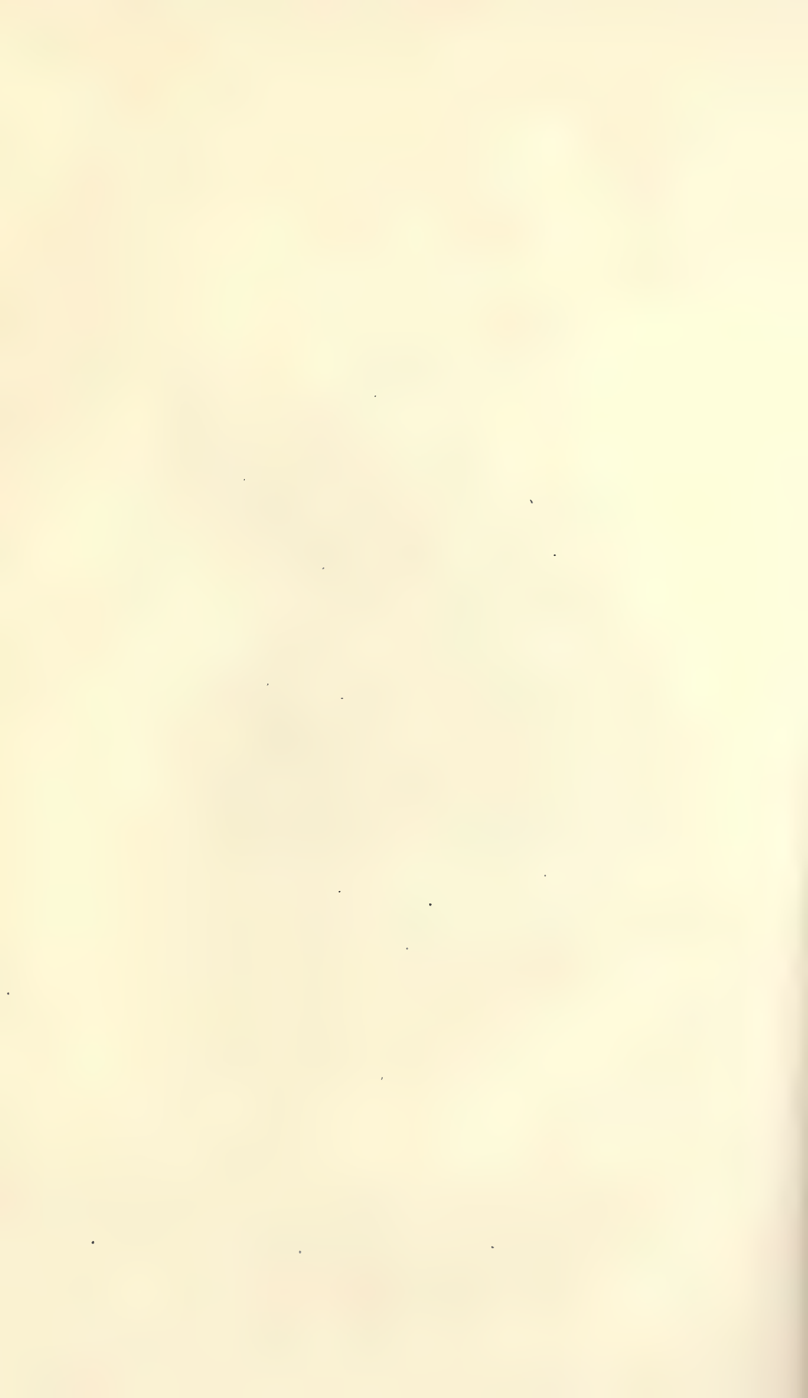
> "Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had;
> Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
> Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
> As when she touched the brink of all we hate."

After carrying on every manner of vagary, it pleased the unhappy woman to fall in love with Lord Byron; to attempt suicide in a ball-room with a fancy dagger, when she found he was getting tired of her homage; and lastly, when they parted (on the eve of his marriage with Miss Milbanke, her own cousin), she wrote a novel at him, called "Glenarvon."

No husband was ever more deserving of a wife's high opinion than William Lamb, of whom Lady Caroline herself said suddenly to a gentleman, at a large dinner-party shortly before the publication of "Glenarvon," that he was the



LORD MELBOURNE.



most distinguished man she ever knew in mind, person, refinement, cultivation, sensibility, and thought.

Once or twice the unhappy pair were separated, but pity for her waywardness always won the husband back again. They had had three children; two died early, but one lived to be a hopeless idiot, the object of his father's tenderest love and care. During the years that Lord Melbourne's life may be said to have been spent in watching over this poor boy, and shielding his unhappy mother from the consequences of her own irrational outbreaks, he amused himself with reading, — Greek, Latin, history, literature, and the old dramatists; and of everything he read he made himself master, down to its meanest details. He wanted to *know*, not to display his knowledge. Sydney Smith said of him in after years: —

"Our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets a deputation of tallow-chandlers in the morning he sits up half the night talking with his secretary, Tom Young, about melting and skimming, and then, although he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicestershire tallow, he pretends the next morning not to know the difference between a dip candle and a mould. I moreover believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested gigantic and unreasonable projects in the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, or to brush away the magnificent fabric of levity and gaiety that Lord Melbourne has raised, behind which to hide himself, but I accuse our minister of honesty and diligence."

One of Lord Melbourne's most striking peculiarities was a fault acquired in the society in which his lot was cast in early manhood, — a habit of accompanying every sentence of his speech with a "big, big D." On one occasion Sydney Smith said to him, "Now, suppose we consider everything and everybody duly d—d, and go on to the subject." How Lord Melbourne managed to keep this fault in check while political preceptor to his young Queen, it is difficult to imagine.

His wife, poor Lady Caroline, died in 1828 in her husband's arms. A year or two before her death she wrote thus to William Godwin: —

"There is nothing marked, sentimental, or interesting in my career. All I know is, that I was happy, well, rich, joyful, and surrounded by friends. I have now only one faithful, kind friend in William Lamb, two others in my father and mother; but health, spirits, and all else is gone. How? Oh, surely not by the visitation of God, but slowly and gradually by my own fault."

William Lamb had never been in public office, but he had been a member of Parliament, and (like Lord Althorp in his early career) had been an habitually careless and inattentive one. Mr. Canning recommended him to George IV. as Secretary for Ireland, under Lord Wellesley. The King, who liked his manners, consented at once. "Oh, Lamb! — yes, Lamb! Put him anywhere." But the public were astonished that a man only known to them as a wit, a *bon vivant,* and a *dilletante* should be sent to such a post. He proved admirable in it, however, — indefatigable in work, and most conciliatory in manners. When the Duke of Wellington succeeded Canning he wanted Lamb to remain in Ireland, but he preferred to come home, and to see how politics then stood in England. Desponding letters from his wife also recalled him. He found her dying. After her death her brother warmly expressed his sense of the solace which her husband's frequent letters had afforded her, and his tenderness of demeanor towards her when he came.

He accepted office and held it till the resignation of Mr. Huskisson, soon after which, by his father's death, he became Viscount Melbourne; but he was worse than childless, and any further promotion in the Peerage he steadily in after years declined. Honors to be transmitted to posterity had no pleasure in them for him. In 1834, after Lord Grey's ministry went out of office, Lord Melbourne was made Prime Minister. His premiership was interrupted for a brief space in 1835, while King William tried to form a Tory ministry. He had to manage at once an unruly and capricious, though

well-meaning, king, a weak and disunited cabinet, and a factious and disorderly House of Commons, in which Lord Brougham, disappointed at not having been made Chancellor, and O'Connell, disappointed that he had not a high law appointment in Ireland, joined the Tories in opposition. Brougham was not Chancellor because William IV. bitterly disliked him, and is said to have exclaimed, on parting with him, that "he did n't want ever to see his ugly face again;" besides which his late colleagues objected to him in the cabinet. "Brougham," they said, "is dangerous as an enemy, but destructive as a friend."

Things were in this state, and the ministry very weak in the House of Commons, when King William died.

The question that arose in all men's minds at once was: Was Lord Melbourne a fit man to be the first adviser and "political preceptor" of a young and maiden Queen? His nephew, Lord Cowper, writing a sketch of his uncle's life in the "Ninteenth Century" magazine, says, —

"It is important to remember always that the charm of Lord Melbourne's manner was the one great thing that remained impressed upon the mind of all those who had communication with him. Sparkling originality, keen insight into character, a rich store of information on every subject always at hand to strengthen and illustrate conversation, exuberant vitality, and above all, the most transparent simplicity of nature, — these, from what I have heard, must have been his principal characteristics. I am bound to add that some of his fashions in speech often shocked fastidious people. . . . The charms of his manner and conversation were set forth to the utmost advantage by a beautiful voice and a prepossessing personal appearance. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution; brilliantly handsome even in old age."

Such is the description of Lord Melbourne by his kinsman. Here is another sketch of him by a writer in the "Quarterly," a review devoted to the interests of his political enemies: —

"Lord Melbourne had merit enough to throw any co-existing demerit into the shade; merit enough to give him prominent

rank as a high-bred, high-minded, and highly cultivated, thoroughly English statesman, of whom the contemporary and every succeeding generation of Englishmen may be proud."

Greville says, —

"The Queen is upon terms of the greatest cordiality with Lord Melbourne, and very naturally. Everything is new and delightful to her. She is surrounded with the most exciting and interesting enjoyments; her occupations, her business, her Court, all present an unceasing round of gratifications. With all her prudence and discretion she has great animal spirits, and enters into the magnificent novelties of her position with the zest and curiosity of a child. No man is more formed to ingratiate himself with her than Melbourne. He treats her with unbounded consideration and respect, he consults her taste and her wishes, and he puts her at her ease by his frank and natural manners, while he amuses her by the quaint, queer, and epigrammatic turn of his mind, and his varied knowledge upon all subjects. It is not therefore surprising that she should be well content with her present government. . . . She seems to be liberal, but at the same time prudent with regard to money, for when the Queen Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without consideration; but one of the first things she spoke to Melbourne about was the payment of her father's debts, which she is resolved to discharge."

"If," says the article in the Quarterly already quoted, "it be, as is universally agreed, that no monarch, male or female, ever better understood, or more conscientiously fulfilled the highest duties of a constitutional sovereign than Queen Victoria, all honor to the sagacious, high-minded counsellor who watched over her with parental care whilst those duties were new to her, and devoted his best energies to guide and confirm the inborn rectitude of purpose and elevation of character by which the prosperity of a great empire, and the well-being of millions have been nobly upheld. It would be difficult to name a more impressive scene than that of the elderly statesman, reading, as he did, to the young and inexperienced sovereign the verses in which Solomon, asked by God in a dream what he wished to be given him, replied: 'An understanding heart to judge this people.'"

On its being maliciously remarked to the Duke of Wellington, the Tory leader, that "Lord Melbourne was a great

deal at the palace," the Duke sharply said, "I wish to heaven he was always there;" and three years later he spoke thus in the House of Lords: —

> "I am willing to admit that the noble Viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty; . . . making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the Constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country."

But of course caricaturists and others took hold of the subject and made pictures and squibs concerning the Prime Minister's constant attendance on the young Queen. This was her first initiation into the discomforts attendant on her exalted station. "H. B." was more decorous than Gilray, the caricaturist of the times of George III., and the Prince Regent, but "H. B." allowed himself a license which "Punch" does not permit himself now.

The first great subject of public interest in the days of Queen Victoria was the revolt in Canada. Canada has been so long a loyal part of the Queen's dominions that it seems hardly worth while to dwell on its old grievances; but, in brief, the French (or Lower Canadians) deemed themselves neglected, and under a leader named Papineau, a member of the Provincial Parliament, bought arms on the United States side of the St. Lawrence, and broke into insurrection. It was put down, though with some difficulty, by General Hill and Lord Durham, son-in-law to Lord Grey, who had been a prominent Whig leader during the passage of the Reform Bill. As Lord Durham had been then stigmatized as a violent Radical, it is amusing to find that when placed in a position of authority he displayed as strong a partiality for despotic rule as General Jackson. Having got Papineau and some others into his hands, he proposed to exile them to Bermuda without process of law, and to put them to death if they returned to Canada. He was recalled after this "ordinance," and came home very angry; but the ministry was too weak to bear many shocks, and in 1839,

being defeated on some West Indian measure, it resigned. The Duke of Wellington, though of the opposite party, had deprecated all factious opposition on the part of the Conservatives, believing it best to leave the young Queen the minister who seemed so wisely guiding her. However, when Lord Melbourne had to resign for want of a majority in the House of Commons, the Queen sent for the Duke, who advised her to summon Sir Robert Peel. Before, however, Peel could form a ministry, a difficulty arose. The Queen insisted that the resignation of the Whig Ministry could not involve the dismissal of all the ladies of her household. Sir Robert replied that almost all her ladies were near kinswomen of leading Whig noblemen, and that he could not undertake to form a government if their influence was to be paramount at court.

This led to what was called the Bed Chamber Question, which made more excitement among all parties than can now be conceived of. It seemed to unfold a new view of the Queen's character, — a self-will, people said, which argued she was granddaughter of George III. There were also some constitutional questions involved. Was the private will, or the personal feelings of the sovereign, to put a brake on the affairs of the country when Parliament had declared itself in favor of a change of administration? Also the Queen's personal attachment to the Whigs and Lord Melbourne, and her personal dislike to Sir Robert Peel and the Tories, was made so evident, that it seemed doubtful whether she would ever be able to work harmoniously with the Conservative party. The Tories, too, were very awkwardly placed. They had always posed as the most loyal subjects of the Crown, and now they seemed to be opposing the personal wishes of the Queen and attempting to coerce Her Majesty.

The matter ended by Lord Melbourne and the Whigs coming back into office, and holding it for two more years; thanks to the intermittent support of O'Connell and the Radicals, and the patriotism and forbearance of the Duke of Wellington. When at the end of that time the Duke and Sir Robert Peel came into power a compromise was effected,



LADY CAROLINE LAMB.



and a rule established that when a new ministry came into office, all ladies of the royal household, nearly related to the outgoing ministers, should resign, and all others be retained.

This rule commended itself to Lord Melbourne's judgment at the time, though in his later life he was by no means confident that in this Bed Chamber matter he had rightly advised the Queen. That, and an unfortunate occurrence about this time at court (a scandal cruelly affecting the pure and virtuous Lady Flora Hastings), in which the inexperienced young Queen, while trying to do right, made herself the instrument of a great wrong, injured for a short time her popularity.

However, the Bed Chamber affair did not take place till May, 1839, — but on the 28th of June, 1838, the young Queen had been crowned.

The object of ministers was to make the outside show at the coronation as imposing as possible, so as to give enjoyment to hundreds of thousands of people who could not possibly get into the Abbey. My father had a ticket for the Abbey; my mother, sister, and myself were invited by some Boston friends then staying at the St. James' Hotel (one of the best points for viewing the procession) to see it from their windows.

The morning of the Coronation Day, June 28, 1838, broke out gloriously. "Queen's weather" has long passed into an English proverb.[1] It was very early morning when

[1] May I be pardoned for relating here a little adventure which happened to me in Westminster Abbey while preparations for the coronation were going on? The public is in general not allowed to wander at will among the tombs and statues, but custodians that day could not be spared. I was with a party who had tickets to view the preparations. Taking advantage of our liberty, we went up on the roof and looked down upon London. Coming down we descended a very narrow winding stone staircase. Half way down I saw a door fastened only by a button. Prompted by the curiosity of "sweet sixteen," I opened it, and found myself face to face, as it seemed to me, with the corpse of Queen Elizabeth. There she was, ruff, and red hair, white satin petticoat, and enormously long stomacher. In my fright I had nearly fallen headlong down the stairs. It was a wax figure, which for two centuries had been shown in the Abbey, and finally, being judged an unseemly exhibition, had been thrust into this closet on the winding stair, where I dare say it remains unto this day.

we drove as near as we were able to the line of the procession, and then made our way by back streets to the St. James' Hotel. For days the excitement throughout London had been great. An encampment had been made in Hyde Park, which was full of soldiers, and all along the line of the procession (about two miles) scaffoldings had been erected, and seats let by the householders. It was said afterwards that £200,000 (that is, a million of dollars) had been paid for seats alone, and the number of strangers that flocked into London for the occasion was about 500,000. The pavements were of course entirely filled with spectators; the line of march had, during the night, been covered with fresh gravel. Police patrolled the line, and at intervals of about twenty feet apart, horse soldiers guarded it in all their martial pomp and bravery. No person whatever was allowed to pick his way along the line of march, unless he was in court dress or uniform, and had a ticket for the Abbey. It was amusing to see some of these unfortunates, at what to them must have seemed the dawn of day, picking their way cautiously over the loose gravel, in full court costume, — white silk stockings, buckles, laced cocked hats, white knee-breeches, waistcoats with flaps, and powdered wigs.

There were splendid companies of troops and bands, and high dignitaries, — archbishops, bishops, and judges; but the great sight was the carriages of the ambassadors. It had been required of them that they should make a beautiful display. The ambassadors of the Great Powers had each several carriages drawn by the most beautiful horses (always four). But the enthusiasm of the day, until the Queen drew near, was for Marshal Soult. He had been sent as Ambassador Extraordinary by Louis Philippe for the occasion. Of the interest he excited everywhere in London Charles Greville says, —

"The old soldier is touched to the quick by this generous reception, and has given utterance to his gratitude and sensibility on several occasions in very apt terms."

It need not be said that the Duke of Wellington was foremost in his attentions to his old antagonist. His car-

riages and horses made a wonderful display. Prince Esterhazy, the Austrian ambassador, was also magnificent. He himself blazed with diamonds from his hat to his heels; and, as most of these state carriages had glass panels, we could see the celebrities inside very plainly. The American Ambassador at that time was Mr. Stevenson, of Virginia. His carriage was of republican simplicity, but with magnificent horses, and well-dressed servants, in very plain livery. Both servants and horses had been brought from his own plantation. The good taste of his equipages was appreciated by the crowd. Finally the Queen came in the State Gilded Coach, drawn by the eight long-tailed, cream-colored, heavy Hanoverian horses. One of these animals electrified the London public a few years since by some capers of which its race had never been supposed capable. Each horse was led by a groom in the red royal livery. The Queen's carriage was preceded by the beef-eaters (*buffetiers*, — men who stand by the buffet to guard the sovereign when at dinner). They wore the costume of Henry VIII.'s day, — heavy leggings, a very full and very short kilt, with a flat cap and an embroidered jerkin. Their particular office now-a-days, unless on State occasions, is to guard the Tower.

The Queen wore some of her State robes, and looked very sweet and womanly. In the carriage with her was the Duchess of Sutherland, probably the most beautiful woman in England. On State occasions the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, seemed always to efface herself.

My father saw the ceremonies in the interior of the Abbey. But what he saw I may better describe in the words of an old lady who published her reminiscences of that day, a few years since, in the "Monthly Packet," a delightful English periodical, edited by Miss Charlotte Yonge. She says: —

"When the Queen rose from her knees on first entering the Abbey in her robes of State, the Archbishop turned her round to each of the four sides of the Abbey, saying, in a voice so clear it was heard in the inmost recesses, 'Sirs, I here present unto you the undoubted Queen of this realm. Will ye all

swear to do her homage?' And each time as he said it there were shouts of, 'Long live Queen Victoria!' and the sounding of trumpets and the waving of flags, which made the poor little Queen turn first very red, and then so pale she seemed as if she longed to creep under the Archbishop's wing. Most of the ladies cried. It did not affect me in that way, but it gave me what I may call a new sensation, and I felt I should not forget it as long as I lived. The Queen recovered herself after this and went through all the ceremony as if she had often been crowned before; but seemed very much impressed, too, with the service, — and a most beautiful one it is. The coronation struck me as being less of a show, and so much more of a religious ceremony than I expected. The Archbishop seemed to take a more prominent part than the Queen herself. Certainly there was something very beautiful in the way he blessed her, both before and after he had crowned her; all the others joining with a loud 'Amen!' And she looked more like a child receiving her father's blessing than anything else, for no one would have taken her to be as much as nineteen years old. It was a pleasure to think it was a really good man who was giving her that benediction; indeed, no one who was not could have read the service so touchingly as he did. She once asked him leave to sit down, and she did it so prettily; so she did when, putting off her crown, she received the sacrament. The music was beautiful. When the Queen came in the choir sang, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord.' While she was being crowned they sang, 'Zadok the Priest, and Nathan the Prophet, anointed Solomon King.' And then, when it was over, 'The King shall rejoice!' and the Hallelujah Chorus.

"The prettiest part of the sight was the Queen's eight train-bearers, — the eight handsomest girls they could find, I believe, among the daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls. They were dressed alike in silver muslin gowns, with roses on their heads. They held up Her Majesty's purple velvet train, and once or twice they pulled her back by it, for which the Duchesses of Northumberland and Sunderland scolded them. When the service was over the homage began. The Archbishop, in the Rubric, is ordered to 'lift' the Queen on the throne. He did not do that, but gave her his arm, and walked her up the steps of the throne, and seated her on it. Then, as if he had made her Queen, he left her, and came to do her homage.

"The only excitement was caused by old Lord Rolles, who is past eighty, and insisted on paying his homage. He stumbled and fell. The Queen started from her throne, and tried to save



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him, at which all the Abbey shouted and cheered. The Queen throughout behaved very prettily, and when she left the Abbey bowed to Lord Rolles and to nobody else. The last prayer having been said, the robe of cloth of gold having been taken off, and the purple one put on, they put her sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other; the crown was on her head, and our most Gracious Sovereign Lady left the Abbey."

Miss Martineau, who was a keen though not always a sympathetic observer, has left us a graphic account of what she saw that day in the Abbey, which she reached before six o'clock in the morning, and found that many ladies, *decolletées*, bare-armed, and in full dress, had been standing on the cold flagstones waiting for admittance since half-past five.

"The sight of the rapid filling of the Abbey," she says, "was enough to go for; the stone architecture contrasted finely with the gay colors of the multitude. Except a mere sprinkling of oddities, every one was in full dress. The scarlet of the military officers mixed in so well, and the groups of the clergy were dignified, but to an unaccustomed eye the prevalence of court dress had a curious effect. The Earl Marshal's assistants, called Gold Sticks, looked well from above, lightly flitting about in white breeches, silk stockings, blue laced frock coats, and white sashes. The throne[1] was an arm-chair with a round back, and beneath its seat was a ledge, on which lay the Stone of Scone. It was covered, as was its footstool, with cloth of gold, and it stood on an elevation of five steps in the centre of the area. The first Peeress took her seat in the North Transept at a quarter before seven, and three of the Bishops came next. From that time the Peers and their ladies arrived faster and faster. . . . I never anywhere saw so remarkable a contrast between youth and age as in these noble ladies, all with their necks and arms bare, and glittering with diamonds. . . . The younger ones were as lovely as the old ones were haggard.

"At half-past eleven we were told that the Queen had arrived. Then in the robing-room there was some delay. . . . The acclamation when the crown was put on the Queen's head was very animating, and in the midst of it, in an instant of time, the Peeresses were all coroneted."

[1] Edward the Confessor's.

At that moment a ray of sunshine fell upon them where they sat in the North Transept, and the flash of the diamonds in the sunlight was a thing never to be forgotten.

There was one contretemps. The coronation ring with its great ruby had been made for the little finger of the Queen, but the Archbishop insisted it must be put on the fourth finger, as the rubric prescribes. He forced it on, but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she had to bathe her finger in iced water to get it off. She said to Lord John Thynne when the orb was put into her hand, "What am I to do with it?" "Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy."

Miss Martineau repeats a story current in London at the time, that a foreigner who was present, when writing home an account of the coronation, and mentioning Lord Rolles's accident, gravely reported what he entirely believed on the word of a wag, that the Lords Rolles held their estates on the condition of performing the feat of rolling off the steps of the throne at every coronation.

At night all London was illuminated. No carriages were allowed in the streets, but the crowd so blocked them that it was difficult to move about. Greville says, —

"From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey by the way that the procession took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people, the seats and benches were all full, every window occupied. The roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well dressed; and from the great space through which they were distributed there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no cause for violence or ill-humor. In the evening I met Esterhazy, and asked him what the foreigners said. He replied, 'They admired it all very much. The Russians and others,' he added, 'may not like you, but they feel it, and it makes a great impression on them. In fact, nothing can be seen like it in any other country.'"

"The great merit of this coronation," adds Greville, "is that so much has been done for the people. To amuse and interest them seems to have been the principal object."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. — O'CONNELL AND IRELAND.

THE marriage of their young Queen was naturally a subject of the deepest interest to the English people. In the first place, on that marriage would depend her future happiness, and the general course of politics during her reign; in the second place, if the Queen remained unmarried, or, if married, should die childless, the hated Ernest of Hanover (the Duke of Cumberland) was her heir presumptive.

Of course the world speculated as to whom she would marry. Some persons thought her choice would be her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge, but the Cambridge family was not then popular with the English; the old Duke was so silly, and the Duchess, who had spent most of her married life in Hanover was little known in England. A story was got up that the young Queen had appeared to distinguish Lord Elphinstone at some of her entertainments, and that on that account he had been sent off to India. But all this time her sagacious elders — her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and her uncle, King Leopold — were planning for her a future that would make her domestic life the happiest of the happy for one-and-twenty years. A young Prince, three months younger than herself, was being educated to be her husband, — trained by their uncle Leopold to occupy the very place he would have occupied in English history had Princess Charlotte lived. It was no easy position. It was one requiring great self-abnegation, self-effacement, tact, judgment, even wisdom; and almost

from his birth this young Prince had been in training for the fate designed for him. On what his character might prove to be, it might be said that the fate of the world for two generations would depend.

It was in November, 1839, that the Queen announced to her ministers her intention of marrying her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the next day she appeared at dinner wearing his portrait set in diamonds.

The news was a surprise to many of her ministers. The matter had been treated wholly as a domestic affair. The Prince had been visiting at Windsor, but of what was going on between the young people even Lord Melbourne had not been officially informed.

The marriage was not altogether agreeable to the nation. Some persons objected to the union of first cousins. Among the populace rose the ready cry of "beggarly Germans." But the great outcry was when the intended marriage was announced in Parliament.

There were two branches of the House of Coburg, one Catholic, one Protestant. It was said they were kept thus to afford husbands either for Catholic or Protestant queens. Lord Melbourne, in announcing the marriage to Parliament, had omitted to state distinctly that Prince Albert was a Protestant, and this was interpreted to mean that he was a Jesuit in disguise. "If he is not a Catholic," wrote King Ernest of Hanover, "he is a free-thinker and atheist, which is even worse."

A howl of protest rose throughout all England. Ministers said that howl was pure nonsense and fanaticism, and refused to make any change in their announcement to the public, though they stated distinctly in their speeches in Parliament that Prince Albert was a good Protestant. These speeches, however, did not satisfy the public; there seemed to be some mystery about the Prince's religion, — something withheld. Even his name did not please the people, — Albert! so un-English! it was said. We who knew all about Prince Albert's position with regard to religion, may smile now at the idea of his being considered



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an atheist, or disposed to adopt Catholicism. However, a great deal of ferment was created in the minds of the public, which probably led to successful resistance in Parliament to the allowance proposed for him by ministers; that is, £50,000, the same sum voted for Prince Leopold when he married Princess Charlotte. Mr. Hume, the economist of the House of Commons, proposed instead £21,000. It was finally made £30,000, very much to the distress of the Queen.

This is pretty much all that we should know of the engagement, were it not for the Life of the Prince Consort, virtually written by the Queen herself; and if occasionally it seems strange to us that we should be admitted in her lifetime to her womanly confidences, we must remember the position in which a queen stands. She has no social equal. If she would give confidence, she must pour it directly, or indirectly, into the public ear. She has lived always with a glare of light thrown on her path and on her bed; to the great heart of England, rather than to courtiers, Queen Victoria turned with an appeal for sympathy when her great sorrow came; and, as Sir Charles Grey says in his preface to her Reminiscences of Prince Albert's early life, of their engagement, and their marriage, "No one could doubt this confidence would meet with the warmest and most heartfelt sympathy." This being the case, we turn to the Queen's pages, and learn much there that she could tell us, and she alone.

Prince Albert, or as they baptized him, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel, was born on August 26, 1819, three months after the "May-flower," his little English cousin. He was of the old Saxony house of Coburg; his father was its Grand Duke, and his mother, Louise, was the last representative of the House of Gotha. She was not a lady of spotless reputation, and four years after the birth of her second son, Prince Albert, she was divorced by her husband. She lived in retirement nine years in Switzerland, not permitted to hold any intercourse with her children. The Queen tells us she was full of talent and cleverness, small, and very beautiful, with blue eyes; and

Prince Albert, who tenderly cherished all early memories of her, was thought extremely like her.

Prince Ernest, Prince Albert's brother, was a stout, hearty, active lad, with bright black eyes. Albert was fair, with blue eyes and sunny curls. They led the usual life of happy children, and were devotedly attached to each other, and to their uncle, Leopold. They had also two excellent grandmothers, who took charge of them, and endeavored to supply their mother's place.

From Albert's birth, the elders of his family seem to have looked forward to his marriage with his little English cousin. "She may be another Charlotte," they wrote to each other; and, although they did not write it, they evidently *thought*, "He may be another Leopold."

When the Queen was collecting memoranda for the Life of the Prince Consort, she wrote to Count Arthur Mensdorff, then a cabinet minister in Vienna (son of Princess Sophia of Saxe-Coburg, a nobleman whom she had married "for love"), asking him to tell her what he could remember of the visit paid by Ernest and Albert to his father's château when they were about nine years old. He writes thus: —

"Albert was never noisy or wild. He was always very fond of natural history, and of more serious studies. Many an hour we boys spent under the attic roof arranging and dusting the collections we had stored up there. He had a turn for imitation, and a strong sense of the ludicrous, but was never severe or ill-natured, always refraining from pushing a joke so far as to hurt anybody's feelings. From his earliest infancy he was distinguished by his perfect moral purity, both in word and deed, and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition which made him beloved by every one. . . . In 1839, when I was serving in the Austrian Lancers, we met at Töplitz, and drove thence to Carlsbad. Eôs, his black greyhound, was with us in the carriage. During our journey Albert confided to me, under the seal of the strictest confidence, that he was going to England to make your acquaintance, and that if you liked each other you were to be engaged. He spoke very seriously about the difficulties of the position he would have to occupy in England, but he hoped that dear Uncle Leopold would assist him with his advice."

Prince Ernest and Prince Albert were partly educated in Brussels under the eye of this "dear Uncle Leopold;" they made walking excursions, as boys on the Continent commonly do, during their summer vacations, and in 1837 they both went to the University of Bonn.

Prince Albert was an earnest student, and very fond of music; but he was also good at athletic sports, even to such an extent as to attract the admiration of some travelling Englishmen. There were several other German princes at Bonn at this time, forming quite a little society of equals; but the two Coburg Princes apparently mixed freely with their fellow-students of every social grade.

The year before, that is, in 1836, Ernest and Albert had been in England. There it had first been suggested to the Prince that it was the wish of the united families that he might find favor in the eyes of his young cousin, Princess Victoria. Here is a little letter that he wrote his father, not many days before his cousin became queen: —

"A few days ago I received a letter from Aunt Kent, enclosing one from our cousin. She said I was to communicate its contents to you, so I send it on with a German translation. The day before yesterday I had a second and still kinder letter from my cousin, in which she thanks me for my good wishes on her birthday. You may easily imagine that both these letters gave me the greatest pleasure."

But the young cousin was not eager to be won, and Albert was sent to make a tour in Italy. Thence he wrote letters full of precocious wisdom, — indeed a thought priggish, it might seem to some. They show good judgment, but no particular brilliancy or originality. Here, however, is the letter he wrote to his cousin on her accession to the throne: —

BONN, June 26, 1837.

MY DEAREST COUSIN, — I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, and in your hand lies the happiness of millions.

May Heaven assist and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet, and abuse your time. Believe me always your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

ALBERT.

Three days after he writes to his father: —

"Uncle Leopold has written me a great deal about England, and all that is going on there. United as all parties are in high praise of the young Queen, the more do they seem to manœuvre and intrigue with and against each other. On every side there is nothing but a net-work of cabals and intrigues, and parties are arrayed against each other in the most inexplicable manner."

So the Prince went off to Italy, and, after the usual Italian tour, revisited England in 1839. But here a difficulty occurred, which may best be told in the Queen's own words. She writes in the third person: —

"Albert objected that if he were kept waiting for the Queen's final answer for several years it would then be too late for him to begin to prepare himself for any new career, should the Queen decide against him."

"The Queen says," adds Sir Charles Grey, "that she never had any idea of this, and she afterwards repeatedly informed the Prince that she never would have married any one else. She expresses, however, her great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin."

"Nor can the Queen now," she writes herself. "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry. And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about. The only excuse the Queen can make for herself

is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life of Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant at the age of eighteen put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly regrets. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

Three years had passed since the young cousins had met, when on October 10, 1839, the Queen received the Coburg Princes at the head of the great staircase at Windsor Castle. On the 15th the Queen informed Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to the marriage. He replied in words she bitterly recalled in her after life, that he was very glad, for that " a woman could not stand alone for any time in any position."

But this intimation to Lord Melbourne preceded the proposal of marriage which etiquette required should be made by the Queen. She sent for Prince Albert the next day, inexpressibly shrinking from the necessity of reversing the usual relations between man and woman.

How the Prince received what she had to say to him may be read in a letter he wrote at once to Baron Stockmar : " I write to you," he says, " on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the best news possible. Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to understand that such affection should be shown to me." And the Queen on her part tells us that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection. After a mutual expression of their feelings of happiness, she adds that night in her diary, with the straightforwardness and simplicity which mark all the daily entries in her journal : —

" How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was."

Here, too, is the letter in which Uncle Leopold expresses his joy at the good news: —

MY DEAREST VICTORIA, — Nothing could have given me greater pleasure than your dear letter. I had when I learned your decision almost the feeling of old Simeon: Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what would be best for your happiness; and just because I was convinced of this, and knew how strangely fate often changes what one tries to bring about as being the best plan one could fix upon, I feared it could not happen. In your position, which may, and will, perhaps, become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not *exist* without having a happy and agreeable *intérieur;* and I am much deceived (which I think I am not), or you will find in Albert just the qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life. You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true on many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him and are kind to him he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness, in his character, which will facilitate this.

Here is again a glimpse of the young pair as they enter on the familiar relations of their new life, drawn from the Queen's journal. She is mounted on her "dear old charger, Leopold," with her "beloved Albert, looking," she says, "so handsome in his uniform," to review the troops. It is piercingly cold and windy. Albert draws her fur cape closer round her throat as a protection, but she is concerned only to think how cold it must be for him in high cavalry boots and his gay uniform.

Here, too, is the Prince's own account of the engagement, written in a letter to his grandmother: —

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart, and that I would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think herself

worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this enchanted me. I was quite carried away by it. She is truly most good and most amiable, and I am sure Heaven has not given me over into evil hands."

Here, too, is the Queen's account in her own journal of the manner in which, after the departure of Ernest and Albert for Germany, she announced her engagement to her Privy Council. Eighty gentlemen were present in the Council Hall "when," says the Queen, "I went in. The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt that my hands shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over." And then she records that her bracelet with the Prince's portrait in it had seemed to give her courage.

I have already said that the announcement of her marriage in Parliament was attended with considerable Parliamentary altercation which annoyed the Queen extremely. Prince Albert and his family, however, behaved with great prudence and dignity.

Late in January, in bitterly cold weather, the young bridegroom left Coburg and Gotha for the country of his adoption. On February 6 he crossed the Channel in a storm with a heavy sea, and the moment he set foot on land had to collect himself, and appear equal to the occasion, receiving graciously the congratulations showered upon him by official personages, and responding with cordiality to the demonstrations of the populace. The hearty welcome he received was a great relief to the Prince, who had feared from the debates in Parliament, concerning his allowance, that his marriage was not acceptable to the country. The Prince brought hardly any Germans in his suite; but he brought his beloved greyhound, Eôs, an animal of rare intelligence, whom he had trained from puppyhood. She was jet black, except one white paw, and a white streak on her nose. She died

four years after her master's marriage, and is buried on the slopes at Windsor.

The wedding-day which had opened cloudy and lowering became Queen's weather as the hours went on. The streets were thronged. No scaffoldings were erected in the streets, but chairs were let at one and two dollars apiece, and the bare trees were full of spectators. The Prince had been lodged at Buckingham Palace. The Chapel Royal where the wedding was to take place was at the Palace of St. James.

The marriage took place February 10, 1840, at 10 A. M., the orthodox hour at that day for English marriages. The Prince wore the uniform of a British Field Marshal, with the collar, ribbon, and other insignia of the Garter. The Queen wore no diamonds on her head, but a simple wreath of orange blossoms. Her magnificent veil did not cover her face, but hung down over her shoulders. A pair of very large diamond ear-rings (Prince Albert's gift), a diamond necklace, and the insignia of the Garter, were all her ornaments. There were many ladies present. The young were all in white dresses. Every lady was presented with a wedding favor tied up with flowers. The Queen, on entering the chapel from the interior of the palace, wore her robes of ermine and purple. These, before the ceremony, she laid aside.

The bridegroom entered after the bride. His father and his brother were with him. The contemporary account says, "he held his prayerbook in his hand, and his form, dress, and demeanor made every one admire him." He kissed the hand of the Queen Dowager, and then waited till the Queen should be conducted to the altar by the Bishops present.

Twelve unmarried ladies, daughters of dukes, marquises, or earls, bore the Queen's train and acted as bridesmaids. The Queen looked moved and excited. Her dress was white satin. Her lace was Honiton.

On reaching the altar the Queen knelt in private prayer, then took her seat in the chair of State. After a few seconds



PRINCE ALBERT.
(At the time of his marriage.)



she rose, and then, as she stood beside her bridegroom, the Archbishop of Canterbury began to read the service. Her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, gave her away.

The guns of the Tower thundered out the announcement as soon as the young couple were pronounced man and wife. Then all the wedding guests passed by them, and when all had gone the bride stepped aside and kissed the Queen Dowager. Then, leaning on her husband's arm, she left the chapel. They passed back into the Throne Room of the Palace, where the necessary parish register was signed. They then returned to Buckingham Palace for breakfast. After the breakfast was over bride and bridegroom changed their dresses, — the Prince for a dark travelling suit, the Queen for a white satin pelisse, trimmed with swan's-down, with a white satin bonnet and feather. And so ended this sweet royal idyl, and so began their happy married life of one-and-twenty years.

Prince Albert's was a character that time and experience were calculated to ripen. When he married he was scarcely more than a very, very good boy; he developed into Tennyson's Ideal Man, being avowedly King Arthur in the "Idyls of a King." As Albert the Good he will always be known and loved in England. History will not be able to point to one flaw in his character, — to one deed that the sternest moralist would have wished undone. If he had a fault it was the fault the lover in "Maud" finds in the face of his mistress, — "faultily perfect." As such he might not have commanded our sympathies, had it not been that these are all called out by the passionate, tender, admiring devotion of the wife who so loved him, and so mourns for him.

So husband and wife settled down into their married life, in which the extreme judiciousness of the young husband is remarkable. Never would he go anywhere by himself, but was always attended by an equerry when the Queen was not with him. He took a tutor in English Constitutional Law, and he and the Queen read Hallam's "Constitutional History of England" together. Together they etched, and sang, and

played upon the piano and the organ. Together they enjoyed everything, and, as time went on, the Prince became more and more associated with the Queen in public affairs, bearing, however, always in mind the maxim that his public existence must be merged in hers.

The late hours of the court had been at first very trying to him, but these were soon modified as far as the personal habits of husband and wife were concerned. The Prince read aloud a great deal to the Queen. Dinner was at eight P. M., and usually there was company. In the evening the Prince often played at double-chess (whatever that may be). The Prince loved fresh air and a country life; his wife, whose early years had been passed in seclusion, loved London and gayety. It was not long, however, before their tastes harmonized. Music was always a great pleasure to the pair. Both played and sang well. Lablache was the Queen's singing-master; she herself says of him most truly that he was not only "one of the finest bass singers, but one of the best actors, both in comedy and tragedy. He was also a remarkably clever, gentlemanlike man, full of anecdote and knowledge, warm-hearted and kind. He was very tall and immensely large, but had a remarkably fine head and countenance. He used to be called *Le Gros de Naples*. The Prince and Queen had a sincere regard for him. He died in 1858. His father was a Frenchman, and his mother an Irishwoman."

Who that remembers Lablache, either on the stage or in private life, will not join heartily in these words of appreciation from the lips of his royal pupil?

Prince Albert played a great deal on the organ. "To the organ," said one of the ladies of the Household, "he seemed to pour out his whole soul."

It was only a few months after their marriage when the Queen and Prince went through one of those terrible experiences which make uneasy many "a head that wears a crown." Here is the Prince's account of what took place, written to his grandmother: —

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 11, 1840.

DEAR GRANDMAMMA, — I hasten to give you an account of an event which might otherwise be misrepresented to you, which endangered my life and that of Victoria, but from which we escaped under the watchful hand of Providence. We drove out yesterday, about six o'clock, to pay Aunt Kent a visit, and to take a turn round Hyde Park. We drove in a small phaeton. I sat on the right, Victoria on the left. We had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the Palace when I noticed on the footpath, on my side, a little, mean-looking man, holding something toward me; before I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired which almost stunned us both, it was so loud, and fired scarcely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to the left to look at a horse, and could not, therefore, understand why her ears were ringing, as, from its being so very near, she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started, and the carriage stopped. I seized Victoria's hands, and asked if the fright had not shaken her, but she laughed at the thing. I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed, and a pistol in each hand. His attitude was so theatrical and affected it quite amused me. Suddenly he again presented his pistol, and fired a second time. This time Victoria also saw the shot, and stooped quickly, pulled down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head. . . . The people, who had been petrified at first, now rushed upon him. I called to the postilion to go on, and we arrived safely at Aunt Kent's. From thence we took a short drive through the Park, partly to give Victoria a little air, partly also to show the public that we had not, in consequence of what had happened, lost confidence in them. . . . The name of the culprit is Edward Oxford. He is seventeen years old, a waiter in a low inn, not mad, I think, but quiet and composed.

The Prince early began making public speeches, and he spoke English very well, though with a slight German accent. His intercourse with the Queen was generally held in German.

At the time of the marriage, Lord Melbourne, foreseeing that it could not be long before the Tory party would of necessity come into power, urged the Queen to modify her dislike to them, and to hold out the olive branch. This view he impressed upon Prince Albert. The Regency Bill,

passed before the birth of the Queen's first baby, making him Regent in case of his wife's death leaving a child, was passed without any opposition from Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and this pleased both husband and wife. November 21, 1840, the Princess Royal (the Empress Frederick) was born, and the following year the English nation was gratified by the birth of a Prince of Wales. Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise was the little Princess's name. She was in her nursery a child of more character and more self-will than her brother, whom she ruled completely in their early days. The Queen and Prince had their children as much with them as possible. The lady placed over the nursery was an admirable person, — Lady Lyttleton. The children probably led as healthful, happy English lives as any in England. Not more than a year and a half after the Queen's marriage, Sir Robert Peel carried in the House of Commons a vote of want of confidence in the Whig ministry, and Parliament was at once dissolved, to see if a new election would send up to the House members who were more favorable to Lord Melbourne's administration. His position with regard to the country had long been a painful one, and he had held on to office because the Queen could not bear to part from him whom she considered her fatherly adviser and best friend.

The result of the elections proved that the country was thoroughly in opposition to Lord Melbourne and his friends. The ministry therefore resigned, and Sir Robert Peel and a Tory cabinet took their place. Lord Melbourne had given the wisest advice to the Queen, concerning her relations with her new advisers, and he had also given several hints to Sir Robert Peel as to how the Queen liked to be dealt with by her ministers; especially he told him that she liked everything explained to her clearly and succinctly, and that he should talk with her, and treat her, as if she were a man. The question of the Household was now easily settled: Sir Robert was desirous of not pressing ungenerously on the Queen; the Queen, advised by Lord Melbourne, was ready to make concessions.

Lord Melbourne retired into strictly private life, but his home was lonely. To him his young Queen and pupil had stood in place of all domestic ties. He suffered from a stroke of paralysis; he became weary of life, and very melancholy. The Queen and Prince constantly wrote letters to him, and these seem to have given him some comfort in his affliction.

On his death, in his seventieth year, in November, 1848, the Queen says in her journal: —

> "Truly and sincerely do I deplore the loss of one who was a most kind and disinterested friend of mine, and most sincerely attached to me. He was indeed for the first two years and a half of my reign almost the only friend I had, except Stockmar and Lehzen, and I used to see him constantly, — daily. I thought much of him and talked much of him all day."

But the day of his retirement from office may be said to have been virtually the day he died to his Queen and to the world.

When I was at boarding-school in England, first at Norwich, and afterwards near London, from 1831 to 1835, O'Connell was the ogre and *bête noir* of those little semi-conventual establishments. My father admired O'Connell. Every girl with whom I associated reflected what she heard in her own home, and believed him to be an incarnation of the devil. I had thus early opportunities of being prejudiced both for and against him, and even now I could not venture to offer any estimate of his worth or of his character. I confine myself to narrative, merely saying that it seems to me O'Connell was the ideal Irishman, — the Irishman of Irish fiction, tender, turbulent, and master of vituperation, tenacious of purpose, eloquent of speech, active, audacious, belligerent, and swayed more by feeling than by reason, like his countrymen.

He was born in August, 1775, in the wildest and most western part of Ireland. His family had long owned an estate called Darrynane, which at the time of his birth was held by a childless uncle, who, however adopted him, and

made him his heir. His father was a tradesman in a country town, carrying on a smuggling trade with France in silks and laces. Another uncle had gone into the French service, and before the Revolution rose to be Count O'Connell and a major-general. In 1794, many of the regiments in the Irish brigade were drafted into the British service, and the General received a colonel's commission from his Majesty George III.

Owing to the operation of the Penal Laws, no Irish Roman Catholic could openly receive a liberal education in his own country; so Daniel and his brother were sent to the Jesuit College at St. Omer, where they came near being among the victims of Revolutionary fury when the college was broken up, in 1792, and its inmates dispersed. This early experience enlisted the sympathies of O'Connell for the Church, and against the Revolution.

Having got safely back to Ireland, he chose the law as his profession; for, as a recent biographer has said, he "had the legal turn of the Irish mind, — subtle, ready, disputatious, acute. The warfare of the law courts fascinated the Irish, as it has never done the English. A trial was an arena in which wit and craft, eloquence and cunning, performed a drama which spectators fully understood, and which they followed with enthusiasm."

It was in a law court that O'Connell changed his political views, — his sympathies having, in 1794, been enlisted for a prisoner tried for conspiracy at the Old Bailey. He had nothing, however, to do with the cause of the United Irishmen in 1798, being possibly prevented from joining the society by a serious illness, which laid him up at Darrynane.

It was not long before his power of bullying witnesses, his adroit and audacious way of uttering home truths to the judges, his wit and his keen sympathies, brought him great popularity among his countrymen, especially among the peasantry. He also always sought allies among the priests, who at that day possessed little education, but immense power.

As I have said, after the Rebellion of 1798, Mr. Pitt, seeing the great danger of a hostile Ireland so near the English coast during the continuance of such a struggle with France as he foresaw, was desirous of binding the two countries together, and proposed two measures to that end: the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities. To this latter measure George III. persisted he would never give his consent, and any allusion to it brought on such agitation that it was more than once almost fatal, while his mind was oscillating between insanity and reason. Pitt therefore abandoned the measure, and resigned his office. The Rebellion of 1798 was that of the United Irishmen; that is, a combination of the Presbyterians of Northern Ireland, who sympathized with the Revolution in France, and the Roman Catholic peasantry in the South of the island. Mr. Pitt, before he quitted office, procured some relief for the Roman Catholics, and a very extended franchise, so that all tenants could vote who held leases for land that paid rent forty shillings ($10) a year. At once the Irish landlords secured the votes of their tenants, and this laid the foundation of some of the hostility between landlord and tenant, which is the bane of Ireland at this day.

No sooner was the Union effected in 1800 than Irish agitation began, and shook even the Imperial Parliament. In vain both Whig and Tory ministers attempted to pacify Ireland by obtaining for Roman Catholics instalments of political "relief." The King, when sane, persisted that concessions would violate his coronation oath, and when he was insane the Prince Regent took refuge in his filial duty not to sanction a measure that if the King recovered would certainly again bring on his malady.

For some years O'Connell's character for turbulence and vituperation made him unacceptable to such of the nobility and old moneyed men of Ireland as had joined the popular movement. He was the man of the peasantry; but in 1811 he became the acknowledged agitator and leader of the Irish Party.

In 1812, the Irish, relying on the promises of the Prince Regent, expected great relief from his being fully intrusted with the royal power. But the Prince had ceased to be a Whig. It cost him little to break his promises. He pleaded filial consideration for the opinions of his father. This disappointment roused in Ireland the most bitter feelings. O'Connell declared openly for Repeal, — repeal of the union between England and Ireland, — that which, with some federal modifications, is now known to us as Home Rule. Of the wisdom of this policy there may be doubt, but of the eagerness and devotion of its leader there can be none.

In 1815, O'Connell fought a duel with an Irish gentleman named L'Esterre. The quarrel was first political, then personal. O'Connell fired low, not meaning to kill his adversary, but unfortunately wounded him so severely that he died the next day; and O'Connell was filled with lifelong remorse. He settled a pension on L'Esterre's widow, and never afterwards passed his house without lifting his hat, and making a prayer for the repose of his soul. In spite of this remorse, however, he the same year accepted a challenge from Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is hard to imagine Sir Robert Peel adopting the French plan of shooting an irrepressible political enemy. The duel happily did not take place, nor did O'Connell ever fight again. He did not, however, modify the bitterness of his provocations in consequence of this determination.

In the autumn of 1821, George IV. went over to Ireland, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the Irish people. He received the news of his wife's death as he was stepping ashore, and paid her the tribute of twenty-four hours' retirement before he rushed into the gayeties that awaited him. A temporary reconciliation was proclaimed between Catholics and Protestants. O'Connell was offered a high law position under the Crown, and, when the King departed, knelt, and presented him a laurel crown. All his life he professed loyalty to his sovereign, and seems sincerely to have felt it. But the bright hopes of 1821 were soon

clouded by disappointment. The winter was one of outrage, agitation, and famine.

It would be useless here to relate the plan of campaign formed by O'Connell. Agitation for Catholic Emancipation was kept up till the passage of the bill in 1829, and then, while all England was roused by the cry of Reform, Ireland was convulsed by agitation for Repeal.[1]

During these years the landlord and tenant question grew more and more exasperating in Ireland, and the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which it had taken thirty years to pass, had no effect on the new causes of agitation.

The bill admitted Roman Catholics to Parliament, and to all lay offices under the Crown, except those of Lord Chancellor or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Monasteries and the Jesuits were suppressed. Officials were forbidden to wear the insignia of their office at Roman Catholic ceremonies. At the same time the forty-shilling franchise was suppressed, and the qualification for an Irish voter became the same as that for an English one.

Meanwhile O'Connell had been elected to Parliament, but he did not take his seat for some months, the usual oaths that required a new member to abjure the Pope not having been modified. He returned to Ireland furious, and announced as his parliamentary programme that he should agitate for a return to the forty-shilling franchise; an equal distribution of the revenues of the Established Church between the poor of all denominations and the most meritorious of the Protestant clergy; he would demand the cleansing of the Augean stable of the law, and the abolition of "that cursed monopoly," the East India Company.

[1] In the spring of 1846, I met the Sage of Chelsea and his wife at dinner at Mr. Bancroft's (then American Minister in England). The conversation having turned on the condition of Ireland, Carlyle remarked, half to himself and half to the company, that there would be no end to disorder and agitation in Ireland till she was dipped for twenty-four hours under the sea. He was subsequently put through a course of Irish politics by Mr. Duffy.

When he took his seat in Parliament he proved himself a great debater, and some of his eloquent speeches were so full of pathos that on one occasion Charles Dickens, then a reporter, laid down his pen, saying he was too much moved by the speaker's words to write more of his speech.

As he gave up a large professional income to attend to his duties in Parliament, he allowed himself to be supported by what was called the "Rent." "Punch" caricatured him ten years after, as "The Great Beggarman."

He spoke brilliantly in the House of Commons in favor of the Reform Bill, and trusted that the Whig ministry would in return do something in favor of Repeal; but Lord Stanley expressed the feelings of the ministry when he said afterwards, "Ireland had to be taught to fear before she could be taught to love."

O'Connell had taught the Irish how to agitate; and he at length began to find that knowledge turned against himself. He was not considered by the hot youth of his party to go far enough. They said he had done nothing to effect Repeal. We have seen with what Irish enthusiasm he hailed the accession of the youthful Queen; and in those days he said publicly "that he was still for giving a fair trial to the Union; he would confidently intrust the fortunes of the Irish people to the British Parliament;" but if the results proved that Parliament incapable of doing justice to Ireland, he would "again unfurl the standard of Repeal."

The Young Ireland Party, as it was now called, broke off from the "uncrowned king," and was in favor of a resort to arms. O'Connell deprecated violence. His position was that which Minerva enjoined upon Achilles in his famous quarrel with Agamemnon: "Wound him with words if thou wilt, but refrain from wounding him with the sword." "O'Connell was no revolutionist," says Justin McCarthy. "He had from his education in a French college acquired an early detestation of the principles of the French Revolution. Of the Irish rebels of '98 he spoke with as savage an intolerance as the narrowest English Tories could show in

speaking of himself. . . . He grew angry at the slightest expression of an opinion among his followers that seemed to denote even a willingness to discuss any of the doctrines of Communism."

His popularity had begun to wane. In 1841 his "tail," as it was the fashion to call his supporters in Parliament, was reduced to four. He had been long enough away from Ireland to forget that it was useless to talk reason to his followers. Davis, Duffy, and Smith O'Brien, — leaders of the faction that opposed him, — raised the enthusiasm of their followers by making them believe themselves a nation, and talking to them of Brian Boru. But O'Connell had abated no jot of heart or hope. He prophesied that 1843 would be the year of Repeal for Ireland. It was instead the year of his own downfall. He proposed to hold monster meetings all over Ireland. These meetings, attended by from 150,000 to 300,000 people, were well managed and orderly. The men of each parish came marshalled by their priests. O'Connell's superb voice is said to have reached even to the outskirts of the crowd.

At last, on Oct. 8, 1843, when one of these meetings, likely to number 600,000 people, was to be held at Clontarf near Dublin, the Lord Lieutenant decided to interfere. He issued a proclamation prohibiting the meeting, "as calculated to excite reasonable and well grounded apprehension." Crowds from the surrounding country were already pouring into Clontarf; great disorder would assuredly have occurred but for the promptitude of O'Connell. He declared that the orders of the Lord Lieutenant must be obeyed. But with the suppression of the Clontarf meeting O'Connell's fate was sealed. The Irish national movement split in two. The Radical faction asserted that all done for the cause by their great leader had been but a gigantic sham.

The Irish government, ungrateful for the counter proclamation which had prevented violence and peaceably dispersed the crowds at Clontarf, indicted O'Connell and three other Irish leaders for conspiracy, and they were committed to the Dublin jail. They appealed, however, to the House

of Lords, which reversed the sentence after they had been confined a year. But O'Connell's health, as well as power, had been broken. He made a last appearance in Parliament, "a feeble old man muttering before a table." To the honor of the House of Commons, "respect for the great Parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortunes of a party hung upon his rhetoric."

He had an eager wish before he died to reach Rome. L'Esterre's death, it is thought, was still heavy on his heart, and he desired a Papal assurance of forgiveness and benediction. At Arras he was visited by a canon of the cathedral, who says "his thoughts seemed occupied by one idea, though he forbade me to speak of it, — the misfortunes of Ireland and the follies of O'Brien."

In Paris the physicians told him he was dying of a lingering congestion of the brain, of two or three years standing. He never reached Rome. He died in Genoa, May 15, 1847, "all the city praying for him." He sent his heart to Rome, but his body is buried in Ireland.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CABUL MASSACRE.

AS we all know, the first English settlement in India was made by a mere trading company, which needed a factory, as they called it, not for purposes of manufacture, but to carry on their commerce with the country. The first possession of the Crown of England in India was the island of Bombay, on the west coast, received from Portugal as part of the dowry of Charles II.'s queen, Catherine of Braganza. Whoever wishes to read the early history of India, brilliant, picturesque, and without one tedious word, will find it in Lord Macaulay's articles on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive. Clive brings us to the days of Wellington and the battle of Assaye; that is, to the early years of the nineteenth century.

How the East India Company enlisted an army of its own, and had its well-armed merchant navy; how it was required to accept a Governor-General as an appointment from the cabinet in England; what were its merits, and what its acknowledged deficiencies, — cannot be related here within our present compass. Those who wish to know all about the history of the Company's Raj (or government, whence the word Rajah) must find it elsewhere. Suffice it to say that the Indian Empire grew, not by design, but by the force of events, until, in 1849, it almost reached to the Himalayas on the north, and to the Indus on the west, while on the east its limits were the Ganges and the sea.

The Empire had its natural boundaries, and British India had no call to extend itself beyond them. To do so was, in the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, and of all old statesmen who knew India well, a very great blunder.

The British Government was bound to keep in India a certain number of regiments of the line (white men); while the Company's troops were mainly Sepoys (so called from the native word *Sipahis*). The Sepoys in Bengal were native Hindoos of the soldier, or the Brahmin, caste, commanded by English officers. The Company had also regiments of native cavalry in its pay; these were principally Mohammedans, and were kept up, in consideration of a subsidy, by native princes.

Now, in the perpetual struggle going on between England and Russia, England seeks to prevent Russia from destroying the Turkish Empire and taking possession of Constantinople, while Russia in return threatens the peace and permanency of her Indian Empire. Russia also, desiring, above all things, outlets to the open ocean, would probably very much like to secure a footing on the Persian Gulf. At present, she can keep a fleet in the Black Sea, but her war-ships cannot pass the Dardanelles and get into the Mediterranean. She can keep a navy in the Baltic, where it may be frozen in half the year, and she can maintain one in the White Sea, whence, for a few months in the year, her ships can get out by sailing through the Arctic Ocean; but she has no open sea-coast but that of Siberia and Kamschatka.

West of the Indus, between that river, Persia, and the Persian Gulf, lies the mountain kingdom of Afghanistan. To the west it borders upon Persia; southeast it is separated from British India by deserts and mountain passes. It has three principal cities, Cabul, Herat, and Candahar, and it is studded all over with castles belonging to mountain chiefs, who lead a life very like that of the Free Barons of the German Empire under the feudal system. The people are brave, warlike, active, and intelligent, — a people to be by no means down-trodden or despised. They are all Mohammedans; to a certain extent they are chivalrous: but are proud of their independence, and strongly attached to their native hills. Moreover, they know their own value. They knew that the English wanted them, at the least, to

be their allies in their struggle with Russia; they knew that Russia desired to propitiate them, for the same reason. Perpetual Russian intrigues are carried on with the principal chiefs, and sometimes Russia punishes their sovereign for not listening to her overtures by stirring up Persia against him. Living where they do, they could be crushed at once if their country were a plain; but it is, on the contrary, a region of snow mountains, a —

> "Land of dark heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood;"

a land of rocky crags and dangerous mountain-passes. Herat lies near the frontier of Persia. It once was a beautiful city, with noble Saracen ruins, and the remains of a Mohammedan monastery, with a plain around it covered with apple and plum orchards, — a very garden of the earth, shut in by hills. Herat, however, has not much to do with this part of our history, the scene of which lies in Cabul.

As far back as the summer months of 1837, when Queen Victoria's reign began, the witches' caldron on these Afghan hills began to boil and bubble. At that time an English officer, Captain Alexander Burnes (a relative of the great poet Burns, though he spelled his name differently), arrived as a traveller in Cabul. He was, however, directed by his Government to see what could be done towards finding a market for English goods in Afghanistan, and he was well received by the Ameer, Dost Mohammed.

Up to 1713, Afghanistan had had no general government. The feudal chiefs each governed his own clan, like Highland chieftains. In that year an enterprising personage took possession of Herat, and established a sort of dominion over the hill tribes and the people of the valleys, forming what was called the Douranee dynasty. On the north and east the Douranee Empire was bounded by snow mountains; on the south and west, by vast sandy plains. It included, however, the fertile lands of Scinde and Cashmere. It separated British India from Persia, — a country

very liable to be swayed by Russian influence, — and it formed an important barrier between Russian progress and the British power in India.

When the nineteenth century opened, the founder of the Douranee dynasty and his successor were dead, and a fratricidal war had broken out between two brothers. One of these, Zermanu Shah, was dethroned by his brother Mohammed, who put out his eyes, in accordance with the custom of the East; and the blind, discrowned potentate sought an asylum in British India. Before long, Mohammed was deposed by another brother, Shah Soojah-ool-Moulk, a weak and incapable tyrant, who governed so badly that his subjects rose up and got rid of him. His brother Mohammed (whose eyes he had neglected to put out) returned to Afghanistan and dethroned him. Shah Soojah sought refuge in Scinde, with its great chief, Runjeet Singh, who not only imprisoned him, but extorted from him the glorious diamond he had with him, the Koh-i-noor, the Mountain of Light. Runjeet placed it in an idol temple in Lahore. It was there captured about twenty-one years later by the soldiers of an English regiment, who were persuaded by their officers to present it to Queen Victoria.

Shah Mohammed governed just as ill as Shah Soojah, so that his subjects were well pleased when his Vizier, Futteh Khan, deposed him. Futteh again was deposed by his younger brother, Dost Mohammed. And here we reach a name of real importance in history.

We must understand, therefore, that when Queen Victoria came to her throne, Dost Mohammed was ruler of Afghanistan, with the exception of Herat and Scinde. Herat was governed by a descendant of the early Douranee conqueror, and Scinde, which had broken away from Afghanistan, was governed by its own ruler, Runjeet Singh. Shah Soojah had made his escape out of that chieftain's hands in 1833, and was living on a pension paid him by the English Government.

Now, as Napoleon had pointed out to the Emperor Paul,

the way to British India lies through Afghanistan. There are but two practicable passes southwestward over the great mountain chain, and both are reached through Afghanistan. These are the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass. The Khyber is sixty miles long; and the Bolan, more to the south, is both dangerous and difficult. Those who in former days have crossed the Alps by the Pass of the St. Gothard, where Suwarrow and the Russians fought every inch of the way with Masséna and his Frenchmen, will remember how on each side of them rose high cliffs that seemed to touch the sky, while far below, at the bottom of these cliffs, rushes a rocky, narrow, foaming river. What the St. Gothard Pass is for about eight miles, the Khyber was for sixty.

When Alexander Burnes found himself in Cabul in 1837, Russia was making strenuous efforts to form an alliance with Dost Mohammed, a sovereign of ability and vigor, much liked and admired by his own people. The Russians had already incited Persia to attack the ruler of Herat, and hoped thus to acquire a footing in the northwestern corner of Afghanistan.

Dost Mohammed preferred an alliance with the English, and he urged Captain Burnes to procure him a sum of money from the English Government, on receipt of which he said he would send the Russian envoys out of his dominions, and, in case of need, put all his splendid cavalry at the disposition of the English, if England would pay for their services.

Alexander Burnes believed him quite sincere, as the world in general has long since done; but that was not the view of the matter taken by Lord Auckland, then Governor-General of India, or by Lord Palmerston, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Economy in India was just then the order of the day. Lord Palmerston and Lord Auckland thought they could attain their end more cheaply than by paying £100,000 a year to Dost Mohammed. They drew Shah Soojah out of his retirement, made believe that he was the darling of the Afghan people, stigmatized Dost Mohammed as a usurper, and picked a quarrel with him because he

was trying to recover the lost province of Scinde from Runjeet Singh. It was resolved to push a British army across the Indus, and then, through the Khyber and Bolan Passes, advance on Cabul and Candahar. Shah Soojah, under British protection, was to remount the throne from which he had been driven twenty years before.

In vain the Duke of Wellington deprecated sending a British army across the Indus, which, he said, was British India's natural northwest boundary. In vain old governor-generals represented the rashness of the enterprise. In vain Alexander Burnes wrote moving letters on behalf of Dost Mohammed. In vain the Sepoy troops mutinied when they learned they were to be ordered to climb frozen heights and invade a foreign land. Lord Palmerston held to his policy, Lord Auckland carried it out; and on November 29, 1838, in the dominions of Runjeet Singh, at the foot of the Himalayas, a grand review was held of what was then called The Army of the Indus. In all there were fifteen thousand men, chiefly Sepoys, with English officers; but the camp followers of the soldiers outnumbered them four to one. Six thousand of these men in the Army of the Indus were under the command of a cruel, vicious tyrant, son of Shah Soojah, called Prince Timour. These were to go through the Khyber Pass, while nine thousand others, under the command of Sir John Keene, were to take their way through the Bolan Pass, approaching Cabul from the south.

The army marched through Scinde, Shah Soojah stirring up opposition and discontent wherever he passed. It crossed the Indus January 16, 1839, and had then one hundred and forty-six miles to march across a desert of hard salt, mixed with sand, to the mouth of the Bolan Pass. The sufferings of the Hindoos were terrible, and the route was strewn with the dead bodies of their camels, of which they had had thirty thousand at the start.

Here is a description of what they endured when they entered the Pass: —

"The Bolan Pass is nearly sixty miles in length, of continued and often very rapid ascent, shut in with stupendous or wooded cliffs on either side. The joyful sound of rushing waters was here to be heard; but it little availed the thirsty troops, for the torrent which roared by their side was polluted by the multitude of dead animals which had fallen, or been thrown, into it by the advanced columns. The road was composed of sharp flint stones, which lamed the cattle, and such as fell behind were immediately seized by the marauding tribes which infested the flanks and rear of the army. The road was strewed with baggage, abandoned tents, and stores and luxuries which a few weeks before or after would have fetched their weight in gold. These were now cast aside, or left to be trampled by cattle in the rear."

At length the worn-out troops emerged from the Pass, and beheld with unspeakable joy an open valley stretched out before them.

"The clear, crisp climate," says another eye-witness, "braced the European frame; and over the wide plain, bounded by mountain ranges, intersected by many sparkling streams, and dotted with orchards and vineyards, the eye ranged with delight."

But now supplies failed them. The army was brought almost to the verge of starvation. Water, too, failed; not enough could be got with which to mix the medicines.

At last Timour, Shah Soojah, and their army, which had entered Afghanistan by the Khyber Pass, reached Candahar. At Candahar the English officers soon found out how entirely fictitious was the supposed attachment of the Afghans to Shah Soojah and his dynasty. His unpopularity was immense. *He* had brought the Feringhees into the country to displace Dost Mohammed, who was generally admired and beloved!

Candahar was three hundred miles from Cabul, through a beautiful country; but Shah Soojah's army on its way had to pass or take the fortress of Ghuznee. It was captured accordingly; but it was there that Shah Soojah made formidable enemies of the great fanatical religious body, the Ghiljzees, fifty of whom he caused to be cut to

pieces at his feet, after they had surrendered themselves prisoners.

The capture of Ghuznee took from Dost Mohammed all confidence in his own power to resist the British arms; but he still made a brave and determined stand. His army however, was melting away. In vain he urged his people to stand by him while he made one last charge on the enemy. "In that onset," he exclaimed, "I shall fall; then go and make your own terms with Shah Soojah." But his appeal was made in vain. With tears in his eyes, he turned his horse's head and fled to Cabul, whence he made his way into the Himalayas, and subsequently passed the range into Bokhara.

August 7, 1839, Shah Soojah, with all imaginable pomp, made his entry into Cabul his capital; but no voices bade him welcome.

On the news reaching England, General Keene was raised to the peerage, and knighthood was bestowed on other prominent officers. But Wellington, and others who could judge of the reality of the success, still maintained that the English army had better take warning from the tale of Moscow.

At the Indian entrance of the Khyber Pass stands the fortified city of Jellalabad. This place received a strong European garrison. Cabul was a walled town dominated by a citadel called the Bala-Hissar. In this was the palace of the Shah.

It did not take long for the English agent, Sir William Macnaughten, to find out that it would be necessary to keep a large and permanent garrison of English troops in Cabul if Shah Soojah was to be maintained upon his throne; for, the moment the English should march away, his subjects would dethrone him, and restore Dost Mohammed, whom the English policy had now doubtless converted into a bitter enemy. Nevertheless, the English officers who were married sent for their wives and children as soon as it was determined that a large English force should remain in Cabul till Shah Soojah was firmly seated on his throne.

When I speak of the "English" troops, it must be understood that about four-fifths of these were Sepoys, under English officers.

One great difficulty made itself felt during the winter of 1840: Cabul was under three authorities, — Shah Soojah, the native ruler; Sir William Macnaughten, the English agent; and Sir Wilson Cotton, the English commanding general.

Meantime war, pillage, and disorder went on throughout the country. Shah Soojah insisted on using the English troops to collect his taxes, and, in spite of all that could be done by British officers, all manner of wrongs and outrages were committed on his unfortunate subjects. Especially the fierce tribe of Ghiljzees, hereditary enemies of his dynasty, were opposed to him; and a defeat they suffered from his troops by no means made them more placable.

Meantime a party of English chased Dost Mohammed beyond the mountains and into the hands of that cruel and perfidious tyrant, the Khan of Bokhara, whose dominions have since been absorbed by Russia. Dost Mohammed, however, escaped from the Khan's hands, and succeeded in raising another body of followers. When reminded that his wives and children were in the hands of the British, he answered, "I have no family; I have buried my children and my wives."

Soon all the northern provinces of Afghanistan were in a flame. Afghan troops raised by Shah Soojah went over to Dost Mohammed. He did not, however, succeed at this time, but was again defeated, and driven into exile.

"I am like a wooden spoon," he said; "you may toss me as you will, you will not hurt me." Three months later, however, after a skirmish in which he had displayed desperate bravery, and obtained some advantage over the English, as Sir William Macnaughten was making preparations to draw off his troops to Cabul, word was brought him that an Ameer wished to speak with him. To his amazement, this man was Dost Mohammed, who, dismounting from his weary horse, put his sword into Sir William's hand, and surrendered himself prisoner. He had ridden over

sixty miles, and had been twenty-four hours in the saddle. He was treated with the greatest kindness and distinction, and Macnaughten, on sending him with a strong escort to Hindoostan, wrote to the Governor-General: —

"I hope the Dost will be treated with liberality. The case of Shah Soojah is not parallel. The Shah had no claim on us; we had no hand in depriving him of his dominion. Whereas we ejected the Dost, who had never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim."

As time went on, there were conflicts of authority and heart-burnings among the English generals. One by one resigned, till the command devolved on General Elphinstone, a kind-hearted old gentleman, a martyr to the gout, and little acquainted with the management of native troops, but who had served with credit under Wellington in the Peninsular War. Dost Mohammed, being in the hands of the English, the chieftainship among his supporters fell to his son, Akbar Khan. The three chief English generals under Elphinstone were Nott, Pollock, and Sale. The last, with a strong force, was placed in garrison at Jellalabad to guard the Khyber Pass, while Lady Sale, his wife, remained at Cabul, with the rest of the English women and children.

The military force at Cabul consisted of one English regiment, two Sepoy regiments, two Afghan regiments, some artillery and cavalry, five thousand fighting men in all, and fifteen thousand camp followers.

Instead of putting stores, men, and artillery into the citadel of Cabul, the Bala-Hissar, Elphinstone encamped his men outside the city, separated them from their storehouses, and left the city undefended, while every day hatred of Shah Soojah and his English allies increased.

Macnaughten was on the point of setting out for India, so secure did he feel that things were going on satisfactorily at Cabul, when, on the night of November 2, 1841, the house of Sir Alexander Burnes was attacked by a mob. Burnes had made himself obnoxious in Cabul because he encouraged breaches of domestic discipline among Afghan

ladies of rank, who were only too ready to receive attentions from him. He and his brother, after exhausting every endeavor to gain the good-will of their assailants, were brutally murdered while trying to escape from their house by a back way. Next the house of the paymaster of Shah Soojah's forces was attacked, a sum of £17,000 was stolen, and riot, murder, and pillage spread all over the city. Meantime the British troops remained quiet in their cantonments. General Elphinstone would not order them to act. The fort that contained provisions and ammunition was taken by the rioters, besides other supplies which had been carelessly stored.

After the loss of all provisions and army stores, it became evident to every man among the British that the army could not pass the winter in Cabul. There were also rumors among them that Shah Soojah was concerned in the plots against them. The charm of their invincibility was broken. A slight check, however, was given on November 10 to the Afghans, and the English began to contemplate what they called "a not inglorious retreat." Assistance was invoked from the British garrisons at Jellalabad and Candahar; but the authorities in these places decided that to despatch soldiers to Cabul would be simply sending fresh victims to the slaughter.

In an outlying position one brave Goorka regiment perished entirely; only one private and two officers survived to bear the news into Cabul. After this the only chance for the doomed army would have been to take refuge in the Bala-Hissar and hold out, if their provisions would last, till succor came to them. The generals, however, disagreed, the citadel was abandoned, and it was resolved to open negotiations for the capitulation of the army.

The Afghans would hear of no terms but unconditional surrender. This Macnaughten refused. "We shall meet, then," said the Afghan leader, "on the field of battle." "At all events," replied Macnaughten, "at the Day of Judgment."

"Strange to say, while this conference was going on,

the Afghan soldiers, fully armed, were giving food to the soldiers of the English regiments, and shaking hands with them."

Soon after, Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mohammed, rode into the Afghan camp. His arrival was hailed by his own people, and gave a gleam of hope to the English. Nevertheless, in a few days their case became so desperate that a capitulation was agreed upon, more dishonorable than had ever happened to English arms.

The British army was to evacuate Afghanistan as speedily as possible by the Khyber Pass, receiving assistance in transportation and provisions. When the troops reached Peshawar, Dost Mohammed and his family were to be restored to Cabul, and Shah Soojah was to return to India. The Afghans then were to enter into an alliance with England.

On December 13, 1841, in the depth of winter (and Cabul stands six thousand feet above the level of the sea), the small body of troops still remaining in the Bala-Hissar were marched out to begin their retreat, Shah Soojah remaining within its walls. The moment the soldiers left the citadel its guns were turned upon them, slaughtering indiscriminately friend and foe. That night the soldiers passed unsheltered in the snow, unprovided with covering or provisions. Nothing, too, would satisfy the rabble that swarmed around them but obtaining possession of their arms. Imagine the condition of Sepoys, used to a tropical climate, under these circumstances!

That night a proposal was made to Macnaughten on the part of Akbar Khan to murder one of the chief Afghan supporters of Shah Soojah, and relieve the English, provided he was handsomely paid for doing so. Macnaughten replied that the English never paid for murder, but unhappily consented to see Akbar, and, if possible, to treat with him. Some of the officers about Macnaughten suspected treachery; but he saw in the proposal a ray of hope, and, as he said, "Death would be preferable to the life of anxiety he had been leading for six weeks past."

Macnaughten and three officers of his staff met Akbar on a hillock near the banks of the Cabul River, about six hundred yards from the English camp. "The English officers and Afghan chiefs exchanged salutations, and Akbar Khan received, with many thanks, an Arab horse which he had coveted. He also returned thanks for a pair of pistols which had been presented to him the preceding day. It was then proposed that they should all dismount, which was done."

Soon the Afghans began closing in upon the English party. Two of the English officers remonstrated, when Akbar suddenly cried, "Seize! Seize!" and the envoy and his party were grasped from behind. Macnaughten was grappled by Akbar himself. As he struggled, the Afghan chief drew one of the pistols, given him the day before, from his belt, and shot him through the back. The Afghans rushed upon him with their knives, and he was literally cut to pieces. His mangled remains were carried to the Great Bazaar of Cabul, exulted over, and treated with indignity. One of his staff died with him; two others remained prisoners, but wounded.

The envoy was killed in broad daylight by foul treachery, on an open plain; but the English army was so utterly spirit-broken that no attempt was made to resent or to avenge his murder. A few hours after, General Elphinstone, utterly incapacitated by illness, signed a new treaty, giving up most of the cannon, most of the men's guns, and six hostages for the return of Dost Mohammed. In vain Major Eldred Pottinger, the hero of Herat, whose exploits I have here no space to tell, urged that they should either cut their way through the enemy, or take refuge in the Bala-Hissar.

When the men had to give up their guns, they realized their humiliation. At length all was accomplished, and the army set out, "more depressed," says Alison, "than the French in their retreat from Moscow."

"Deep snow," says an eye-witness, "covered every inch of mountain and plain with one unspotted sheet of dazzling white;

and so intensely bitter was the cold as to penetrate and defy the defences of the warmest clothing. Sad and suffering, issued from the British cantonments a confused mass of Europeans and Asiatics, — a mingled crowd of men of various climes and various complexions and habits, — part of them peculiarly unfitted to endure the hardships of a rigorous climate, and many of a sex and tender age which generally exempts them from such scenes of horror."

The number of the crowd was large, being forty-five hundred fighting men, of whom seven hundred were English. They had six guns, and three mounted train field-pieces; they were also encumbered by twelve thousand camp-followers. As fast as they left the gates of the cantonments the Afghans began to fire on them, and to fill the air with loud exulting cries. Soon order was completely lost; troops and camp-followers, horses and foot-soldiers, baggage, public and private property, became mixed up in inextricable confusion. Night came on as they pursued their weary course; but around them the snow was lit up by reflections from the British Residency at Cabul, which had been set on fire by the Afghans the moment the troops were out of the city. The next day the march of the fugitives was still more distressing.

"Two of the guns," says Lieutenant Eyre, an eye-witness, whose book the Duke of Wellington praised warmly to Charles Greville, — "two of the eight guns were abandoned, as the horses were unable to pull them through the snow. Although by nightfall we had only accomplished six miles of our weary journey, the road was covered with dying wretches, perishing under the intolerable cold. The Sepoys, patient and resigned, sank on the line of march, awaiting death. Horses, ponies, baggage-wagons, and camp-followers and soldiers, were confusedly huddled together, while over all, the long guns of the Afghans, posted on the heights above, sent a storm of balls, every one of which took effect upon the multitude."

Before night the enemy had gained possession of four other cannon. The soldiers, weary, frost-bitten, and starving, could no longer make any resistance.

"The army was in this dreadful state when it reached the entrance of the Coord Cabul defile. This narrowest part of the Khyber Pass is five miles in length, and bordered on each side with steep overhanging mountains. It is so narrow that the sun never shines there. There is hardly room for a narrow rugged pathway between the torrent and the precipices. The stream dashes down the whole way with inconceivable velocity, and requires to be crossed in the five miles eight-and-twenty times. To add to the horrors of this defile, horses and beasts of burden could not keep their footing on the ice."

The wretched animals, struggling to preserve their foothold, slipped in great numbers into the roaring water. The heights above were crowded by Afghans, who, in perfect security themselves, kept up an incessant fire on the confused and trembling multitude in the deflle beneath them.

The massacre was fearful in that dreadful gorge. Three thousand perished under the guns and knives of the Afghans; and the English ladies, struggling with the rest, frequently lost sight of their own children.

After passing through the defile, such as survived came on a high tableland, where snow was falling in great flakes, and rendering the road almost impassable for the great mass of the poor creatures born in the tropics. That night a cold biting wind swept over the lofty bare surface of the mountain, rendering it almost certain death to sit down in the snow, however weary. They had only four tents. One was given to the sick General; two to the English women and children; one to the sick. That night Akbar Khan sent in a proposition that he should be intrusted with the women and children, promising to keep them a day's march in the rear of the army, and in pefect safety. After considererable negotiation, the married officers were allowed to accompany their wives, and soon after the unhappy band were placed in the hands of the murderer of Macnaughten, the husband of one of their number.

Here is Lieutenant Eyre's account of the delivery of the women and children into the hands of Akbar: —

"It was now the third day, January 9, 1842; and scarcely one of the ladies had tasted a meal since leaving Cabul. Some had infants a few days old at their breasts, and were unable to stand without assistance; some were in a condition which under ordinary circumstances would have admitted of no exertion. Yet these helpless women, with their young families, had already been obliged to rough it on the backs of camels and on the tops of the baggage-*zaboos;* those who had a horse to ride, or were capable of sitting on one, were considered fortunate. . . . The offer of Mohammed Akbar Khan seemed their only chance of preservation; yet it was a matter of serious consideration whether they were not rushing into the very jaws of death by placing themselves at the mercy of a man who had so lately imbued his hands in the blood of the British envoy, whom he had lured to destruction by similar professions of peace and good-will. . . . On the night of the eighth, Captain Sturt, husband of the daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Sale, died of his wounds, and a grave had been hollowed out for him in the snow of the frozen mountain. Overwhelmed with their sorrow, Mrs. Sturt and Lady Sale heard almost with indifference that they were to be handed over to the Afghan commander."

"There was but faint hope," says Lady Sale, "of our ever getting to Jellalabad, and we followed the stream; all I personally know of the affair is that I was told we were all to go, that we must mount immediately, and be off."

The following day was spent by the forlorn party in a small hill fort, where they found Pottinger, George St. Patrick Lawrence, and Captain Colin McKenzie, who had been surrendered as hostages to the enemy. Rude and rough as were the accommodations and the fare, the small dark hovels in which they lodged were welcomed in exchange for the terrible snowy mountain passes. They cared little for dense smoke, since it secured them the blaze of a wood fire. Here Akbar Khan sought an interview with Lady Macnaughten, and expressed regret for her husband's death, saying that if he could restore him to life he would give his hand. This was not probably hypocrisy. The deed had been done in a moment of rage, and he probably saw and repented his blunder.

But to return to the Khyber Pass and those there enduring miseries of cold, fatigue, and hunger. The European

soldiers were now the only efficient troops left. The Sepoys, unaccustomed to such a climate, had sunk under its horrors. "Hope," said Lieutenant Eyre, "seemed to have died in every breast. The wildness of terror was exhibited in every countenance."

The end was now approaching. In a narrow gorge as the road passed between two hills the army was attacked by a strong body of Afghans, who captured the army chest and such baggage as had been preserved. Only two hundred and seventy men, all Europeans, with a small field-piece, forced their way through. Akbar proposed to them to surrender. They refused indignantly, and struggled on.

There were camp-followers, however, who still pushed onward, and impeded the speed of the little party of English soldiers. That night these men tried to escape under a brilliant moon, but had to move so slowly that the enemy was upon them before morning. They had marched thirty hours when they found shelter under a ruined wall.

Here Akbar again attempted negotiation, and demanded General Elphinstone, General Skelton, and Captain Johnstone as hostages for the surrender of Jellalabad, which was held by Sir Robert Sale. This was not agreed to, but the officers named went to Akbar's headquarters to arrange terms, when they were seized as prisoners. There now remained but twenty fighting men, who resumed their march at nightfall, being within twenty-four hours of Jellalabad. One of the officers had the colors of his regiment fastened round his body. By midday nearly every man had been wounded. Twelve officers and a few cavalrymen, all bleeding, rode ahead of the troop, and six of them dropped from their horses before reaching the last village that separated them from Jellalabad. The remainder were treacherously assailed there while eating some food which they thought had been given them in compassion. Two were slain where they sat; the others reached their horses and escaped. All perished, however, except one man, Dr. Brydon, before reaching Jellalabad. Worn out and wounded, he had struggled on upon his jaded pony till the walls of the

fort appeared in sight. He was espied alone upon the plain, and a party was sent out to bring him in, — the sole survivor (not a captive) of the forty-five hundred men and twelve thousand camp-followers who had quitted the cantonments of Cabul barely a week before.

Sir Robert Sale refused to surrender the fortress of Jellalabad, though Akbar professed to consider Generals Elphinstone and Skelton as hostages. He said that Akbar had done nothing to protect the retreating British army, and General Nott, at Candahar, said the same.

Nothing I could say would give an idea of the feeling excited in England when, many months after these events, the news came. The English ministry had been changed. Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were in power, and Lord Ellenborough had already been sent out to supersede Lord Auckland as Governor-General of India. Lord Ellenborough received the news when his vessel reached Madras. He was a man of tremendous energy, and of such vanity and eccentricity that by many he was thought partially insane. How he and the ministry of Sir Robert Peel repaired the errors of Lords Palmerston and Auckland, and of the unhappy General Elphinstone, who lay dying in the tents of Akbar Khan, may be told presently; meantime we will go back to the captive women and children.

Lady Sale, wife of Sir Robert Sale, has given us the record of their experiences, and also Captain Johnstone and Lieutenant Eyre.

The day after Lady Macnaughten had had her painful interview with Akbar Khan, the ladies proceeded on their journey, guiding their horses among heaps of corpses lying naked in the pass, and sickened by the smell of blood. Their destination was a small fort in the hills, where they were received with kindness, and another European officer was added to their party. Subsequently an army surgeon joined them, to their great relief, and a day or two after General Elphinstone and the two other officers, who had surrendered, as we have seen, when small chance of escaping alive out of the pass remained to them.

Strange to say, the Afghan chiefs were at all times kind, and sometimes even chivalrous, in their attentions to their prisoners. Kindness, too, was shown them more than once by inferiors, who remembered former kindness received from Englishmen. But, on the other hand, no mercy was shown to the wretched Sepoy troops or to the camp-followers. These could not be made valuable as captives, and the men, now without officers, naked, benumbed, and utterly defenceless, wandered among the mountains in small parties till they died, either by the knives of their enemies or of cold and hunger.

The English prisoners all through their captivity respected Sunday. They had picked up a pocket-bible and prayer-book in the pass, and one of the gentlemen read the service to the rest every Sunday morning. They observed that nothing seemed so favorably to impress the Mohammedans around them as any evidence of piety. They were also treated, it appeared to them, with more consideration and respect on Sunday than on other days.

Wearily they journeyed on, not knowing where they were being taken, — sometimes hoping it might be to Jellalabad, to be exchanged for Dost Mohammed and his harem; sometimes fearing that they might be carried off into the wilds of Turkestan or Bokhara.

With the exception of Lady Macnaughten and Mrs. Trevor, the ladies had lost all their baggage. Many had little children dependent on their care, who all had to march day by day on the backs of camels or on horseback, till they found an inhospitable resting-place on the other side of the mountains, in a miserable little fort known as Fort Baderabad, which had been built by a relative of Akbar Khan as a refuge in time of need for his own women. Here they lived six months, and were treated with kindness. There were nine ladies, twenty gentlemen, thirteen children, seventeen European soldiers, two soldiers' wives, and a child belonging to one of them.

Their jailer was Mirza Bahoo-ud-Deen Khan. The Mirza was not a cruel man; but it was impossible for wild Afghans

of the hills to understand what were absolute necessaries of life to English ladies and their little children. They suffered much in that lonely fort, though there were times even there when the children and young officers enjoyed themselves; and we read of merry games, — of snowballing and blind-man's-buff. They had also two old packs of cards, which were a great resource to many of them.

From time to time a little news would reach them, — guessed at rather than communicated, read, as they would fancy, in the faces of their guards.

At one time there occurred an earthquake which shook down the defences of Jellalabad, and almost brought the old fort where they were imprisoned about their ears. No one was seriously hurt, but nearly one hundred shocks followed. In the midst of the excitement that they caused, General Elphinstone died. He had been suffering both from gout and asthma, and a sense of his own terrible errors and shortcomings could not but prey upon his mind. Besides this he was a kindly old man, deeply moved by the sight of the sufferings around him. They read the burial service reverently over him, and buried him in a lonely grave among the hills.

By degrees rumors reached the captives of the advance of the British forces as far as Jellalabad. Their guards became anxious and excited. The Mirza requested a certificate from the captives to the effect that he had treated them with kindness. "We gladly complied with his wishes," said Sir George Lawrence, "as he had deserved well of us all. He is an intelligent man, without the overweening conceit of his countrymen; and, knowing well that the destruction of our army would one day be avenged, he thought it would be a prudent measure to provide himself with a document that might in that case be of use."

The Mirza was alive a few years since, and the precious document, with its faded ink, has been, as he foresaw, of immense use to him. In his old age, when he was exiled from Cabul, it procured him a comfortable pension from the British Government. He had had the paper photo-

graphed, and kept it carefully, surrounded with extracts from printed books and reports concerning him. He was a favorite with Dost Mohammed, whose dangers he had shared in Bokhara, and had always been accounted a friend to Englishmen. As he grew old, his memory of the events of the imprisonment grew somewhat clouded; but three things stood out vividly in his remembrance, — the earthquake, the birth of three little European babies, and the wonderful treasures contained in Lady Macnaughten's boxes; out of which, by advice of some of the officers, she presented him two shawls.

At last news came of the defeat of Akbar Khan. "Then the captives were hurried away again, they knew not whither, through ever ascending mountain-passes, under a scorching sun." They were being carried off to the wild, rugged regions of the Indian Caucasus. They were bestowed in a miserable fort named Barmecan. They were now under the charge of a man named Mohammed Akbar, — one of Akbar Khan's soldiers of fortune. He had for some time begun to suspect that things were wellnigh hopeless with his master. He was induced, by gradual and very cautious approaches, to enter into negotiations with the prisoners for their release. The English officers signed an agreement with him to pay him twenty thousand rupees, and secure him a pension of one thousand rupees a month, together with the protection of the British Government, provided he would escort them all in safety within the lines of the British army. This agreement did not prevent Mohammed Akbar from helping himself out of Lady Macnaughten's trunks to her valuable shawls and jewels.

He, however, set forward with his prisoners on their way to the camp of General Pollock, on September 11, 1842, after eight months of captivity. Meantime Pollock had despatched a party of Kuzilbashes (native irregular cavalry), with orders to pursue the party of captives to the hills, and to recover them. If all came back in safety, each man was to receive four months' extra pay. They were commanded by Sir Robert Sale, and pushed on rapidly on the trail of the cap-

tives. Suddenly, as they ascended the hills, they came upon a huge lone pillar, which they found to have been erected by Alexander the Great to commemorate his feat of having crossed those mountains.

At midday on the 17th of September, 1842, as the little party of captives stopped for food and rest, they were alarmed by seeing horsemen appear on the crest of a neighboring hill. They were evidently native horsemen; and the instantaneous thought of the English was that they were the soldiers of Akbar Khan, sent to massacre all of them, or at best to hurry them beyond reach of their own countrymen. In the midst of their terror they espied an English officer riding to the front and waving a white handkerchief. It was Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad. "Our joy," says one of the rescued prisoners, "was too great, too overpowering for tongue to utter."

On the 1st of October all the party had reached Peshawar. Lady Sale, Captain Johnstone, and Lieutenant Eyre each told the narrative of their captivity in very interesting volumes; and while the Duke of Wellington highly praised the latter, Lady Sale's Journal, in 1843, was in every Englishman's hands.

"When rumors of the perils of the army at Cabul reached Calcutta, in January, 1842, there was not a European whose heart did not beat and whose pulse did not tremble when he opened the letters brought him from the frontier. No one who dwelt in any part of India," says Sir J. W. Kaye, who wrote a history of this campaign, "during the early days of 1842, will ever forget the eagerness and fear with which questions were asked and answered, opinions interchanged, rumors and probabilities weighed, and how, as the tragedy deepened in solemnity, even the most timid and despondent felt that the ascertained reality far exceeded the miseries and horrors of their imagination."

The nearest post to the Afghan frontier was the town and fortress of Peshawar. To Peshawar the agreement signed by General Elphinstone with Akbar Khan bound the garrison of the Afghan fortress of Jellalabad to retire. That fortress was held by Sir Robert Sale with twenty-five hun-

dred men, of whom eight hundred and thirty-six were Sepoys. On receiving Akbar Khan's summons to surrender, after having ascertained that he had wholly failed to protect the retreating English army, Sir Robert refused to be bound by an agreement that the Afghan leader had broken, and resolved to hold out against the whole power of the Afghan tribes, though he had but seventy days' provisions for his men, and twenty-five for their horses. In this determination he had been strengthened by a letter that was transmitted him from Lady Sale, urging him never for one moment to take into consideration her position, or that of their daughter, Mrs. Sturt, when the honor of their country was concerned.

On the 19th of February, the same earthquake that shook down the walls of the hill fort in which the captives were confined destroyed also the defences of Jellalabad. There were breaches that a troop could have marched through, four abreast. In a few days, by incredible exertions on the part both of Europeans and Asiatics, the damage was repaired, and the fort was stronger than before.

Lord Auckland, meantime, was in a state of terrible doubt and indecision. His party had gone out of power, and he was waiting the arrival of Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General. He could not guess what the policy of the new Indian administration, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, might prove. In the uncertainty, he ordered all available troops to concentrate at Peshawar. But Scinde and every other Indian power was restless and uneasy, — all ready to take advantage of the disasters that had befallen the English army. Lord Ellenborough, on taking the reins of government, decided that his true policy would be to withdraw the English troops wholly from Afghanistan; to proclaim a change of policy which should make the Indus the boundary of British ambition in Northwestern India; to attempt no further military operations, except such as might be necessary to withdraw the garrisons in safety from Jellalabad and Candahar, and to abandon Afghanistan to the Afghans.

He fitted out two expeditions, one for the relief of Jellalabad, one to relieve Candahar. The Candahar expedition failed; but General Nott extricated himself and his garrison, without succor, by his own skill and the bravery of his tried soldiers.

At Jellalabad the relieving force came in sight from the fortress in the middle of March. On April 1 the garrison made a sortie. A complete victory was gained; two standards that had been taken in the terrible disasters of the retreat were recovered, and four of the cannon. Pollock, victorious at Jellalabad, and Nott at Candahar, were, above all things, anxious to be allowed to push on to Cabul and take vengeance for the massacre. Lord Ellenborough for a long time refused to sanction any forward march into the territory of Afghanistan, and consented at last only on condition that Nott and Pollock would fully understand two things: First, that they were acting on their own responsibility; secondly, that if repulsed they could expect no army to come to their aid.

With this understanding, Pollock pushed on. He had eight thousand men under his command, and they forced the first part of the long pass early in August. Soon all the way the troops trod on the whitened bones of men, horses, and camels that had perished the previous winter. The pass was in general about forty yards in width; but in many places it narrowed to ten feet, and in one place to six feet, so that the fall of a baggage-horse would there have obstructed a whole army.

Not long after the British left Cabul, Shah Soojah had been assassinated. His body, stripped of its royal robes and jewels, was flung into a ditch. Prince Timour was never even thought of as his successor, but for a while the crown was placed on the head of Shah Soojah's second son, Fetteh Jung.

The English army (Pollock's and Nott's forces combined) entered Cabul on the 16th of September, 1842, a few days before the recovery of the captives by the horsemen sent after them to the hills. It was determined utterly to

destroy the large and beautiful Bazaar of Cabul before evacuating the city. The architecture of this place was extraordinarily beautiful, and it had been the pride of the Afghans from generation to generation; but there the bodies of Macnaughten and Burnes had been exposed to the contumely of Mohammedan fanatics. It was with great difficulty that it was laid waste, and its columns and arches destroyed. Pollock and Nott seem to have acted up to Phil Sheridan's maxim, that "you cannot make war without soiling white kid gloves;" and there were many charges of needless cruelty and devastation made against them afterwards in the English papers. But by Lord Ellenborough's express orders, if the expedition proved successful it was to signalize its triumph by bringing back to India the gates of the idol temple at Somnauth. These gates had been captured eight hundred years before by a Mohammedan prince who invaded India. He brought them to Afghanistan (as they were very handsome) to adorn the tomb of some Mohammedan saint near Ghuznee. The gates were taken from the tomb of the saint and lugged with great difficulty over the mountains, — the proceeding affording small gratification to the Mohammedan native soldiers in the English army, who greatly outnumbered the Hindoos. However, Lord Ellenborough, who loved to write bulletins in the style of Napoleon, had the satisfaction of putting forth two grandiloquent proclamations which the Duke of Wellington had hard work in trying to defend before Parliament and the country. In private, the Duke spoke very freely of the eccentricities of the Governor-General.

"I told the Duke," says Greville, "that a friend of mine had seen a letter from Ellenborough, in which he gave an account of a review he was going to have, when he meant to arrange the army in the form of a star, with the artillery at the point of each ray, and a throne for himself in the centre. 'And he ought to sit upon it in a strait-waistcoat!' grimly replied the Duke of Wellington."

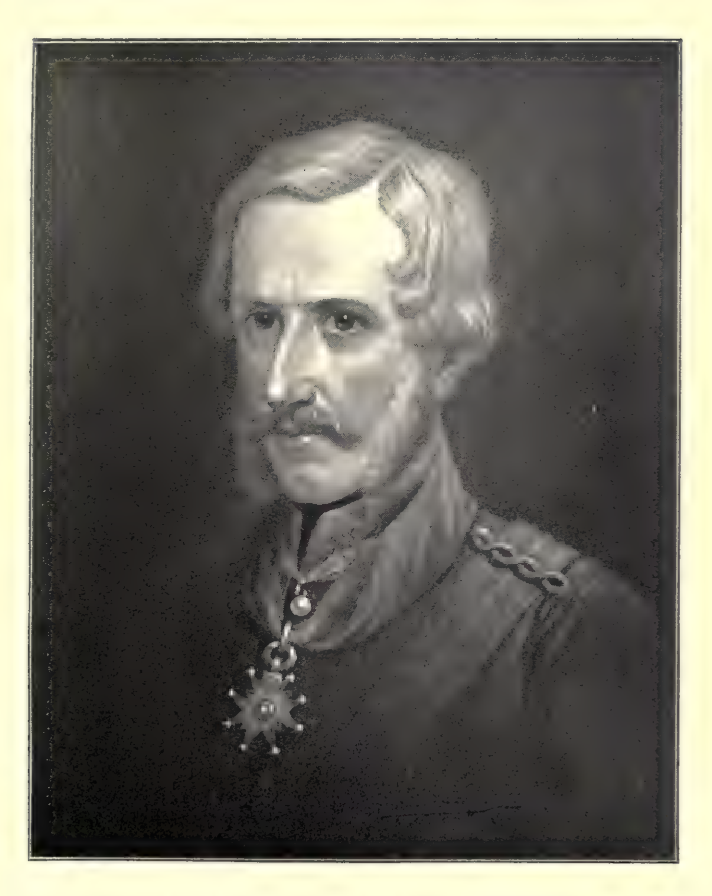
The very day that the army returned in triumph to Peshawar, news was received of another English triumph,

— the submission of the Chinese at the close of the well-fought but far-from-creditable Opium War. England, however, had other causes of quarrel with the Chinese Government, which up to time of this war had persisted in treating all civilized nations as outside barbarians, unworthy of consideration from the Sons of Heaven.

I remember when five wagon-loads of silver money, each drawn by four horses and escorted by a detachment of the Sixtieth Regiment, passed through the streets of London on their way to the Mint. It was the war indemnity, of four and a half millions of pounds sterling, paid by the Chinese Government.

English soldiers and sailors behaved most gallantly in this war; but its immediate cause was the refusal of the Chinese Government to permit opium to be imported, declaring that it ruined the health and morals of the Chinese people. Opium cannot be raised in China; it is raised in India, and the Government has the monopoly of the opium factories. The poppies are grown by the small cultivators, who always find a market for them at a fixed rate in Government factories. Lord Palmerston professed to think that the moral ground taken by the Chinese government was a pretext for destroying British commerce with China, and injuring the revenues of the English Government. The quarrel went on some time before the disputants had recourse to arms. The war on the part of the English was a succession of cheap victories. The Chinese fought bravely, but their guns were as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. At last they asked for peace on any terms. The English demanded that Hong-Kong, a small island, should be ceded to them, and five ports of entry be assigned them. Traffic was to be opened to all foreigners, and the English were to treat with the Chinese on equal terms. This, with the indemnity exacted, procured peace. But Justin McCarthy has remarked, when speaking on this subject, "As children say the snow brings more snow, so did this war with China bring on others."

When Lady Sale and her fellow-captives got back safely



GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.



to Hindoostan, Dost Mohammed was released from his captivity. Lord Ellenborough in a proclamation declared that "to force a sovereign on a reluctant people was as inconsistent with the policy as it was with the principles of the British Government," and before long Dost Mohammed was restored to his throne. He continued to be a good friend to the English. He had seen their power, and experienced their humanity; and he made a treaty with the Indian Government by which he bound himself to give no ear to the intrigues of any other foreign Power.

It seems strange that these terrible experiences of 1842 should have been in part repeated, nearly a quarter of a century later, on the same ground, and partly from the same causes; for the terrible massacres of 1841 and 1842 were not the only massacres of Cabul.

The Duke of Wellington ascribed the disaster, whose history I have just narrated, "to the attempt to make war on a military peace establishment; making war without a safe base of operations; carrying the native army out of India into a strange and cold climate; giving undue power to political agents; invading a poor country, whose resources were unequal to supplying an army's wants; want of forethought and over-confidence in the Afghans on the part of Sir William Macnaughten, placing the magazines, and even the treasure, in indefensible places; and great military neglect and mismanagement after the outbreak." But the most fatal error was in the policy which induced the English Government to incur real perils to avoid uncertain dangers, and its endeavoring, in the words of Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, "to force a sovereign on a reluctant people."

In the advance under General Pollock a young lieutenant, afterwards General Sir Henry Havelock (the Stonewall Jackson of the English army), won his first honors.

As to the gates of Somnauth, which the soldiers transported through the Khyber Pass to the plains of Hindoostan, — to the Mohammedans the act was impious; to the Hindoos the restoration was ridiculous: for the temple of

Somnauth was in ruins, and the ground it had covered was owned by Mohammedans.

To complete the absurdity, the gates proved not to be genuine relics after all!

There are two episodes connected with this disastrous narrative which I should like to tell before concluding the subject. One is the story of Captain Colin McKenzie's ride, made on parole to Jellalabad, on a mission connected with the liberation of the prisoners; the other, the sad fate of Captains Stoddart and Conelly, in the hands of the tyrant of Bokhara.

Captain McKenzie was one of Akbar's hostages. After the repulse of that leader from the walls of Jellalabad, great apprehension prevailed among the prisoners in their hill fort lest they should be massacred for revenge. At that time General Elphinstone lay desperately ill. "We had no medicine left," says Captain McKenzie. "I had a lump of opium in my pocket, which seemed to do him some good; but at last it was gone, and we had no more." When the General died, Akbar was a good deal affected, regretting that he had not sent him where he could obtain medical aid; and he resolved to take the advice of Major Pottinger, and send an officer on parole to treat with General Pollock for the release of the prisoners.

Captain McKenzie was pitched upon, under the idea that he had some sort of ecclesiastical character, and might be the more likely to return; but few of the Afghan chiefs expected he would. Akbar, however, trusted him. He only once asked him if he intended to return, and received for answer, "Are you the son of an Ameer, and ask me, an English gentleman, if I shall keep my word?" All McKenzie's fellow-prisoners, except Pottinger, whose spirit never quailed, looked on him as devoted to almost certain destruction. McKenzie rode Lady Sale's horse, with an Afghan saddle. He was placed under the charge of a noted robber, Buttee, the thief, — a sort of Rob Roy in the Highlands of Afghanistan. The party consisted of McKenzie,

two horsemen of Akbar's, Buttee and three of his men, the four last on foot.

" Our road," says the Captain, " lay for some distance up the bed of a mountain torrent which reached every now and then the breasts of our horses, over huge bowlders of stone which made it all but impassable, until we reached a small cascade, up which it was impossible to go. The horsemen began to abuse Buttee for bringing them on such a road; he declared it was a very good road, and told me to dismount and follow him. We went up a goat-path, where I cannot sufficiently wonder at the horses having been able to follow. The exertion was tremendous. As soon as I found myself alone with Buttee, and discovered he could speak Persian, I began to make friends with him. He abused the horsemen for a couple of milksops. He himself was the finest specimen of a wiry athletic mountaineer I ever saw. He was nothing but bone and muscle, about thirty years old, and never appeared the least fatigued or out of breath in surmounting hills to which Ben Lomond is a joke. In toiling up he put his matchlock behind his back, with the ends resting on the inside of his elbows, so that he had no help from his arms, and often he was singing a Pushta war-song. At length we worked our way up to the snow, which, owing to its extreme slipperiness, was more dangerous still. In spite of the cold, the perspiration rolled off of us. Even the Afghan horsemen said they had never seen such a road. Here and there we saw some little mountain fastness perched on some bad eminence, standing in strong relief against the sky, and which we passed with as little ado as might be. At the top of this stupendous pass we came upon the most magnificent cedars and pines I ever saw, of from eighteen to twenty feet in growth. At the summit of the pass is a high pole, with a white flag on top, in passing which every Mohammedan stroked his beard and uttered a prayer. Our route, after descending the mountain, lay not far from the pass, where, still untouched by decay, lay the bodies of many of my dear and faithful comrades, and where some three months previously I had witnessed the deep despair of poor General Elphinstone, when he and his unhappy subordinate, Colonel Skelton, were entrapped by their treacherous enemy. In the uncertainty that enveloped all things in the future, I could only lift up my heart for comfort, support, and direction to Him whose arm is never shortened to help and save those who put their trust in Him.

" Soon, however, my time for meditation was cut short; I was

summoned to the front, and we moved on rapidly, Buttee's earnest desire being that we should move on fast, as we were passing through the region of certain tribes, from whose fury, he frankly admitted, he would be unable, if I was discovered, to protect me. Our road became rougher at every step, lying always through deep ravines, and mostly through the rough beds of watercourses.

"Day beginning to dawn, Buttee mounted my horse, making me ride behind him, with my hands and face enveloped in the folds of my turban and sheepskin cloak, leaving my eyes scarcely as visible as those of the roughest Skye terrier. Of course I was smothered, but there was no help for it, for it was necessary I should pass for a small Chief of Peshawar, who, being sick, was being sent by Akbar under Buttee's care to his home. Unable to help myself, or even to hold on to the rider before me, while the old horse, unaccustomed to carry double, kicked like fury, every jolt on the sharp ridge of the horse's backbone made me feel like the man in the Scotch song 'who rode upon a razor.' *En route* we passed several Ghiljzees, whose inquiries concerning me Buttee evaded by lying; but eluding their dangerous curiosity was a great grief to me, as, in addition to the intolerable pain I was enduring, it was necessary to muffle up every particle of my white skin, the least appearance of which would have been my death-warrant; and keeping my wide Afghan trousers from riding up to my knees was next to impossible. Some five miles before we reached Chinghai, a fortress belonging to Sir Fraz Khan (Sir was not a title, but a name), to whom I was to be transferred, as we tried to slip by a fortress belonging to a small chief who was so execrably diabolical as to be accounted a perfect ogre, even by his own people, we were thrown into great consternation by being challenged, and obliged to stop. This danger, however, we escaped; but before we were out of that chief's territory the horse that carried Buttee and myself fell, and I tumbled off into the midst of a crowd of ruffians who had rushed out at the cry of 'Strangers!' Worn out with pain and fatigue, and despairing of escape, I was on the point of dropping my disguise and meeting my fate with as much fortitude as I could muster under such appalling circumstances; but it was only a passing temptation. By God's blessing, I did not lose my presence of mind. I kept my sheepskin cloak wrapped closely round me, concealing my face, and staggered forward like a man worn down by sickness. One of Buttee's followers took the hint, and caught me by the arm as if to assist me, reviling the luckless horse which had played such a trick on so good a man."

This was the most terrible moment in this dreadful journey. The fortress of Sir Fraz Khan was reached. Buttee sought an interview with the chief, who consented to receive and forward the Englishman, who, after terrible sufferings from cramp and thirst and heat, found himself in the family burying-ground, under the shade of trees beside the murmuring waters of a fountain, where he lay, enjoying, he says, "the transition from a real Papistical Purgatory to a Mohammedan Paradise."

"In the evening Buttee took an affectionate leave of me," says the Captain, "evidently glad to be rid of so unsatisfactory a charge; for although I think the peculiar notions of his race regarding the point of honor would have led him to die in my defence, he felt that the life of a true believer would have been, in that case, unworthily wasted. Honest Buttee (if I may poetically call him so) was a man of extraordinary intelligence, and, like most of his countrymen, who are distinguished for vigor of intellect, personally liked Europeans. My guides were now two men of Sir Fraz Khan's own clan, one of whom, Akhoonzadeh, had been chosen for his known craft and reputed sanctity, and both for their intimate connection with the greatest rascals in the country, especially those of the Black Tent Ghiljzees, several hordes of whom were said to lie on our route. These are the freest of the mountaineers, handsome and intelligent, and acknowledge no authority, human or divine. They live continually in their tents of coarse black wool, and their habits are purely pastoral, which signifies, in spite of poets and would-be philosophers, a state of incredible and unmitigated wickedness and immorality. Subsequently the body of General Elphinstone, sent down by Akbar to Jellalabad as a tardy act of courtesy, fell into their hands. They beat and maltreated the guard, and the body, after being dragged from the coffin and treated with indignities, was with difficulty rescued from their hands. Some time after, when I again met Buttee he exhibited me to his wondering companions, after telling them how I had fallen off the horse at Chinghai, and escaped the Black Tent Ghiljzees, as a wonderful instance of the mercy of God. To which they all replied by stroking their beards and replying, 'That was indeed a great miracle!'

"The heat of the plain we crossed before reaching General Pollock's camp, before Jellalabad, was 135° in the shade. It completely stupefied me, and by the time we reached the outlying picket, I was, as we Scotch say, *sair forfoughten*. They

would not believe I was a European, so black and haggard had I become, till I laughed, when the old native officer at once recognized the sahib. The news of my arrival soon spread through the camp, and I shall ever remember with much pleasure the hearty sympathy and genuine kindness manifested by every officer and soldier to the best of his ability."

The reply that he carried back to Akbar not proving satisfactory, he was sent again to Jellalabad, with letters from Akbar and Major Pottinger, seven hours after his arrival.

His second journey was much less hazardous than the first, as the Afghans, being aware of his having returned voluntarily, treated him with respect and consideration. But the excessive fatigue, coupled with previous hardships and acute mental suffering, caused by the dreadful scenes of the massacre, brought on an attack of typhus fever in its most virulent form. Under this he nearly sank, and the task of undertaking the journey for the third and last time was confided to another officer.

A few words must suffice to tell the sad story of Captains Stoddart and Conolly. The former, who in the year 1839 had been sent on a diplomatic mission to Persia, was afterwards ordered to the court of the Ameer of Bokhara. This potentate received him favorably at first, but afterwards, becoming suspicious of the English designs, he treated him with marked indignity, and threw him into prison. Two years later, Captain Conolly proceeded to Bokhara to attempt his release, but could only succeed in sharing his sufferings. The exiled Sirdar of Herat had likewise been imprisoned by the Ameer. He succeeded in effecting his escape as a melon-seller, and offered to procure a similar disguise for Captain Conolly; but the offer was refused, the poor fellow feeling confident that he would soon be set free by the intervention of the English Government. Alas! the Ameer of Bokhara had written, with his own hand, a letter to the Queen of England, and the answer returned was only written by the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Exasperated by what he considered an insult, the

Ameer showed his wrath in ill-usage of the captives. He accused them of being spies, and of giving help to his enemies. English experience in far-off mountain regions had been too recent and too disastrous to make the Indian Government willing to follow up their remonstrances by force of arms. Besides, the authorities believed, or affected to believe, that the unfortunate gentlemen had exceeded their instructions.

Dr. Joseph Wolff, the celebrated Jewish traveller and Christian missionary, made his way, however, to Bokhara, under the auspices of some English friends, in the hope of saving the unhappy captives; but he only reached Bokhara to hear that they had already been put to death. The moment and the actual manner of their death cannot be known with certainty, but there is little doubt that both were executed the same day, by order of the Ameer. The journals of Conolly were recovered, kept up to an advanced period of his captivity, and they relieve, so far, our melancholy feelings at the fate that so early befell these two brave officers, by showing us that the horrors of their captivity were so great that they may have welcomed the swift stroke of the executioner.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEN YEARS, — 1841–1851.

WHEN the retirement of Lord Melbourne, in 1841, took place, a Tory ministry came into power, headed by the Duke of Wellington (who, however, declined an office) and Sir Robert Peel. The Queen had from her earliest years placed great confidence in the Duke of Wellington, the unofficial adviser of the royal family (and indeed of every other person privileged to ask counsel of him in matters of domestic difficulty). She had a personal prejudice against Sir Robert Peel; but that soon yielded to the high regard and esteem he early acquired from her husband, and nothing could have been more harmonious than the court and the cabinet up to the time of Sir Robert's resignation, in 1846. The cabinet was composed of very strong men. Some of its junior members have since been among England's most distinguished statesmen.

At that time England was much agitated about the new Poor Law. A few words of explanation may tell what the Poor Laws of England were.

In England, after the suppression of the monasteries, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the poor who had been fed around the convent gates had no resource but wandering from parish to parish to get work, thieving or begging. The case became so bad that something more than punishment was needed; and one of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments passed a Poor Law, by which every parish was obliged to assess itself for the support of its poor. This system worked pretty well till after the great Napoleonic wars, when it was found that in some parishes

the farmers themselves, burdened by excessive rates, had become paupers. When child-labor was called for in the factories, pauper children in large cities were shipped off by the barge-load to labor and die in places where their labor was contracted for; and many farmers paid their laborers starvation wages, but made it up by obtaining for their families outdoor parish relief. All this and much more was represented to Parliament in 1834; and the New Poor Law Bill was passed, appointing Poor Law Commissioners. Outdoor relief was not to be given; but for every four, five, or more parishes, a great ugly workhouse was to be built, and any one who applied for relief or support was to be forced to go into the "Union" which held the paupers of the parish to which he belonged.

The almshouses in England have nothing to do with workhouses, — they are the offspring of private charity: little houses given rent free, often with a yearly supply of fuel, to old persons of the class the benefactor has selected to live in them; and before the Reformation, they were expected, in return, to pray for the peace of his soul.

The Poor Law Commissioners in England soon found that to deny all outdoor relief entailed great hardship; and the law has been practically so modified, in spite of the policy of making it as hard upon the poor as possible, that where *one* is put into the workhouse, *two* receive outdoor relief still. In 1883, the whole population of England and Wales was about 26,000,000, of whom nearly a million were paupers. The poor-rate levied was £15,000,000. One-third of this sum went to support the rural police, to repair highways, assist public improvements, etc; the rest was appropriated to taking care of the poor. £10,000,000 ($50,000,000) is a large sum when we consider the amount of private charity bestowed by all classes in England, and eliminate the number of pauper criminals supported in jails, besides those who endure their poverty in silent hopelessness.

The most hateful feature of the New Poor Law was the forced separation of husband and wife, parents and chil-

dren. It was wished to inspire an intense horror of the workhouse, and so cut off from the poor all temptation to become paupers. At first the operation of the law was very cruel; and though since it has been greatly modified, it may in many instances be cruel still.

Here is an account of the working of the Poor Law, drawn by no unfriendly hand. The scene is in a rural district, where an unusually large number of parishes were combined in one Union. The Poor Law Commissioners and Guardians of the Poor had held their meeting, and the relieving officer, with his list of names, sets out to distribute a week's out-door relief to the expectant poor.

"By the conditions of his appointment, he must have a horse and chaise. The contractor for bread is bound to deliver it at the house of the pauper. He must, therefore, provide man and horse, and they accompany the relieving officer. They arrive at the first hamlet on the route, and stop at a cottage door.

"Round it and within, the destitute poor of the parish are assembled. Each receives his allowance of money or bread. But a group has collected round the door, whose names are not on the relief list. One woman tells the relieving officer that her husband is ill with fever, and her children are without food. He knows the family. He hastens down the lane and across the field, and enters the cottage. The man is really ill, and there are evident signs of destitution. A written order is given to the medical officer to attend the case. and necessary relief is given. The next man who approaches the officer, with an air of overbearing insolence or of fawning humility, is also an applicant. He is known at the village beer-shop, and by the farmer as a man who can work and will not. He is the last man employed in the parish. His hovel is visited; it is a scene of squalid misery. What is to be done? He may be relieved temporarily with bread, or admitted to the workhouse of the Union, or he is directed to attend the Board. The relieving officer then proceeds to his next station. Here a large supply of bread awaits him, for he is now in a populous parish. The poor of the parish are assembled at the church door, and the relief is given in the vestry room. Then he rides to the cottages of the sick and aged, and again continues his route. The laborer in the fields hails him, and tells of some

solitary person who is without medical aid. A boy sits on a stile waiting for him, to beg him to come and see his mother; the farmer's man, on the farmer's horse, is sent to bring his news of disease, destitution, and death. He completes his day's journey before the evening. To-morrow another route is taken. And thus he proceeds from day to day, and from month to month, through summer's heat and winter's cold."

The best part of the system is the certainty the poor have of good medical attendance; its worst feature is the severing of domestic ties when families are forced to go into the workhouse, if they are people who retain some self-respect. An English laborer's wages range from nine shillings ($2.18) a week to fifteen shillings. To break down or to lose his work, if only for a week, is destitution.

"If he applies in health and strength to the parish, there is no alternative; he has to break up his home, and go into the Union. He passes into the men's hall, where he associates with the profligate, the tramp, and the jail-bird; his wife is sent to the women's ward, where the worst class of women in the surrounding parishes are her associates. The children, possibly, are better off; for, though all brightness in their young lives is at an end, they are under school discipline."

The Reform Bill having increased enormously the influence of the great manufacturing class in the Reformed Parliament, by giving members to between twenty and thirty large manufacturing cities, a struggle ensued between the inhabitants of the country and the population of large towns, — the industrials in factories, who wanted cheap bread, and the farmers, who wished their products to have protection. It was this Parliamentary agitation that succeeded that for Reform. During the early years of Queen Victoria, the subject was agitated with the utmost energy, though, at first, Mr. Villiers' annual motion on the subject was treated with contempt and even ridicule. But by 1840, documents, speeches, public meetings, and pamphlets, all under the superintendence of the Anti-Corn-Law League, led by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, had

brought the subject prominently before Parliament and the country. The cause had also its poet, Ebenezer Elliott, who wrote "Corn Law Rhymes."

In early times, it was against the law to export wheat from England. The wheat grown at home was kept at home for the support of the English population. In Charles II.'s time, an enormous duty was imposed on foreign grain, so great that it amounted to a prohibition.

After the great Napoleonic wars were over, in 1815, England again endeavored to protect agricultural interests by prohibiting the importation of foreign grain. It was made unlawful to bring foreign wheat into England until English wheat had reached famine prices; that is, eighty shillings a quarter (about $2.50 a bushel). A great deal of popular disturbance succeeded the passage of this Act, which made bread very dear in England, and in 1828 there was adopted a "sliding scale,"— a curious commercial see-saw. When the price of wheat[1] was high, the duty became low; when wheat was low, then the duty became high. It was said that to take off the duty on imported wheat would impoverish English landlords and bear hardly on the interests of those engaged in agriculture. Experience seems to prove that it has done so. One effect has been that nearly all the village commons, where the poor, in my young days, used to pasture their cows, their donkeys, and their geese, in common, have been enclosed and brought under cultivation, while the rents of the landowners have, in some parts, dwindled to one-fourth of their value twenty-five years ago.

When Sir Robert Peel and his ministry came into power, the repeal of the Corn Laws was being agitated throughout England; but it was not a popular measure with statesmen. Almost all candidates for seats in the House of Commons,

[1] In the speech of Englishmen, "corn" means "wheat." It is very hard for a person accustomed to English ways of speaking to accustom himself to say, on arriving in the United States, "wheat-field," instead of "corn-field,"—"waving wheat," instead of "waving corn."

even Liberals, repudiated the idea of having anything to do with it. But Sir Robert Peel had always been in favor of a modification of the Corn Laws, and, as a manufacturer himself, was willing to go further in the cause than Lord John Russell (the son of a great landowner) would venture to do. In 1845, when it became certain that a famine was impending in Ireland, Sir Robert came boldly forward with a measure for Corn Law repeal, which may be said to have taken away the breath of his friends in Parliament and in the country. Of the scene that in the House of Commons followed his introduction of this bill I will speak hereafter; it forms a striking episode in the history of Lord Beaconsfield (Mr. Disraeli). The bill advocated by the Government was passed by a majority of ninety-eight, the Irish members voting with Peel's party, and the measure went up to the House of Lords, where it passed speedily. The prospect of an Irish famine had made a great change in public opinion; Macaulay, for instance, was heart and soul for a bill he had been at pains to refuse to favor four years before.

The howl of indignation against Peel the traitor — the betrayer — is now too strange to realize. I saw it, — or, rather, heard it, — and marvelled at its fury. It was worse than the excitement seventeen years before, when he abandoned what was then called the "Protestant" cause, in favor of Catholic Emancipation. The landed interest, however, which he deserted, had its revenge; it coalesced with the Irish members. In less than a month after his triumph, Peel ceased to have a Parliamentary majority, and his ministry resigned. "On the day on which the falling minister announced the dissolution of his Government he received a despatch from Washington, announcing that the dispute concerning the boundary in Oregon between the British dominions and the United States had been satisfactorily settled."

That dispute had been a warm one, and at one time seemed to threaten fratricidal war.

"Peel was never so popular or so respected as during the four years after his fall from power. He had no desire to return to office, and when he resigned he is said to have implored the Queen never again to require him to serve her as her minister. He wrote to Lord Hardinge a few days after his fall, 'I have every disposition to forgive my enemies for having conferred on me the blessing of a loss of power;' and there is no doubt that the feeling was perfectly sincere."

When his ministry had come into office, in 1841, it had inherited many difficulties. The foreign policy of Lord Palmerston had been left in confusion. British policy in Afghanistan had to be reversed, and England was involved in the imbroglio of the Eastern Question. Mehemet Ali, the Macedonian soldier of fortune, who had become ruler of Egypt by consent of his suzerain, the wicked, cruel, energetic Mahomet, last Sultan of the old school, was in rebellion. The Russian Emperor had marched an army to assist the Sultan. Ibrahim Pasha, Mehemet's brilliant son, was stopped after the battle of Konieh, in 1832, when preparing to march on Constantinople, by the intervention of the European Powers, and France and England were engaged in a diplomatic war, which threatened to become something worse, over the interests of the ruler of Egypt, whom France looked on as her *protégé*, and the interests of the Sultan, which England always systematically maintained. Lord Palmerston won the victory. The interests of Mehemet were sacrificed to preserve the balance of power in Europe, and Ibrahim Pasha[1] was driven out of Syria, his expulsion being precipitated by the brilliant capture of his stronghold of St. Jean d'Acre by Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington also found themselves with another war in India upon their hands.

[1] Some years after, on entering a shop in Oxford Street, whence a carriage with a stout gentleman in it was just driving away, my mother and I were met by the proprietor with, "Oh! ladies, I am sorry you did not come in a few moments sooner. That there gentleman as has just drove away was Abraham Parker."

Generals Pollock and Nott, having punished the inhabitants of Cabul for their share in the atrocities of 1841, and the captive ladies and children being restored to their friends, Dost Mohammed returned to his own people, who received him joyfully; and as long as he lived he was the fast friend of his old enemies, the English, who never again attempted to interfere with him.

On both sides of the Indus towards its mouths lies the great and fertile country of Scinde. Northeast of Scinde lies the Punjaub, and between the Punjaub and British India lay, in 1840, the little country of Gwalior.

Now, to bring British India up to the mountains and the Indus, and to give a safe frontier to her peninsula, it was necessary she should own, or at least influence, Scinde and the Punjaub; and to get at the Punjaub she had to have Gwalior.

I am not concerned to defend the way the English Government and the East India Company acted in this matter. Their policy was excellent; their political morality can only offer "necessity, the tyrant's plea," in excuse. Had there been strong men at the head of the Government in Scinde or in the Punjaub, the Company and the Government might have made alliances with them which would have answered their purpose; but there was no strong man, and no government worthy of the name, in either country, and a different line of policy was pursued.

Scinde at that time was very much like what England might have been under the Normans if the feudal barons had had no king over them. There were the native inhabitants, a downtrodden race; the Ameers, who were exact counterparts of Norman barons or German Freiherren; and their men-at-arms, the Belooches, whom they kept in their pay to oppress the people.

The comparison between Ameers and Normans, Scindians and Saxons, extends even to their forest laws. The Ameers, like the barons, spent their time in hunting, or in the chase, and the banks of the Indus, in every way suitable for commercial purposes, were kept covered with jungle,

that the lords — the Ameers — might there find good hunting-grounds. When the English marched their army into Afghanistan to restore Shah Soojah, and, still more, when they marched another army to avenge the disasters of the first, they forced the reluctant Ameers of Scinde to grant a passage to their troops, and they insisted on a treaty which would let them send trading vessels up the Indus. "All is lost," said one of the Ameers, as he signed this treaty; "the English will soon have the river." Bit by bit the English encroached on the prerogatives of the Ameers, and more and more these proud barons hated and mistrusted them. Lord Ellenborough, who had a natural taste for war, and real military foresight, determined to take advantage of any pretext that might offer for turning the Ameers into open enemies, and then defeating them. It was the old story of the wolf and the lamb, only the Ameers were by no means *lambs*, but fierce tiger-cubs. With a view to a possible war with these bold chiefs, Sir Charles Napier, the general, was sent to Scinde to take command of the English army, of which every regiment was Sepoy, except the Twenty-second Queen's Infantry. This regiment was composed mostly of Irishmen, who in this campaign performed prodigies of valor.

The Napiers were a race endowed with brilliant qualities, but of uncertain tempers and many eccentricities. They were at once tender and vindictive, loving and fierce, faithful and capricious, great in great things, and in little ones so irritable and unreasonable as to be small. As a general of genius and resources, the Duke of Wellington considered Sir Charles Napier as second only to himself.

One of the most brilliant episodes in Anglo-Indian history relates how Sir Charles Napier pushed a little party eight days' journey through a desert to the chief stronghold of one of the principal Ameers.

"The wells on the way to it," says Alison, "were all dry, and water had to be carried on camels' backs. To this fortress in this dry and untrodden solitude, the Beloochee forces were reported by the scouts to have retired, to the number of

twenty thousand men; and there, surrounded by the desert, and protected by its hardships, were prepared to make a stand. The march was difficult beyond description. The camels gave out, and the indefatigable Irish soldiers of the Twenty-second dragged the guns. On reaching the fortress, where were stored vast quantities of grain and ammunition, it was found to have been deserted the night before. Napier and his little band blew it up, and then, by another route, regained their main body."

Hyderabad was the capital of Scinde, and in it Sir James Outram, the English Resident, had been suddenly attacked, — much as Sir Alexander Burnes had been at Cabul; but Outram defended himself with great spirit, and finally got off to the English ships lying in the Indus, on the left bank of which is Hyderabad.

After this followed the battle of Meanee. Napier had four hundred Irishmen of the Twenty-second, and twenty-two hundred Sepoys and Beloochees. With these he fought twenty-two thousand under the Ameers, — posted in an extraordinarily strong position, but with too narrow a front, or they might have surrounded the little band who attacked them. The English officers everywhere exposed themselves, and when the day was won, after a great deal of hard hand-to-hand Homeric fighting, six officers had been killed and fourteen wounded.

The battle took place not far from Hyderabad. The next morning the city was surrounded, and six Ameers came into camp and laid their swords at Sir Charles's feet. The swords had their hilts studded with diamonds and other jewels; but Sir Charles returned them to their owners, saying, that "though their misfortunes had been great, they were of their own creation; and, feeling them to be great, I gave them back their swords."

Great was the joy of the native population of Scinde when the Ameers, their oppressors, were defeated, and the country fell into the hands of the English; but the Ameers were not wholly conquered. They still had a large force under their command. Napier had been reinforced, and a month after the battle of Meanee he fought the battle of Hydera-

bad, which he won, though for some hours the victory was doubtful. One body of irregular cavalry pursued the enemy forty miles, and the heat was 110° in the shade.

The Sepoys, though their deeds in the Mutiny, thirteen years later, were so horrible, were the brave and loving comrades of the gallant Irishmen of the Twenty-second. It was after this battle that, almost maddened by heat and thirst, a party of Sepoys beheld a boy bringing some skins of water. As they rushed at him with frantic cries, there appeared six stragglers from the Twenty-second Regiment. At once the generous Hindoos drew their own hands from the skins, forgot their own sufferings, and gave drink to the fainting Europeans. Then they all moved on, the Sepoys carrying the Irishmen's guns, patting them on the back, and encouraging them. But the poor fellows were soon found to be severely wounded. Expecting there would be more fighting-work to do, they had struggled on to take their part in it, through heat and thirst and pain. Sir Charles records this incident in his journal. It was at this time that he sent his celebrated despatch, "*Peccavi*," — I have Scinde.

Scinde was annexed to British India, — not wholly by fair play towards the Ameers, but to the great satisfaction of its other inhabitants. Instantly the rivers were opened to commerce, and slavery and the slave-trade put a stop to by Lord Ellenborough, who then turned his attention to the Punjaub.

The best proof that the inhabitants of Scinde appreciated the blessings of their change of government is that the country remained faithful to the English through all the troubles of 1857.

At one period the Punjaub had paid tribute to the Afghan ruler at Cabul; but that was done away with by its great chief, Runjeet Singh, the faithful friend of the English. He had lent them his assistance in their advance on Cabul, but he did not live to know their terrible discomfiture. After his death his power passed from one weak hand to another, until at last his inheritance fell to a girl-widow of thirteen, and her adopted son.

All kinds of intrigues against the English were going on at the court of Lahore, and Lord Ellenborough resolved, as soon as circumstances would permit, to annex the Punjaub. The most powerful body of men in that country were the Sikhs. The word "Sikh" means disciple. They were not Mohammedans, they were not Hindoos. They adhered to the faith taught them by a religious teacher called Nanek, who lived about 1469; and his teachings closely resembled those that Moses gave the Jews. They held the unity of God, the equality of all men in the sight of Heaven, and inculcated good-will to men. They were perhaps the most splendid horsemen in the world. They had maintained their independence for four centuries, till, early in the nineteenth, they acknowledged as their ruler Runjeet Singh; but when they discovered that British influence was to be paramount in the Punjaub, they resolved to be independent once more.

Lord Ellenborough, foreseeing that the Sikhs were not going to take his annexation of Gwalior, and his intentions towards the Punjaub, with indifference, was massing troops, to be in readiness when a Sikh war should break out, when he suddenly found himself recalled by the Home Government. He had transgressed the rule given by Talleyrand, "Et surtout point de zèle." He had been very zealous. He had an especial love for military enterprises, and his warlike preparations had alarmed John Company. When the Directors found that he had made a contract for the purchase of thirteen hundred draught-horses in Australia, as a preparation for a Sikh war, their patience was exhausted, and he was summarily recalled.

Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington did not approve of this dismissal, but they acquiesced in it. They appointed Sir Henry Hardinge Governor-General, — a man who had brilliantly served his country, under Wellington, in the Peninsula, where he had lost an arm in the service. He had married a daughter of Lord Castlereagh.

When Sir Henry reached India, in 1844, he found his Government in a state of profound tranquillity, — only a few

robber chiefs infested the hills. He came out instructed to observe, above all things, a policy of peace, and not only to abstain from any hostile act against the powerful Sikh confederacy, but to avoid anything that might give them umbrage, however unreasonable.

With Sir Henry was associated Sir Hugh Gough, as commander-in-chief of the armies of India. Sir Hugh was an Irishman, of good family, from Tipperary. He had seen much service in India, and also in China. "Generous and warm-hearted," says Alison, writing before his death, "he has all the affection of disposition which characterizes the country of his birth, and his personal influence is much enhanced by a figure, which, tall and commanding even in advanced life, bespeaks the hero."

As Sir Henry Hardinge came out to India with the strictest possible instructions to reverse the policy of Lord Ellenborough, and avoid every occasion of offending the Sikhs, he made no effort to concentrate British troops along the bank of the Sutlej, — that tributary of the Indus which then formed the northwestern boundary of British India. The Asiatic mind never conceives that any motive but fear can prevent an enemy or a lukewarm friend from taking an advantage; and the peace policy, which succeeded the vigorous measures of Lord Ellenborough was set down by the Sikhs to dread of their warlike prowess. The Afghans had successfully resisted the British: why not the Sikhs? — a race no less brave and warlike, well disciplined, and admirably provided with artillery.

At Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub, the Maranee (or little girl-widow) was greatly frightened by an insurrection of her Sikh troops, who demanded to be led at once across the Sutlej, to drive back the British and pursue their advantage, — it might be to the conquest of all India. They obtained permission from the Maranee, and advanced, sixty thousand strong, to the banks of the Sutlej.

There is no doubt that the rules of warfare demanded the concentration of English troops, ready to oppose the Sikh army if it should cross the river; but Sir Henry Hardinge

felt his hands tied by the instructions received from his Directors. He believed himself ordered to give no provocation, but to wait till he was attacked before making any military preparations.

Exultant at what they attributed to fear, the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej, and established themselves on the British side of the river. Hardinge and Gough hurried up their scattered troops to meet the danger. "It was," as Sir Charles Napier said in a private letter, "twenty thousand against six thousand; and should the six thousand flinch ——!" But the six thousand did not flinch, nor their generals. Sir Henry Hardinge, as Governor-General, was Gough's superior officer; but he resigned that rank, and placed himself as second in command under Sir Hugh's orders. By hurrying up reinforcements, the men marching six-and-twenty miles a day, Gough and Hardinge collected about fourteen thousand by December 17, 1845, the day of the battle of Moodkee.

The victory was gained; but the English loss was terrible, especially in officers. Among those who fell was Sir Robert Sale, the hero of Jellalabad. The Sikhs are admirable fighters, and have been ever since the close of these wars invaluable as horsemen in the British army. They did not after their defeat recross the river; they retreated to an intrenched camp they had formed at a place called Ferozeshah. There the two Generals attacked them, four days after the battle of Moodkee. The Sikh artillery was heavier than any the British had been able to bring up, and the attack under other circumstances would have been deemed desperate. It achieved no decisive advantage.

"Night came on, with no relief for the wounded, no food for the wearied, no respite for the combatants; side by side with the dying and the dead the living lay down. 'What think you,' said Gough to Hardinge, when they were able to exchange in private a few words, 'What think you of our prospects?' 'Think?' replied Hardinge. 'That we must live or die where we stand.' 'That is exactly my opinion,' returned Gough; 'so we understand each other.' They pressed hands, and parted in silence."

The guns of the enemy were so much heavier than those of the British that the Generals soon felt sure that their sole hope was in a bayonet charge. Nearly the whole force rushed at once, with a cheer, upon the Sikh fortification. Wearied and hungry as they were, they carried the intrenched camp, and pressed forward in line, carrying everything before them, the two Generals riding in front, with captured banners borne at their side.

The battle of Ferozeshah was gained; the Sikh army which had lost it was in flight: but another Sikh army, as large, and as well provided with artillery, was within three days' march. It was because this army was so near that Gough and Hardinge had risked with weary troops so desperate a battle.

As the fresh army of the enemy came up, for the first and only time the brave heart of Lord Gough failed him. This is what he has recorded in a private letter: —

"The only time I felt a doubt was towards the evening of the 22d, when the fresh enemy advanced with heavy columns of infantry, cavalry, and guns; and our cavalry horses were so thoroughly done up that they could not even command a trot. For a moment I felt regret (and I deeply deplore my want of confidence in Him who never failed me nor forsook me) as each passing shot left me on horseback; but it was only for a moment."

The battle had begun — who knows how it might have ended? — when a staff-officer blundered, and gave an order for which he had no authority. This providential blunder saved the army. The Sikhs, seeing the cavalry and horse-artillery of the British beginning to move off the field, took it for granted that they must have some great design in such a movement, and, believing their flank was to be turned, wavered, and fell into disorder. The British infantry sprang forward with a loud cheer. A moment before, they had been indignant and disheartened by the apparent desertion of the cavalry; now they carried everything before them, and the Sikh fugitives never stopped till they had recrossed the Sutlej.

When all was over, the British troops were called to assemble before the commanders-in-chief, that solemn thanks might be offered to Almighty God. One of the persons present in these battles was Prince Waldemar, brother to the king of Prussia, who was then on a tour in India, and had joined the English army.

After these dangers were passed, the army had rest for almost a month. Reinforcements were hurried up from every part of British India, and by the end of January, 1846, the generals had a much larger force than they had had before. But the Sikhs still had command of the Sutlej, over which they had a bridge of boats, with what engineer officers call a *tête de pont*, very strongly fortified. There were also very practicable fords. The village near this *tête de pont* was called Sobraon, and the battle of Sobraon was fought February 10, 1846. The head of the bridge was defended by thirty thousand Sikhs, with an immense train of artillery. The English army had also received some heavy guns from Delhi. The approach to the *tête de pont* was over a perfectly level plain, with no cover whatever for the attacking party. The infantry, however, dashed forward at a run. Among the bravest were the Ghoorkas, a native regiment of mountaineers, in dark-green uniforms. They penetrated the intrenchments, but could make no advance.

Long and desperate was the conflict within the works; but gradually the Sikhs were forced back on the bridge and the fords, which had risen seven inches during the fight. The slaughter of the fugitives as they tried to recross the river was horrible. Their loss on that day was ten thousand men.

Four days afterwards the British army crossed the Sutlej by a ford, and marched on Lahore. The Maranee and her court did not wait their coming. They hastened to make submission to the English, and the war was over. Peace lasted but a little while.

Sir Henry Hardinge returned to England, leaving his government in apparent tranquillity. He and Sir Hugh Gough were both raised to the peerage. Sir Charles Napier also

returned home on sick leave. His strength was being slowly sapped by a mortal disease.

But a year had not passed before it became certain that the Sikh armed force was going to submit neither to native rulers, nor to the English supremacy. The first Sikh aggression was the murder of the British Resident at Mooltan, Mr. Vans Agnew. At once an English force was sent against them, and soon another great Sikh war was on the hands of the British.

Lord Dalhousie was then Governor-General, and remained so until Lord Canning replaced him in 1856, the year before the Mutiny. Lord Gough, still commander-in-chief, again took the field against the Sikhs. This time he was not only across the Sutlej, but in the heart of the Punjaub.

He fought the Sikhs, November 22, 1848, at a place called Ramnugger, and neither party seems to have gained a decisive victory. He fought them again, January 12, 1849, at Chillianwallah, with the same result.

When this news reached England, the public were greatly excited against the brave Lord Gough, and demanded that he should be superseded. "If you don't go," said the Duke of Wellington, then in his eightieth year, to Sir Charles Napier, — "if you don't go, I *must*." Sir Charles, though ill, went out to supersede Lord Gough; but before he arrived, Lord Gough had redeemed his partial failures.

A month after the battle of Chillianwallah was fought the battle of Goojerat.

This victory was decisive. A band of Afghan horsemen, who had joined the Sikhs fled to their native hills. The Sikh army was utterly broken up. A large part of its warriors enlisted in a British contingent, and no braver or more faithful soldiers serve the Queen. As irregular cavalry, they are beyond all price. The Maranee and her son were deprived of their power, but handsomely pensioned by the English Government. The Punjaub was annexed to British India.

It is impossible in a sketch so brief as this to do more than allude to many subjects that attracted the interest and

engaged the attention of the English public during the ten years that elapsed between the marriage of the Queen and the opening of the Great Exhibition.

Of the visits exchanged between the royalties of England and the fatherly King Louis Philippe, I have told at length elsewhere, and also how the *entente cordiale* was broken by the *bourgeois* King's unfortunate matrimonial speculation for his son in the matter of the Spanish marriages. The fall of Louis Philippe was the signal for revolutionary excitement all over Europe. England caught the infection, and Chartism (now forgotten) was the war-cry of the day. Kossuth came to England in 1850, but was not openly recognized by the English Government, as he had hoped and expected. But a few words may be said of the Barclay and Perkins episode, when the Austrian general Haynau (the flogger of women) received his deserts, in September, 1850, at the hands of London working-men: —

"The appearance of General Haynau was remarkable, and he was easily recognized. He was unusually tall and slender, with gray moustaches of extraordinary length, fringing a sallow, meagre face, in which deep-set gray eyes looked impassively out from beneath bushy eyebrows. It was said at the time that a person employed in Barclay and Perkins's brewery had reasons for seeking to be avenged on him for some outrage on a kinsman who had fallen into his power. But however this might be, General Haynau had scarcely entered the precincts of the brewery when his presence became known to nearly every person employed in the establishment. The men instantly turned out, armed with whatever offensive weapon came most readily to hand, and assaulted him with every sort of abusive epithet. A truss of straw was dropped on his head from the floor above him, and he was pelted with missiles. His hat was knocked over his eyes, he was hustled from side to side, his coat was torn, and one man, seizing his long moustache, tried to cut it off. At length the General and his friends fought their way out of the brewery, but only to fall into the hands of the populace. Finally, he took refuge in the upper room of a public-house, and was got away by the police.

"Inquiries were immediately set on foot, at the instigation of the Home Office, but without success. General Haynau

refused to prosecute. Lord Palmerston expressed to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in person the regret of the Government for what had taken place; but General Haynau would have done better, he said, to keep out of England."

The matter led to one of the sharp disputes between the Queen and Lord Palmerston; for when she objected to the way in which he expressed himself in a despatch to the Austrian Government on the subject, she learned that the letter had been already sent, without waiting for her opinion. This and Lord Palmerston's similar conduct in other cases led to his dismissal from the Foreign Office, where he had presided, with brief intervals of retirement, for twenty years.

These things, so briefly touched upon, relate to the foreign policy of England; but it may be better to speak a little more at length on matters that more nearly concerned the misfortunes or the well-being of the English population.

In 1846, Sir Robert Peel's ministry was defeated on an Irish Coercion Bill, after passing the bill for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. In that year the famine in Ireland became too evident to be disregarded. The laboring class in that island lived chiefly on that "cursed root," as Cobbett called the potato,[1] and few received from their employers any money wages. They lived principally on what was called "the cottier system;" that is to say, a man worked for a landowner on condition of getting a bit of land on which he might grow potatoes, the sole food of himself and his family. News came to England in the autumn of 1845 that the long continuance of sunless wet and cold "had imperilled, if not wholly destroyed, the food of a people." But public feeling was not fully aroused until a few months had developed the horrors of the famine.

On the fall of Sir Robert Peel, the Whigs, with a ministry

[1] Potatoes in France in the eighteenth century were called "Hanoverian roots," and were suspected of some taint of Protestantism and heresy, until it was reported among the peasantry that King Louis XVI. had had a dish of them served at his table, and had pronounced them excellent.

composed largely of weak men, came into power, and the Tory party split into two divisions, — the Conservatives, who followed Sir Robert Peel, and the landowners, or old Tory party, whose leaders were Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli.

At first it was not thought that the failure of the potato crop would be more than partial; but soon it began to appear that for two years at least the food of the poor in Ireland was absolutely gone. A peculiar form of fever, too, called the famine fever, set in among the sufferers. In some districts people died by hundreds of fever, dysentery, and of sheer starvation. In some of the worst districts the parish authorities could no longer afford to pay for coffins. How well I remember dreadful stories of famishing families, and women dying by the wayside after walking miles upon miles to procure food. There was almost a frenzy of sympathy for the sufferers in England. Little children voluntarily denied themselves all delicacies that the mite such things would cost might swell their elders' subscription to the fund for sufferers by the Irish famine. Justin McCarthy tells us, "Whatever might be said about the dilatoriness of the Whig Government in passing measures for the relief of starving Ireland, no one could doubt the good-will of the English people."

In London and the country towns subscription lists were opened, and the most liberal contributions poured in. In Liverpool many merchants each gave £1,000. The Quakers sent over a delegation to Ireland to distribute their relief. Other religious bodies did likewise. National associations for relief were formed. Help, too, came in from other countries. The United States loaded several vessels of its navy with supplies. Joy-bells were rung all day when one of these vessels entered a harbor in Galway. But some of the help they brought proved less of a boon than was expected. The United States Government had naturally sent large supplies of corn-meal. When this was distributed to the ignorant and shiftless, who had no eggs or milk to cook it with, and no one to instruct them how to make

"mush," or "johnny-cake," or "scratch-backs," or any of the other compositions of corn-meal known in a planter's kitchen, it was pronounced so unpalatable that it could only be eaten as the next best thing to starvation. In its half-cooked state, it produced an aggravation of dysentery and similar troubles.

At the present day quantities of corn and of corn-meal are exported to Ireland. Corn feeds stock all over Great Britain, and corn-meal shares with the potato the task of feeding the Irish peasantry.

Terrible as the famine was, it left some good behind. It roused the Irish peasant from his fatalism. It drew attention to the defective land-system in Ireland, it enlarged the cheap food resources of the people, and it sent us in America, at the very moment when railway laborers were wanted, a supply of emigrants very different from the puny, anarchistic, half-civilized Poles, Hungarians, and Italians whom we find it so hard either to assimilate or control. The Irish immigrant had his national faults, but his children, "country born," as the phrase is, are Americans.

It is computed, however, that by famine, fever, and emigration, Ireland, in 1846, lost two millions of her people.

The ten years in "the forties," of which this chapter treats, was the period of the great railroad craze in England. Those were the days of poor Hudson, the Railway King, the prototype of Jeames de la Pluche, before whom the rich, the noble, and the beautiful bowed down, in hopes that he would enable them to get a share in the good things going, by some happy investment of their money. Plans and specifications of all projected railroads had to be sent in to the Parliamentary Committee on Railroad Affairs, before a certain date. As that day approached, men in the offices of such civil engineers as Brunel and Stephenson, worked night after night, with wet towels round their heads and stimulated by strong coffee. Twenty guineas a day were offered for draughtsmen. The employees at one office gained great credit for flinging from the top of a cab at the last moment a bundle of papers at the porter, as at midnight he was

closing the committee-room door. Half the railroads projected were never made, but England on the map looked like a spider's web.

Ocean steamers began regular trips across the Atlantic in this decade. "Ah, my dear friend," said Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, in 1839, to Vincent Nolte, taking his hand kindly, "if you esteem your life, give up the thought of taking passage in the 'Great Western.' She has had the good fortune to make one summer transatlantic voyage; but in autumn and winter it is a risk to human life to sail in her. She may succeed once or twice, but in heavy winter storms no steamer can scud. Be sure of that!" And thus he talked to other friends, including my father. It was during this decade also that Mr. Bayard, Sr., arriving in England with plans for a Pacific Railroad, requested my father to show them to Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers. My father kept the papers several days, and then, yielding to the persuasions of my mother, who assured him that the partners at Coutts' would think him crazy if he went to them with such a wild-cat scheme, he returned the papers to Mr. Bayard.

In these days Rowland Hill achieved his great reform in postage. He insisted that a letter could be carried anywhere in the United Kingdom for a penny, and that in a few years the increased multitude of letters would cover the increased expenditure.

When the measure for the reduction of postage passed in Parliament, an offer was made by Government to all artists and others to come forward and give plans for carrying it into effect. The idea was that each letter must be put into a Government envelope. Mulready's envelope won the prize. It may be seen still in stamp albums, so covered with the design that there is little room left for an address. Britannia sits enthroned, scattering letters to the four quarters of the globe. There are several pretty groups, — a girl reading her lover's letter, an old Scotch peasant receiving one from his soldier son, etc. I think we used them two or three weeks, and then the Post-Office substituted the present

stamp, — "Queen's heads," we used to call them, — the invention of which was due to a young employee.

I said that the revolutions of 1848 stirred up considerable revolutionary feeling in Great Britain. In Ireland it took the form of an armed demonstration by Young Ireland, led by Mr. Smith O'Brien, who had failed to get either material aid or sympathy from Lamartine. But the Red Republican clubs in France were loud in their declarations that thirty thousand Frenchmen ought to assist his cause. However, without French help, his battle, was fought in Tipperary in Widow Cormack's cabbage-garden, when, the rebel army having been dispersed by a handful of police, the insurrection was over.

The practical form that revolutionary fervor took in England was advocacy of the charter.

As far back as 1835, Chartism had its beginning in England. The Reform Bill, which was to have given everything to everybody, — or, at least, to have promoted that happy result, — proved, as its working became known, to have given little or nothing to the laboring population. "The only fruit of the Whig victory for the lower class was the passage of the New Poor Law, and that fruit was a bitter one." Before long, the old plan of firing stackyards and burning up machinery was resorted to; and in several places the military had to be called out, until at last the agitation took shape in advocacy of what was called the People's Charter. The charter contained six clauses. It demanded universal suffrage; vote by ballot; equal electoral districts; annual parliaments; payment of members; and that every man should be eligible for a seat in Parliament without any property qualification. To urge the adoption of the charter, a monster petition was, in 1839, presented to Parliament. It purported to contain 1,200,000 signatures. Mr. Feargus O'Connor, who agitated both for England and Ireland, was the Chartist leader. He was anxious that the petition should be carried to the House by a procession of five hundred thousand men, each with a musket on his shoulder; but other counsels prevailed, and on June 14,

1839, the bulky document, attended by delegates from the Trades Unions, and mounted on a car constructed for the purpose, was carried to the House of Commons, and laid, literally on the floor, but, in parliamentary language, "on the table;" that is, no notice whatever was taken of it. It made not the slightest impression.

Chartism continued to be agitated for nearly nine more years, until, in the spring of 1848, when all Europe was feeling the effects of the late improvised French Revolution, Feargus O'Connor, unconscious that events in other countries had put the nobility, gentry, and *bourgeoisie* of England on their guard,[1] and also that London does not make revolutions and send laws into the Provinces as Paris does in France, thought the moment had arrived to resuscitate the Monster Petition, and possibly to overthrow the British Government. During the month of March there had been local riots throughout England and Scotland, suppressed everywhere, of course, but serving to put the enemies of Chartism on the *qui vive.* Ireland took no interest in the Charter; what she was preparing to agitate for was not a Reformed British Parliament, but a Parliament for herself.

[1] The catechism learned by all members of the most popular Revolutionary Society in Paris at that period may be supposed to contain the views and principles of others: —

"What is the present government? — A traitor to the French people.

"In whose interest does it govern? — In that of a small number of privileged persons.

"Who are the aristocrats of the present day? — All moneyed men, — bankers, contractors, monopolists, great proprietors, stock operators, in one word, all who grow rich at the expense of the people.

"In right of what do they govern? — Force.

"What is the chief vice of society? — Selfishness.

"What takes the place of honor, honesty, and virtue? — Money.

"Who is the man most esteemed in the world? — He who is rich and powerful.

"Who is the man persecuted, despised, downtrodden by the law? — The poor man and the weak.

"Who do you mean by the people? — All laboring men who are citizens.

"How does the law treat the people? — Like slaves."

Mr. Feargus O'Connor, now a Member of Parliament, undertook to present the Monster Petition to the House of Commons. The presentation, it was announced, would take place on April 10, 1848.

My father, with his family, was then in London, on our way to the United States. We had left Paris a month after Louis Philippe, — as soon, indeed, as we could get away; for it was almost impossible for several weeks to procure any small change.

In view of probable disturbances, all the police in London were ordered to be on duty on the line of the procession; and, to keep peace and awe thieves in other parts of London, all the householders and young men enrolled themselves for the day as special constables. Prince Louis Napoleon patrolled a street near a house where we were staying. A deathlike stillness prevailed that day over the greater part of London. Chevalier Bunsen tells us that a night or two before, at a party at Lord Palmerston's, he had said to the Duke of Wellington, "Your Grace will take us all in charge, and London, too, on the tenth?" "Yes," replied the Duke, "we have taken our measures; but not a soldier will you see."

The Queen, with her three-weeks-old baby (Princess Louise), went down to Osborne. The Bank of England closed its doors and looked deserted; but it had a strong armed force within.

The day, if I remember, was somewhat lowering. My father went off early towards Kennington Common, where the Chartists were to assemble. He had just seen a Parisian mob in all the excitement of a revolution, and he wanted to compare them. The greater part of the men he saw collecting upon Kennington Common he reported to be a dejected, hungry-looking rabble. Instead of the one hundred and fifty thousand men whom Feargus O'Connor expected to march in his procession, there were not twenty-five thousand at the place of rendezvous, and the larger part of these were mere spectators.

The procession was never formed. The police gave

notice to Mr. O'Connor that none would be allowed to follow the petition. The Chartist leader mounted on a cab and announced this to the assemblage. Much confusion arose. Some of those in charge of the proceedings were for braving the police, but wiser counsels prevailed. The petition was packed into three street cabs, and sent off by itself to the House of Commons, whither Mr. O'Connor hurried to receive it.

A procession was then formed of about eight thousand persons; but a manœuvre, prepared beforehand by the Duke of Wellington, cut it in two. Only a few hundreds crossed the bridges, the rest dispersed, and by nightfall London had recovered from its fears, and was rejoicing in its powers of self-protection.

Mr. McCarthy is quite right in saying that nothing could have exceeded the alarm of London on the morning of the 10th of April. We had just come scathless out of a Revolution, so that it rather amused us; but Mr. McCarthy says: —

"The Chartists in their most sanguine moments never ascribed to themselves half the strength that honest alarmists of the *bourgeois* class were ready that morning to ascribe to them. The wildest rumors were spread abroad in many parts of the metropolis, and citizens were left during the greater part of the day to all the agonies of uncertainty and doubt."

Mr. O'Connor presented the petition. He told the House that it contained five million seven hundred thousand signatures. The Committee on Public Petitions was directed to ascertain this, and report to the House accordingly. The Committee called in a small army of law stationer's clerks, and went to work to analyze the signatures. Instead of five million seven hundred thousand, they fell short of two million.

"But that was not all. The Committee found in many cases that whole sheets of the petition were signed by the one hand, and that eight per cent of the signatures were those of women. The names of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington,

Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, etc., appeared again and again on the Chartist roll. 'Cheeks the Marine' and 'Davy Jones' were likewise repeated with bewildering iteration."

A few nights after the 10th of April I was present at Exeter Hall to hear the oratorio of the "Creation." But before the oratorio began, "God save the Queen" was called for. The audience rose to its feet, as in England it is proper to do when the national air is sung; but such wild enthusiasm I had never witnessed as the great organ and the great chorus led the anthem, and every voice in the vast crowd joined, with waving of hats and handkerchiefs, while very many eyes were filled with tears. A week or two before I had heard the "Marseillaise" sung on the Boulevards by three hundred thousand voices at the funeral of the "victims;" but this burst of loyalty on the performance of "God save the Queen" was even more spirit-stirring.

The Chartist movement died out; it was smothered by ridicule. Its leader, Feargus O'Connor, became insane. Some of the reforms petitioned for have been since adopted by Parliament, but not in deference to Chartist agitation. The secret ballot is now employed at elections; but its working by no means fulfils the expectations formed by those who clamored for it in 1848.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION. — SIR ROBERT PEEL. — THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. — BARON STOCKMAR.

THE last chapter has told some of the events of Queen Victoria's early reign. Those years found her, in the words of the national anthem, "victorious, happy, and glorious," loving and beloved, with her young children growing up around her, and with the husband who was so dear to her becoming more and more appreicated by the best men of England, as his high qualities ripened and developed day by day.

The little rift, however, in those days in the Queen's happiness (it can hardly take the name of sorrow) was that she knew that Prince Albert amongst her "people" was not popular. German alliances are never liked in England. The multiplicity of petty princedoms in Germany has made German brides and bridegrooms almost always poor, and the British public despises poverty in high places. When Prince Albert married, Parliament had refused to give him the allowance that, in 1816, had been given to Prince Leopold, and it refused him the title of Prince Consort, which would have given him precedence next after his wife on state occasions.

One of the Prince's especial duties was to preside at public meetings and at public dinners. His speeches were not elegant, but they were always full of good sense, and were delivered in excellent English, though he retained a slight German accent. He took an especial interest in the working-classes, saying in public that it gratified him to take any opportunity of proving to those who attacked the royal family that that family was not merely living on the earn-

ings of the people, as some books and newspapers would represent, without caring for the poor laborers, but were anxious for their welfare above everything, and ready to co-operate in any scheme for the amelioration of their condition. "We may possess these feelings," he adds, "and yet the mass of the people may be ignorant we feel them, because they have never heard it expressed, or seen any tangible proof of it."

This interest in the welfare of the laboring-classes (a prominent subject now) was a very novel one then, and it stimulated the Prince to make his plan of the Great Exhibition. The idea and the plan were discussed between the Prince and Sir Robert Peel for several years before it was propounded to other influential men in England. To Prince Albert belong all the glory and credit of the First Great Exhibition, and of the other exhibitions that have succeeded it, including the one pre-eminent in beauty and extent, our own World's Fair in the White City. He showed others how to break the egg and set it on its end.

The germ idea of exhibitions of manufactured articles and machinery the Prince got from the history of his own country; it is found in the Frankfort fairs of the sixteenth century, "where," as a scholar and an eye-witness has told us, "books, pictures, tapestry, the masterpieces of the armorer's art, the goldsmith's, and the jeweller's," were drawn to Frankfort, as a convenient centre, from all parts of the Continent, besides every invention of machinery that could make one pair of hands do the work of several. "Machines of exceeding ingenuity are there," says the scholar (contemporary, probably, with Columbus), — "machines worthy of Archimedes himself, — and numberless instruments adapted for use in different arts."

In France there had been exhibitions of French manufactures from 1798, during the Directory, to 1849; but the Prince's idea was to have an exhibition of the products of all nations. Up to that time, "all nations" had preferred to keep workmen of other countries from seeing or knowing too much about their own especial industries; so that this

Exhibition was "a new departure," and a great advance in international good feeling and liberal thought.

The idea of such an enterprise was first propounded by the Prince in the summer of 1849 to four leading members of the Society of Arts, and it was at once decided that the building must be in Hyde Park, as the Paris Exhibition of French Manufactures had been held in the Champs Elysées. From that day till May 1, 1851, when the Exhibition was opened, the opposition to it of all kinds was inconceivable. The "Times" attacked the idea of its being in Hyde Park. "They would like to banish us and our nuisance to the Isle of Dogs," wrote the Prince to Baron Stockmar, — the Isle of Dogs being an island in the river Thames.

The Prince's idea was that the Exhibition should be divided into four great sections, — the first an exhibition of raw materials and produce; the second, machinery and ingenious inventions; the third, manufactured articles; the fourth, sculpture and art.

The bankers and merchants of London and the City Government responded eagerly. A commissioner was appointed to superintend and to promote the Exhibition, and money was subscribed freely.

So far, all seemed to prosper. At the Lord Mayor's dinner, in 1849, Prince Albert spoke warmly of his project. He fancied it was to be the inauguration of peace. On the contrary, it was succeeded immediately by the Crimean war; and since then the civilized world, burdened with military preparations, has been "tossed like the troubled sea, that cannot rest."

"The Exhibition," said the Prince, "will give the world a true test, a living picture, of the point of industrial development that the world has reached, and will be a new starting-point for men." And, in truth, it became to the industrial world an education.

Nevertheless, in 1849, 1850, and 1851, the opposition to the scheme was vehement and excessive. "Many persons," says Mr. Justin McCarthy, "were disposed to sneer at it; many were sceptical about its doing any

good; not a few still regarded Prince Albert as a foreigner and a pedant, and were slow to believe that anything really practical could be developed under his influence and protection."

One of the funniest movements got up in opposition to it was that of Colonel Sibthorp, — a Member of the House of Commons who seemed to have been sent up to Parliament for its especial diversion. Tall, lank, cadaverous, with loose coat, loose trousers, a white hat, and an enormous moustache, we may see him in every one of the early numbers of "Punch" for many years. He was the incarnation of fanatic Toryism. Probably no other educated man in England went the length he did in opposition to all progress and any change. "Foreigners he lumped together," says Justin McCarthy, "as a race of beings whose chief characteristics were Popery and immorality;" and to invite over to England hordes of these wretches was the greatest curse that could befall the country. What influence might not this influx have on English morals? "Take care," he cried in the House of Commons, "of your wives and daughters! Take care of your property and your lives!" It was Colonel Sibthorp who declared that he prayed for a great storm of hail and lightning to shatter the building destined to bring such calamities on his country; and "the enemy of mankind," he declared, "had inspired Englishmen with this scheme, by which foreigners, who by free-trade had robbed the English of their riches, might now be enabled to rob them of their honor."

The ruin of Hyde Park was prophesied if it should be selected as the site for the building of the Exhibition. Lord Campbell, the ex-Chancellor, presented a petition to Parliament, praying that no part of Hyde Park might be used for that purpose, and Lord Brougham upbraided the House of Commons for its servility in deferring to royalty, and giving its countenance to a rash idea, because it was Prince Albert's. "Such facts," he shouted, "only show more painfully *that* absolute prostration of the understanding which takes place even in the minds of

the bravest, when the word *Prince* is mentioned in this country."

The worry of this opposition, and the work the enterprise entailed, tried the Prince's strength to the uttermost. His health was good, but from his boyhood Stockmar had observed that he had not strength to bear a strain, and the worry and work necessitated by his great project seriously told upon him. But his sweetness of temper in this, as in all other trials, never forsook him. He was one who had learned "to labor and to wait;" or, in the words of another poet, could say,

> "My faith is large in Time
> And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

To Stockmar he wrote: —

"The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and main to throw all the old women here into a panic, and to drive myself crazy. The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, and to proclaim a Red Republic in England. The plague, too, is to be the consequence of such vast multitudes, and it will swallow up all those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am responsible, and against all this I have to make efficient provision."

The King of Prussia, a timid man and an idealist, whose mind a few years later weakened to imbecility, for a long time refused to let his brother and heir-presumptive (the future Kaiser Wilhelm) go to London for the opening, being afraid of Red Republicans. The Duke of Cambridge expressed himself in the same way. "Punch" never ceased poking fun at the project; diplomatists discouraged it: in short, it was very far from finding public sympathy. At one time it seemed certain that the Exhibition building would not be suffered in Hyde Park; and, as the Prince said, "If we are driven out of the Park, the work is done for."

Then, too, there was the difficulty of choosing a design for the building. Competitors were to submit their draw-

ings to a committee on a certain day. All were huge structures of brickwork, costly and ugly; but one must of necessity have been chosen, had not, the day before, a certain thing taken place.

The Duke of Devonshire, whose greenhouses at Chiswick are one of the wonders in England, had a landscape-gardener in his employ named Joseph Paxton. He was the son of a common gardener, but had had a superior education, and the position he held gave him standing as a gentleman, so that he was a magistrate and a member of the Quarter Sessions at Derby. He was listening to the trial of some culprit, long drawn out, and drawing on some paper before him. When the trial and the drawing were finished he was so well satisfied with the latter that he resolved rapidly to complete it, and to take it instantly up to London and submit it to the Exhibition Building Committee, if there was still time for competition. By another happy chance (if chance there be), there was in the same railway carriage a member of the Building Committee going up to the meeting the next day. Mr. Paxton showed him his plan. He saw at once its novelty and its advantages, but feared it was too late. However, it proved to be in time to be considered, and was so manifestly the best of the designs that it was at once accepted. The building was as much an object of curiosity as were the collections under its roof. It was at once fairy-like and gigantic. The celerity with which it rose, as it were, out of the earth, and the effect produced on all minds by its novelty and beauty, are best described by Thackeray: —

> "But yesterday 'a naked sod'!
> The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
> And cantered o'er it, to and fro;
> And see — 't is done!
> As though 't were by a wizard's rod,
> A blazing arch of lucid glass
> Leaps like a fountain from the grass
> To meet the sun!"

Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Normanby in Paris: —

"The building itself is far more worth seeing than anything in it, though many of its contents are worthy of admiration."

We can hardly have a better account of the opening of the Exhibition than that given us by the Queen herself: —

"The Queen and Prince came back to London a month before the opening of the Exhibition. They found the beautiful building finished, it having been raised almost like Aladdin's palace, and goods were pouring in from all directions. . . . A few days before the opening, the Queen made a private visit to the new Industrial Palace to examine the exhibits more closely than she would have been able to do after they were thrown open to the public."

She says in her own Journal, of this visit: —

"We remained there two hours and a half, and I came back quite beaten, and my head bewildered from the myriads of beautiful and wonderful things which would quite dazzle one's eyes. Such efforts have been made, and our people have shown such taste in their manufactures! All owing to the Great Exhibition and to Albert, — *all to him!* We went up into the gallery, and the sight from there, with the numerous courts full of all sorts of objects of art, manufactures, etc., is quite marvellous. The noise was overpowering, for so much is going on everywhere, and from twelve to twenty thousand people engaged in arranging all sorts of things."

But poor Prince Albert, who was nearly worn out with work and worry, writes the same night in *his* Journal: —

"Terrible trouble with the arrangements for the opening."

And he was so "beaten," to use the Queen's somewhat strange word, that next day she records, —

"My poor Albert is terribly fagged. All day long some question or other, some little difficulty or hitch, — all which Albert takes with the greatest quiet and good temper."

The next day, the Queen paid a second private visit to the Crystal Palace, to show it to the Prince and Princess of Prussia (the Emperor William and Empress Augusta).

"They were thunderstruck," she says. "The noise and bustle were even greater than yesterday, as so many prepara-

tions for the seats of the spectators were going on. Certainly much is still to be done. We walked entirely round the galleries. The fountains were playing below, some beautiful ones, — and many flowers and palms have been placed, which have a most charming effect."

She goes on to remark that her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge, had showed great apprehensions, which she could not understand, concerning dangers attending the assemblage of such a crowd as might be expected in the Parks on the next day. But the Queen was not to be made nervous. She had a well-founded belief in the good temper and loyalty of her people, and the event proved that she was right. "I never," wrote a distinguished General, "saw on any occasion, except the coronation, such a universal disposition to be pleased, as was shown on that day."

Of the Crystal Palace itself, Sir Theodore Martin says:

"The shock of delighted surprise which every one felt on first entering the great Transept of Sir Joseph Paxton's building was as novel as it was deep. Its vastness was measured by the two great elms, two of the giants of the Park, which rose far into the air, with all their wealth of foliage, as free and unconfined as if there were nothing between them and the open sky. The plash of fountains, the luxuriance of the tropical foliage, the play of colors, from the choicest flowers, carried on into the vistas of the nave by the rich dyes of carpets and stuffs from the costliest looms, were enough to fill eye and mind with a pleasure never to be forgotten, even without a vague sense of what lay far beyond in the accumulated results of human ingenuity and cultivated art. One general effect of beauty had been produced by the infinitely varied work of the thousands who had separately co-operated towards this wonderful display; and the structure in which it was set, by its graceful lines, and the free play of light which it admitted, seemed to fulfil every condition that could be desired for setting off the treasures thus brought together. . . . Beautiful at all times, the sight which the Transept presented on the opening day, with its eager crowds raised row upon row, with the toilets of the women, and the sprinkling of court costumes and uniforms, was one which men grew eloquent in describing. As the eye rested on

the rich and varied picture, the first thought that rose was one of gratitude to the Prince who had carried on the work in spite of opposition and so many obstacles, and who stood there with his accustomed air of modest calm, looking upon the splendid fulfilment of what two years before he had conceived in thought."

The Queen's Diary says, May 1, 1851 : —

" The great event has taken place, — a complete and beautiful triumph, a glorious and touching sight, — one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and for my country. Yes ! it is a day which makes my heart swell with pride and glory and thankfulness ! We began it with tenderest greetings for the birthday of our dear little Arthur. Our humble gifts of toys were added to by far more splendid and artistic gifts from the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and a nice little clock from Mamma. The Park presented a wonderful spectacle, crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing, quite like the Coronation Day, and for me the same anxiety, — no ! greater anxiety, — on account of my beloved Albert. The day was bright, and all bustle and excitement. At half-past eleven all the procession of state carriages was in motion. The Green Park and Hyde Park were all one densely crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good humor and utmost enthusiasm. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did, as far as the eye could reach. A little rain fell just as we started ; but before we came near the Crystal Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all nations were floating. We drove up Rotten Row, and got out at the entrance on that side. The glimpse of the Transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. We went for a moment to a little side-room where we left our shawls, and where we found Mamma and Mary,[1] and outside were standing the other Princes. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight when we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magnificent, — so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion, —

[1] Princess Mary of Cambridge, now Princess Teck.

more so than by any service I had ever heard. The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains; the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing); and my beloved husband, the author of this Peace Festival which united the industries of all nations upon earth, — all this was moving indeed, and it was, and is, a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all. The only event it at all reminds me of was the Coronation; but this day's festival was a thousand times superior, in fact, it is unique, and can bear no comparison from its peculiarity, beauty, and combination of such striking objects. I mean it bore a slight resemblance to the Coronation only as to its solemnity. The enthusiasm and cheering, too, were much more touching; for in a church naturally all is silent.

"Albert left my side after 'God Save the Queen' had been sung, and, at the head of the Commissioners, — a curious assemblage of politicians and distinguished men, — read me the Report, which is a long one, and to which I made a short answer; after which the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up a short and appropriate prayer, followed by the Hallelujah Chorus, during which the Chinese Mandarin came forward and made me his obeisance. This concluded, the procession began. It was beautifully arranged and of great length, the prescribed order being exactly adhered to. The Nave was full, which had not been intended; but still there was no difficulty, and the whole long walk from one end to the other was made in the midst of continued and deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Every one's face was bright and smiling, though many had tears in their eyes. Many Frenchmen cried out, 'Vive la Reine!' One could, of course, see nothing but what was near in the Nave, and nothing in the Courts. The organs were but little heard, but the military band, at one end, had a very fine effect. As we passed along, they played the march from 'Athalie.' The beautiful Amazon in bronze, by Kiss, looked very magnificent. The old Duke and Lord Anglesey walked arm-in-arm, which was a touching sight. We returned to our own place, and Albert told Lord Breadalbane to declare the Exhibition was opened, which he did in a loud voice, followed by a flourish of trumpets and a tremendous cheering. The Prince and Princess of Prussia were quite delighted and impressed. That *we* felt happy — thankful

— I need not say; proud of all that had passed, of my dear husband's success, and of the behavior of my good people. I was more impressed than I can say by the scene. It was one that never can be effaced from my memory, and never will be from that of any one who witnessed it. All went off so well, and without the slightest accident. Albert's emphatic words last year, when he said that the feeling would be 'that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings which He has bestowed upon us already here below,' were this day realized.

"I must not omit to mention an interesting episode in this day; viz., the visit of the good old Duke, on this his eighty-second birthday, to his little godson, our dear little Arthur. He came to see us at five, and gave him a golden cup, and some toys which he had himself chosen.

"We dined *en famille*, and then went to Covent Garden, where we saw the two finest acts of the 'Huguenots,' given as beautifully as last year. I was rather tired, but we were both so happy, — so full of thankfulness. God is indeed our kind and merciful Father!"

The Chinese Mandarin, to whom the Queen alludes, was a Chinese in full costume, who, when the Hallelujah Chorus was being performed, made his way slowly round the great fountain and prostrated himself before the Queen.

"No one could help admiring his perfect self-possession, and nonchalance of manner. He talked with nobody, yet he seemed perfectly at home, and on friendly terms with all around him. In the procession the ambassadors, having no Chinese representative among them, impounded him into their part of the procession, where he bore himself with a steadiness and gravity that made him well become his situation."

Among Prince Albert's private papers, when examined after his death, was found a newspaper slip from the "Times" containing Thackeray's noble Ode to that May day. I have already quoted one verse from it about the magical celerity with which the glass palace was raised. Here are four more verses, recording his impressions of the opening of the Exhibition: —

"I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like his who saw
All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth,
And one consent!

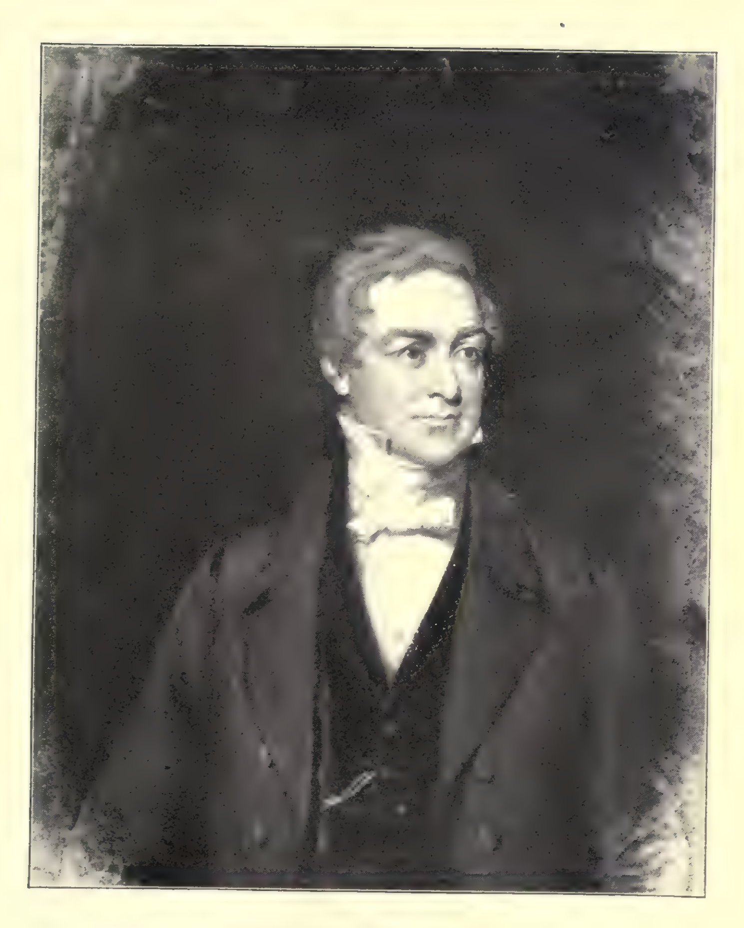
"Behold her in her royal place,
A gentle lady; — and the hand
That sways the sceptre of this land
How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face:
She breathes Amen to prayer and hymn;
No wonder that her eyes are dim,
And pale her cheek.

"The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 't is to hear
A wondrous song!
Swell, organ! swell your trumpet blast;
March Queen and royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall!

. . . .

"And see above the fabric vast
God's boundless heavens are bending blue,
God's peaceful sun is shining through
And beaming over all!"

The greatest triumph of the day was in the perfect behavior of the people. The Home Secretary was able to report to the Queen the next morning that there had not been one police case among the crowd. "There were no demonstrations of Red Republicans, of hostile Chartists, or of Irish agitators." There were thirty thousand people within the building, and nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand people lined the streets between the Exhibition and Buckingham Palace, and yet the police met with no single instance of trouble in the crowd. Lord Palmerston wrote that no invited guests in a lady's drawing-room could have conducted themselves with more propriety than did the crowd that day; and this, more than anything else, seems to have im-



SIR ROBERT PEEL



pressed itself on foreigners. Jules Janin, the brilliant French essayist and journalist, wrote of the scene: —

"The English are a most strange people! Always calm, they press on; but they do so within certain limits. Their very enthusiasm is patient. They do not like to be governed, but they are ready to govern themselves; and any one who infringes established order is seized at once by his next neighbor and handed over to a policeman. The crowd at the Crystal Palace vanished quietly away. At three o'clock no one would have supposed that thirty thousand persons, eager to see and hear, had been that morning in the building."

"Nor," says Justin McCarthy, "did the subsequent history of the Exhibition belie the promise of its opening. It continued to attract delighted crowds to the last."

In an industrial and educational point of view it did all, and more than all, that had been hoped from it. It remained open from May 1 until the middle of October; and when it closed there was a surplus fund, wholly unexpected by the Commissioners, which it cost them much anxious deliberation to dispose of. The beautiful building of glass and iron was, as we all know, not destroyed, but removed to the village of Sydenham, where it is now one of the sights of London, being a perfect museum of interesting and curious things. In it are also given concerts of music of the highest character.

"The years 1849 to 1851 had seen the failure of many splendid hopes, and the deaths of many illustrious men." Among these were Louis Philippe in his exile, the good Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV., and Louise, Queen of the Belgians, Queen Victoria's warm personal friend; but the noblest prey death harvested in those years was Sir Robert Peel.

A brilliant debate had taken place in the House of Commons on Lord Palmerston's manner of bullying the Greek Government, on behalf of a Maltese Jew, Don Pacifico, whose house had been plundered at Athens. This man claimed protection from the British Government as a British subject. Lord Palmerston triumphed, both in the debate

and in the reparation and apology he forced from the Greek Government. The debate was a long and very brilliant one, lasting till four o'clock in the morning of June 29, 1850. Sir Robert Peel made on that occasion one of his finest speeches. He was not usually a great orator, but he was a wonderful debater. Every word he said was well considered, and carried weight with all parties in the House of Commons.[1]

Leaving the House after four o'clock in the morning, Sir Robert went home to take a little sleep. He could not have slept long, for at mid-day he had an appointment to attend a meeting of the Exhibition Commissioners at Buckingham Palace. The meeting was held to consider means to oppose the popular clamor against erecting the building for the Exhibition in Hyde Park. After the meeting, Sir Robert went home to lunch, and then set out for a ride in Hyde Park. He was riding alone, without a groom. He called first at Buckingham Palace, and wrote his name in the Queen's visiting-book. He had not proceeded much farther, when he paused to say a few words to a young lady who was on horseback. After she rode on, his horse took fright (it is believed at a dog). It shied, and threw him off. Unhappily, he fell clinging to the bridle. This brought the horse down on its knees, directly upon the breast of its master. Sir Robert was mortally injured internally. He lingered three days, delirious most of the time, and died July 2, 1850. When the Duke of Wellington announced his death in the House of Lords, big tears ran down his cheeks. "In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel," he said, "I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public good. In the whole course of my communications with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the slightest reason for suspecting

[1] I heard him speak once in the House of Commons, and was impressed by his calmness and dignity.

that he stated anything which he did not believe to be the fact."

Prince Albert, on hearing the news of his death, wrote thus to his friend Stockmar: —

"You will mourn with us deeply, for you know the extent of our loss, and valued our friend as we did. You will have heard that Peel fell with, or rather from, his horse opposite our garden wall last Saturday, and broke his collar-bone and shoulder-blade. He suffered greatly, and was worn out with pain, fever, and a gouty constitution. Only a few hours before his accident he was seated with us in the Commission, advising us as to the difficult position into which we had been thrown in regard to the Exhibition, by the refusal to allow us the use of the Park. The debate on Palmerston had lasted the previous night until past four in the morning, and Peel had made an admirable speech, — now he is cold. We are in deep grief; in addition to which I cannot conceal from you that we are on the point of having to abandon the Exhibition altogether. We have announced our intention to do so if, on the day the vast building ought to be begun, the site is taken from us. Peel was to have taken charge of the business in the Lower House. It is to come to a vote to-morrow, and the public is inflamed by the newspapers to madness."

Elsewhere Prince Albert calls Sir Robert Peel "the best of men, our truest friend, and the bulwark of the throne."

The feeling of Englishmen of all parties when they heard of Peel's death was as if each had received a sudden blow. I remember its effect upon my father (then in America) and on myself. We could not believe it true. From the moment of his accident crowds thronged his door, to whom a bulletin every hour was read by a policeman.

As soon as he was dead, opposition to the Exhibition was withdrawn in Parliament. It was known that he had had at heart that the building should be erected in Hyde Park, and, with tenderness to his memory, members did not like to vote against a measure he was to have advocated in the House of Commons.

Sir Robert Peel sprang, as it were, from the very heart of English industry. His ancestors had been yeomen in the

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North of England. His father and grandfather, though not inventors themselves, were men who took up and applied inventions. "They were," says an English writer, "as manufacturers what their descendant was as a statesman. Solid worth, integrity, fortitude, and perseverance marked the manufacturing career of the Peels."

Like other manufacturers, they had great difficulty in introducing machinery into cotton-weaving, because of the opposition of the weavers in hand-looms; but the change was accomplished, and great wealth flowed into the family. The first Sir Robert, the manufacturer, was a stanch supporter of Mr. Pitt, and from him he received his baronetcy. Very early the old man began to dream of political success for his promising son. He brought up his boy in the principles of strong conservatism, a Tory of the Tories; but he brought him up also in a religious home, where all the middle-class virtues of Englishmen were cultivated, — where labor was honored, and frugality, even in the midst of wealth, was esteemed.

Robert Peel went to Harrow and to Oxford, associating, in virtue of his wealth, his talents, and his future baronetcy, with the most aristocratic young fellows of his time. He gained the highest honors Oxford can bestow, — taking what is called a "Double First;" that is, he took a degree of the first class in both classics and mathematics, which in those days was almost an unprecedented honor. When little more than twenty-one, he entered Parliament, and at the age of twenty-four was Secretary for Ireland.

The troubles of 1798 had hardly died out. Ireland was restless, sullen, and discontented, with enormously more reason for her disaffection and discontent than she has ever had in our own day. Corruption and force were the two things by which Lord Castlereagh governed Ireland; and it is creditable to Peel that, though he served six years as Irish Secretary, he was, as far as possible, humane, and never was accused of making a wrong use of influence or money.

Once he sent a challenge to O'Connell, but on no other occasion was he known to lose his temper. "He never uttered a harsh word in Parliament against the Irish or against

their religion," as in those days was the fashion; on the contrary, he spoke of them as a nation in terms of respect and kindness. With repression he tried to combine measures of improvement, though some of his projects failed. It is true that he was nicknamed "Orange Peel;" but that name he seems to have owed less to his Orange proclivities than to the irresistible pun. "And," as his brief biographer adds, "remember that at this time he was but twenty-four."

By temperament he was nervous, and in society shy; but in the administrative details of business no man could compare with him. All public servants who wished to do their duty, for a quarter of a century looked up to Peel as their leader and chief. He had every quality requisite in a man of business, — patience, perseverance, and good judgment, — besides which he had the gift of public speaking.

Unhappily he was so identified with the policy of Lord Castlereagh, and so pledged to oppose Catholic Emancipation, that he would not take office under Mr. Canning. His objection to agitation of the question in 1822 was based on political grounds, and not on religious animosity. The Catholic Relief claim was a question that had either divided or destroyed every government in England since the beginning of the century. So long as George III. reigned any allusion to the subject brought back his insanity; and the royal princes were strenuously opposed to the measure, partly basing their dislike to it on regard for the feelings of their father, for which, on other matters, they showed little concern. After Canning's death in 1827 the Wellington and Peel Government was formed. Peel had already deserved well of his country for using his business talents to bring her safely through a commercial crisis which involved perplexing questions of currency.

To the astonishment and chagrin of the High Tory supporters of this Cabinet, who believed Peel and the Duke "safe — more than safe" on the question of Catholic Emancipation, they took up the measure as having become one of political expediency, if not of justice, and carried it through in 1829.

Next came the question of Parliamentary Reform. Peel opposed it, and, with the exception of one brief interval, was excluded from office for ten years, during which time he trained and formed the Conservative Party. Its views might be narrow, but its principles were high. Peel led the aristocracy of England, but, as we can see in Greville's Memoirs, he never was personally a favorite in society. He was not genial in manner, and he was essentially a man of the middle classes; but every one acknowledged that he was the most able administrator among English statesmen.

At last Peel's time of power came. He took office in 1841, with the young Queen thoroughly disliking him; but in a few months he had won her confidence, and in a short time her love.

"His government was a thoroughly good government in every respect," says a political opponent. "It was trusted at home, and respected by foreign nations." But the Irish famine in 1845 made necessary a repeal of the Corn Laws. Foreign wheat paid heavy duties if admitted into England; the old-fashioned policy having been to make English farmers produce all breadstuffs eaten by the English population. Peel felt that the maintenance of this system was no longer possible, and that cheap bread, even with a diminution of the farmer's profits, must be furnished to the working-classes.

Those of the present generation, even in England, can have no idea of the rage and horror excited among the gentry and farmers throughout Great Britain when Peel and the Duke of Wellington proposed a repeal of the Corn Laws. It was treachery; it was duplicity. It would ruin every gentleman who owned land in England, and every farmer who held his leases. That Peel should have led his Conservative Party to this! That the Duke should betray and ruin them!

It cannot be denied that the agricultural interest in England has ever since suffered progressively; but the measure had become one that could not be evaded. Some one once said, when Peel was being taxed with ingratitude and treachery to his party, that Moses might as well have been taxed

with ingratitude and treachery by the Israelites for bringing them safely through the Red Sea.

However, the Tories had it in their power to punish him for his revolt. The day he carried his measure through the House of Commons the High Tories combined with the Whig Party against the Conservative Ministry, and by an adverse vote upon some petty question overthrew the Cabinet.

It was then that Prince Albert expressed to Sir Robert the hope that his quitting office would not interrupt other friendly relations between them; and Sir Robert replied as follows:[1] —

"I may say, I hope without presumption, — I am sure with perfect sincerity, — that cessation of every sort of communication with your Royal Highness would be a very severe penalty. It was only yesterday that I was separating from the rest of my correspondence all the letters which I have received from the Queen and your Royal Highness during the long period of five years, in order that I might ensure their exemption from the fate to which, in these days, all letters (however confidential) seem to be destined, and I could not review them without a mixed feeling of gratitude for the considerate indulgence and kindness, of which they contain such decisive proofs, and of regret that such a source of interest and pleasure was dried up. I can, in conformity with your Royal Highness' gracious wishes, and occasionally, write to you, without saying a word of which the most jealous or sensitive successor in the confidence of the Queen could complain."[2]

"Had Peel's government lasted," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "it would have taught the nation a wholesome lesson of loyalty to a truly national government. His government was, in

[1] There is in the letter a little of that dignified stiffness which characterized the letters of Edward Everett, and their beautiful handwritings closely resembled each other.

[2] It was during the Oregon dispute with this country in 1845, that my father had several interviews with Sir Robert Peel, and from being his political opponent for many years, became his warm admirer. I have several of his letters. He had been anxious to see some one who could collect for him American views and documents on the boundary of Oregon, and my father did his best to put such views and documents into his hands.

fact, rapidly attaining this national position, when it became entangled in the fatal difficulties of the Corn Laws, and fell a sacrifice to animosity and intrigue."

"Sir Robert Peel is to be buried to-day," writes Prince Albert, on July 9, 1850. "The feeling in the country is absolutely not to be described. We have lost our truest and trusted counsellor." And the Queen writes the same day to her uncle: "The sorrow and grief at his death are most touching. Every one seems to have lost a personal friend."

He left a will enjoining his family to let his funeral be of the simplest kind. He was buried, therefore, in his parish church, beside his father and mother. His coffin was borne to the grave by workmen from his factories.

Parliament had greatly desired to give him a public funeral in Westminster Abbey; but as this was precluded by his will, all that could be done was to place a monument there. Another wish he had expressed was that none of his family, on account of his services, should seek, or even accept, a Peerage. Before this was known, Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, and his life-long political opponent, had carried out the wishes of the country by offering a Peerage to Lady Peel, with remainder to her sons; but she answered that it was her desire to bear no name but that of her husband, besides which his expressed wish had been that none of his family, for his sake, should accept any distinction or reward.

A few months more and another death saddened all England, yet not as Peel's had done; for it could not have been otherwise than expected. The old Duke — *the* Duke, for few called him otherwise than by that name — was in his eighty-fourth year. He had been failing for some time, both in body and mind; yet failure in the latter was perceptible only to people immediately around him. On great occasions he would gather himself up with an effort, and his mind would be as clear as ever. He was a man whose life motto had been *duty*, whose supreme thought was how he might best serve England, — whether by his life, his death,

the sacrifice of his prejudices, or by his popularity. And now in the month of September, 1852, on the eve of the breaking out of the Crimean War, he lay dying calmly at his residence at Walmer Castle, where he lived as Warden of the Cinque Ports, near Dover. There Prince Albert had paid him a flying visit only a few days before.

"What the country has lost in him, and what we have personally lost," the Prince writes, "it is impossible to estimate. It is as if in a tissue a particular thread had been woven into every pattern." And the Queen writes to King Leopold: "He was the pride and good genius as it were of this country, the most loyal and devoted subject, and the stanchest supporter that the Crown ever had. He was to us a true friend and a most valuable adviser. We shall soon stand alone; Peel, Melbourne, Liverpool — now the Duke — all gone! Albert is much grieved. The Duke showed him great confidence and affection."

The Duke, indeed, about eighteen months before his death, had been anxious to resign his post as Commander-in-Chief in Prince Albert's favor; but with that rare self-effacement that distinguished the Prince, he thought it wise to decline such an appointment, writing a letter on the subject to the Duke, which I will quote hereafter. Baron Stockmar, writing about the Duke's death to the Prince, speaks of "his patriotic fidelity which never wavered;" and the Prince, replying, says: "That feature of his character — to set the fulfilment of duty before all other considerations, and in fulfilling it to fear neither death nor the devil — we ought certainly to be able to imitate, if we set our minds to the task."

The Duke died on the 14th of September, but his funeral was postponed till Parliament could meet early in November, and the public funeral be accorded by the people of England as well as by the Sovereign.

This funeral took place November 18, 1852. The Duke was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, beside Lord Nelson, — the greatest naval and the greatest military English heroes.

The day was gray and bleak, but more than a million of spectators were waiting patiently in the streets to do the hero honor. Every nationality sent its representative, except Austria. Wellington was a Field-Marshal in the Austrian service; but, in revenge for the beating General Haynau had received two years before from the London populace, Austria did not choose to honor his remains. The omission hurt nobody in England; but the Queen said to her uncle: "There is but one feeling of indignation and surprise at the conduct of Austria in taking this opportunity to slight England in return for what happened to Haynau on account of his own character."

Count Walewski (son of the great Napoleon by the unhappy Polish Countess Walewska) was ambassador in London at this time, and wrote to ask Napoleon III. if he wished him to attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral. "Certainly," was the reply. "I wish we may forget the past. I have every reason to be grateful for the friendly terms in which the Duke spoke of me; and I wish to continue on the most friendly terms with England."

The presence of the French ambassador was felt by all Englishmen to be a great and touching tribute to the memory of their hero and statesman.

The procession was magnificent. The tributes of respect and personal grief were very touching. The crowd showed deep feeling and respect; not a sound, as the *cortège* passed, was heard.

"Honor, my Lords," said Lord Derby, in the House of Peers, "all honor to the people who so well knew how to reverence the illustrious dead. Honor to the friendly visitors, — especially to France, that great and friendly nation, — that testified, by their representatives, their respect and veneration for his memory! The French people regarded him as a foe worthy of their steel. His object was not fame or glory, but a lasting peace. We have buried, in our greatest hero, the man among us who had the greatest horror of war."

We all know the Duke's answer to the lady who said to him, "Oh, how splendid it must be to see a vic-

tory!" — "Madam, I know nothing more horrible except a defeat!"

"When Lord John Russell visited Napoleon in Elba, in 1813," says Justin McCarthy, "the Emperor asked him whether he thought the Duke of Wellington would be able to live thenceforward without the excitement of war? It was probably in Napoleon's mind that the English soldier would be constantly entangling England in foreign complications for the sake of gratifying his love for the 'brave squares of war.' Lord John endeavored to impress on the great fallen Emperor that the Duke of Wellington would, as a matter of course, lapse into the place of a simple citizen, and would look with no manner of regret to the stormy days of battle. Napoleon seems to have listened with a sort of incredulity, and only observed once or twice that 'it was a splendid game — was war.'"

To Wellington it was no "splendid game," — no game of any sort. It was a stern duty, to be done for his sovereign and his country, and to be got through as quickly as possible. The difference between the two men cannot be better illustrated.

Tennyson, as poet laureate, wrote one of his grand odes on so national an event as the Duke of Wellington's funeral; but Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports" stirs our hearts, I think, with more sympathetic emotion.

Before I conclude this chapter, I should like to say a few words about Baron Stockmar, whose name has so frequently occurred in it and in former chapters.

Christian Frederick Stockmar was born at Coburg in 1787. He was a physician by profession, and, as such, came to the notice of Prince Leopold, who, when he went over to England to be married in 1816, offered him the post of his private physician. Private physicians were, in those days, frequently the counsellors of princes and kings.

Stockmar was part of the Prince's household during his eighteen months of married life. It was he who had to announce to him poor Princess Charlotte's death; and

it was at that moment, kneeling by his dead wife's bedside, in utter forlornness, that Leopold obtained a promise from Stockmar never to leave him. From that day forth, Stockmar's life was consecrated to Leopold, — to him and to his. In the negotiations respecting the crowns of Greece and Belgium, he was his friend's confidential adviser. The business of his life was to see and reflect, consider and advise.

In 1837, the year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne, Stockmar was intrusted by King Leopold with the most delicate mission possible. He was to go to England, and act as an unseen monitor to the Queen, King Leopold's niece, in whom he took a double interest, from the fact that in her seemed to revive her cousin Charlotte, and that the man whom she might marry would be the inheritor of his early dreams.

Stockmar unweariedly concentrated all his efforts on instilling into the mind of the youthful Queen the principles of absolute constitutional impartiality; the necessity that the sovereign of England should not become personally identified with either of the two parties whose leaders might be called into her service. At the same time he was to keep her in mind of the suit of her cousin Albert, whose education Uncle Leopold had been directing with a view to the position he would occupy if she gave him her hand.

Stockmar had no ostensible employment in the royal household after the marriage of his *protégés*, or did he ever acquire wealth, or touch one penny of English money, but he went in and out amongst them as one of themselves, dispensed even from wearing court dress, consulted about everything, — from the management of the nursery and the health of the children to the highest affairs of State. One of the ministers called him "a second father" to the Prince and Queen. He was indeed Uncle Leopold by proxy.

He had no scruple in scolding the Prince, and lecturing him at somewhat tedious length; and Prince Albert took it all, as few sons would take admonitions from their fathers, especially as there were times (notably relating to German

politics) when the royal patrons he lectured with calm superiority were right, and he was wrong.

"He was," says a writer of contemporary memoirs, "an active, decided, slender, rather little man, with a compact head, brown hair streaked with gray, a bold short nose, firm yet full mouth; and what gave a peculiar air of animation to his face were two youthful, flashing brown eyes, full of roguish intelligence and fiery provocation. With this exterior the style of his demeanor and conversation corresponded, — bold, bright, pungent, eager, full of thought, — so that amid all the babbling copiousness and easy vivacity of his talk a certain purpose in his remarks and illustrations was never lost sight of."

In 1857 he took his farewell of the English court, where he had lived for twenty years, "the beloved and trusted friend," writes the Queen, "of all beneath our roof, down to the humblest member of our household." In vain did the letters of the Queen and Prince implore him to return to them, —

"Come back, come back, they cried with grief;"

but Stockmar adhered to his resolution. Writing to King Leopold to resign the trust he had filled for twenty years with rare unselfishness, he says: —

"This year I shall be seventy, and I am no longer, either physically or mentally, equal to the laborious and exhausting functions of a paternal friend and experienced father confessor. I must say good-bye; and this time forever. The law of nature will have it so; and well for me that I can do this with a clear conscience, for I have worked as long as I had power to work, for ends that cannot be impugned. The consciousness of this is alone the reward which I was anxious to deserve; and my dear master and friend gives me frankly and spontaneously, from the bottom of his heart, the testimony that I have deserved it."

Stockmar died two years after the Prince he had trained for his life work, and whom he loved "so fatherly." The Prince Consort, only a month before he died, had written: "I am terribly in want of a friend and counsellor, and that you are that friend you can understand."

It is sad to think that for the five years Stockmar lived after his retirement he was not happy. Possibly, the strain upon his faculties being taken off, he was left open to attacks of depression; but such moods were only the passing clouds that obscured the brightness and trustfulness of his serene and hopeful nature. "Some people thought him cold. They did not know his loving nature, his sweet temper, his self-devoting unselfishness, his consecration to the service of his friends. The hearts of all could safely trust in him, and all who came in contact with him felt it to be so."

He said in his old age: —

> "If any young man were to ask me, 'What is the chief good for which it behoves man to try?' I would say, 'Love and Friendship.' If he asked, 'What is man's best possession?' I must answer, 'The consciousness of having loved and sought the truth, of having yearned after what is good for its own sake.'"

He said of himself: —

> "The singularity of my position required me anxiously to efface myself, and to conceal, as though it were a crime, the best purposes I had in view, and frequently carried out. Like a thief in the night, I placed with liberal hand the seed within the earth, and when the plant grew up, and became visible to other people, it was my duty to ascribe the merit to others, and no other course was open to me."

This lesson of self-effacement he impressed upon his pupil. This is how Prince Albert speaks of his own position in England, in a letter he wrote to the Duke of Wellington, refusing his offer to resign to him the position of British Commander-in-Chief. It seems an echo of Stockmar: —

> "The husband of a female sovereign should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife: he should aim at no power by himself or for himself; should shun all contention; assume no separate responsibility before the public; but make his position entirely a part of hers, — fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave, in the exer-

cise of her royal functions; continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is, besides the husband of the Queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent minister."

If any man ever carried out his theories in his life-work, it was Prince Albert, — the Prince Consort. And when we think of his life, and mourn over his early death, it is not alone for the widowed Queen we feel regret, but for his adopted country. "Albert the Good" she calls him now, after having subjected him to many mistrusts and humiliations during his lifetime. As one thinks of his career, one cannot but remember that saying of Him "who took upon Him the form of a servant": "He that is chief is he that doth serve."

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

IT was when the most sagacious of English statesmen and the greatest military commander of England had recently died that a little cloud rose out of the East, and, before long, overspread all Europe, darkening the earth with a furious storm. England, which for forty years had enjoyed peace, plunged recklessly and almost joyously into a dangerous and distant war.

I have told the story of the Crimean campaigns in two long chapters in "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century." I therefore shall not repeat it here.[1]

Lord Aberdeen was, when the war broke out, the Queen's Prime Minister. Lord Palmerston was in the Home Office. Lord John Russell had given place to Lord Clarendon, who was at the head of Foreign Affairs.

The war was intensely popular in England. It seemed to many to renew the nation's youth; to burnish up men's patriotism; to add another page to the traditions of their fathers. The French were not equally enthusiastic. The war was not with them a national movement. They entered into it as part of their Emperor's policy. But in England, Lord Palmerston, boyish, prejudiced, and impulsive, led English sentiment on the occasion; and, although he was no longer at the Foreign Office, may be said to have inspired its policy, if he did not conduct its affairs. He thought that English interests demanded

[1] Other very interesting episodes in English history during the last half-century have had to be omitted in this volume, but I hope to continue this series with another volume entitled "Europe in Africa during the Nineteenth Century." — AUTHOR.

that a check should be put on the aggressiveness of Russia; he was the friend of Turks, but he detested Greeks and Russians. His sympathies were all upon one side, and the populace gave him their voices. He treated all stories of the oppression of Christian populations in Turkey as humbug, — false rumors raised by Russia to support her claims.

The English nation was carried off its feet on a great wave of enthusiasm. From the day when it opened the doors of its Temple of Janus, on February 21, 1854, when the British ambassador left St. Petersburg (and his departure was followed a month later by a declaration of war), there has scarcely been a period of even a few months when England has not had some fighting on her hands. Many of her contests have been "little wars" in Africa; but the one most memorable, most terrible, is the subject of this and the succeeding chapter, — the Indian or, more properly, the Poorbeah Mutiny; for it happily never spread over all India, and did not extend to the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay.

I shared, in 1840 and 1841, in the excitement produced in England by Macaulay's articles on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive in the "Edinburgh Review." All who have read those articles know that the British East India Company was chartered in the time of Queen Elizabeth; that in 1634 it obtained certain treaty rights from the Mogul which enabled it to establish a trading-post, or "factory," on the Hoogly in Bengal, where, a few years later, it built Fort William, called after William III. We know also the story of Soorajah Dowla and the Black Hole of Calcutta, where one hundred and forty-six Europeans were confined during a hot summer night, and only twenty-three survived till morning. After this, the British Company, for its own security, found it necessary to extend its territory in India; each acquisition led on to another, and bit by bit the mighty empire grew.

We all know the triangle presented on the map by the peninsula of Hindoostan. The southern part of that penin-

sula is the Presidency of Madras, the western side the Presidency of Bombay, while the Presidency of Bengal may be loosely said to occupy the centre and northeast of the peninsula. Through it flow the Ganges and the Jumna; it includes what were once the dominions of the Great Mogul. Its chief city is Calcutta, but the great cities of Delhi, Benares, and Agra are in it, too; there, also, is Cawnpore, so famous in the Mutiny.

The Mutiny was confined to Bengal and to the recently annexed kingdom of Oude, on the left bank of the Ganges. Happily, it was not joined by the recently acquired provinces of the Punjaub, conquered by the English barely ten years before. All the chiefs of the Punjaub remained faithful to the English, and nearly all the Sikh Sepoys; and the best help the British had in their extremity was from regiments raised in the Punjaub, in which their former gallant foes, the Sikhs, fought on their side.

Since the Mutiny the charter of the East India Company has been revoked. The Queen is Empress of India. But it may be useful to give a brief sketch of the Company before its sovereignty passed away.

The government of British India was divided between two authorities, — the one controlling, the other executive. The controlling power was in England, and consisted of the King's Government and the Directors of the East India Company in Leadenhall Street. These Directors were twenty-four in number, chosen from the stockholders; and with them lay all appointments except those of the Governor-General (who was supreme head over the three Presidencies) and Commander-in-Chief. The Company had its own fleet of Indiamen, well armed, and its officers were all uniformed; it had also its own army, both of Europeans and Native troops, the latter called Sepoys. They were officered by Englishmen, and Englishmen administered the criminal and revenue laws.

The population of British India at the time of the Mutiny was estimated at nearly two hundred millions, of whom about one in ten were Mohammedans. The Sepoy force

was composed both of Hindoos and Mohammedans, — the Hindoos in the army of Bengal being almost exclusively of high caste, either soldiers by race, or Brahmins. Caste is far dearer to a Hindoo than his religion. Of religious doctrine he makes small account, but death is to be preferred to loss of caste; and, unhappily, caste may be lost in so many ways that he has to be careful about everything.[1]

The state of Hindoostan, when the English planted their empire there, might be compared in some respects to that of England a century after the Norman Conquest, — the Normans being represented by the Mohammedans, the Saxons by the Hindoos. The Saxons and Normans, however, intermarried, and were of the same religion, which Hindoos and Mohammedans were not. So far from supplanting the ancient and legitimate rulers of India, it is matter of history that no such powers existed when the English rule began.

From the tenth to the twelfth century the Mohammedans were robbers and spoilers, overrunning India from the North. About 1200, a Mohammedan kingdom was set up at Delhi, under Afghan rulers, whose dominion was characterized by blood and flame. At last came Tamerlane, who in 1398 killed one hundred thousand Hindoo prisoners in cold blood under the walls of Delhi, and gave the city up to massacre and pillage. Then for three hundred years there was a kind of general anarchy in India, till Aurungzebe established himself in Delhi about the same time that the English built Fort William at Calcutta. He was a great man and a very interesting one; but the chief object of his life was to put down Hindoo idolatry and to persecute its followers. Aurungzebe was the Great Mogul. He not

[1] An anecdote is told of an English gentleman recently arrived in India, who, going up the Ganges, beheld an aged native lying exhausted on the bank. He lifted him up and poured down his throat some *eau de cologne*, the only alcoholic stimulant he had at hand. The man revived. But by partaking of anything from the hand of an infidel he had lost caste, and thenceforward the unhappy Englishman, wherever he might be, was solemnly cursed by him several times a week, because by his means he had lost caste against his will.

only governed his own empire, but was suzerain of a good many princes round him, — among others the Prince who governed Oude, beyond the Ganges. When Aurungzebe died, in 1707, his empire relapsed into anarchy. The Persian Shah invaded it, and sacked Delhi; then came an invasion of the Afghans. After them came the Mahrattas, robbers from the hills, who for twenty years spread terror throughout Central India, till they were put down by the Duke of Wellington in the early part of his career. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Company's territories had been acquired, — (1) From the Nabob of Bengal, a revolted feudatory of the Great Mogul; (2) By opposing the French in the Carnatic; (3) By putting down the tyrant, Tippoo Sahib.

In 1846 the English acquired the Punjaub. When a petty ruler was dispossessed, he was pensioned handsomely, as well as his family; or sometimes British residents were sent to the courts of Native princes to keep their affairs in good order.

The English Government was scrupulously careful not to interfere with the idolatry of the Hindoos; indeed, they were accused of patronizing it. "I never shall forget," says an English officer, "the first time I attended Holy Communion in India, when the words of the service were drowned in the roar of great guns from the Fort in honor of some idol ceremonial."

The only time any dispute arose with the Government about caste was when some Sepoy troops were ordered to embark for Burmah, and they declined to sail upon the sea, because on board ship they might not be able to keep up the ablutions and other ceremonies required by their religion. There had also been some feeling when the British Government endeavored to put down Suttee, and crushed Thuggee. This last was a most strange institution. The Thugs claimed to be inspired to kill any one whom it was put into their hearts to kill; and sixty years ago Thuggee raged in Northern India.

The Native cavalry was more Mohammedan than Hindoo;

the Native infantry was in the proportion of ten Hindoos to one Mohammedan. Each regiment also contained a few Sikhs.

At the opening of 1857, the year of the Mutiny, the Native army in the Bengal Presidency consisted of eleven regiments of light cavalry, seventy-four of infantry, five troops of artillery, twenty-three regiments of irregular cavalry, seven battalions of Sikh infantry, and about twenty other corps belonging to Native rulers.

The Company had also three brigades of European horse, six battalions of foot-artillery, and six regiments of European infantry.

The Queen's troops were two regiments of cavalry, and thirteen of foot. The space guarded by this force was about equal to France, Austria, and Germany.

Of all the Native regiments in Bengal, one only (the Thirteenth) was found perfectly faithful.

The Sepoys had always been well treated by the English; for one hundred years they had done faithful service; they were supposed to be greatly attached to their English officers. Their pay was higher than they could get in any other employment. Their families were understood to be under the protection of the British Government; and when their terms of service ended, they were pensioned, so as to be made comfortable in their old age.

Up to 1857 the Sepoys had absolutely no grievances to complain of. But there was some discontent among rich landowners, and three dispossessed princes, or princes under the tutelage of English Residents, were ready enough to take part in any movement which might open prospects to them of re-acquiring their old liberty of misgovernment and rapine. These three princes were, the representative of the Great Mogul at Delhi, the Ex-King of Oude, and the ever-infamous Nana Sahib. All other chiefs and princes of any consequence in India remained faithful to the English, though their armies, in most instances, joined the revolt.

The Great Mogul at Delhi was grandson of a man rescued

by the British from a revolted Vizier. He, however, turned against his benefactors, and joined the Mahrattas, was taken prisoner by Scindia, a gallant Native chief, and had his eyes gouged out by one of his jailers in a fit of passion. When the British took Delhi from Scindia, this blind unfortunate was restored to his throne. "His palace at Delhi is second only," says Bishop Heber, "to Windsor Castle;" and his allowance was £120,000 a year (more than half a million of dollars). He died at the age of eighty-six, and his son succeeded him.

Delhi is a very sacred city. The Great Mogul considered himself a very king of kings; and the predecessor of the King of Delhi in 1857 was once excessively insulted by an English Governor-General of India taking a seat in his presence.

The English regulation that all debts must be paid was considered an unpardonable insult by the reigning potentate. The poor relations in his family had been guaranteed a living by the English Government. The English yearly paid money for them to the monarch at Delhi, who kept it for himself; and at last the dependants complained. This was the crowning indignity, which caused Mohammed Badahen to give his support to the Sepoy Mutiny.

At the close of 1856 the Government of India determined to arm its troops with Enfield rifles. The arms were sent out from England, and cartridges to fit them. These cartridges, unhappily, being wrapped in tougher paper than former cartridges, had their paper greased; and it is highly probable that lard and tallow entered into the composition used for that purpose. The men were required to bite off the end of each cartridge before putting it into the gun. The first mutterings of mutiny were heard in January, 1857, at Dum-Dum, a station near Calcutta. There a man of low caste, having asked a soldier of high caste for a draught of water, and having been refused roughly, shouted in his anger: "You will soon loose your caste! You will have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows!"

This speech excited all the soldiers in the station; and soon it was reported and believed that the new cartridges were a trick of the British Government to make them all lose caste, and then forcibly convert them to Christianity.

The native non-commissioned officers waited on the commandant. They were assured that the cartridges were greased with mutton fat and wax. They answered that this might be so, but that a report to the contrary had spread throughout India, and that if they touched that grease their friends would not believe the explanation, and would refuse to eat with them.

Orders were then issued to allow the Sepoys to get what grease they pleased in the bazaar, and grease their own cartridges. This did not, however, mend the matter. The paper that wrapped the cartridges was more highly glazed than the old-fashioned cartridge-paper, and it was reported that the terrible grease had been employed to glaze it. The General in vain harangued his brigade on the absurdity of supposing that the Government wished to make them Christians by a trick, when they would not be admitted to that religion without a full and intelligent conviction of the truths contained in "the Book." His speech was without effect. The spirit of mutiny was in the regiment, and it was disbanded.

At Meerut, a military station within a few hours' march from Delhi, there were three native regiments and some European troops posted for rifle instruction. The same difficulty occurred there about the cartridges.

Whether the men were called upon to bite the cartridges, or whether they were only afraid that they would be called upon to do so, does not appear. One account says that not a single one of the objectionable cartridges was ever issued to a Native soldier, and they were, soon after, all destroyed in presence of the Native regiments. At all events, prejudice against pig's fat was almost as strong amongst Mohammedans as that against beef fat was amongst Hindoos. The soldiers at Meerut broke into open mutiny. Eighty were tried, and condemned to ten

years' imprisonment, with hard labor. This sentence was read to the whole force, May 9, 1857. The prisoners, stripped of their uniforms, were fettered, and marched from the parade-ground to the common jail, which contained about two thousand malefactors.

No especial precautions were taken for the safety of the station. The next day was Sunday. The European troops had been to church, had had their dinners, and were quietly sauntering about their lines. The officers and the ladies were preparing to go to evening service. The chaplain was driving there in his buggy. All was as it had been every Sunday, in every station in India, for years past, — when suddenly there opened the first act of the terrible tragedy of the Great Mutiny.

The men of the Third Light Native Cavalry rushed from their tents and mounted their horses. A party galloped to the jail, overpowered the guard, and liberated the prisoners. Then, calling on all the other Sepoys to join them, they commenced an indiscriminate attack on all Europeans. Officers, women, and children were butchered and mutilated, and their houses set on fire. When the Sepoys and the wretches released from jail had finished their work, they marched off to Delhi, while the English troops in the cantonments, utterly taken by surprise, did not recover from it in time to attack them. General Anson was commander at the station, and seems to have been paralyzed by surprise.

Pushing forward, the mutineers reached Delhi the next day. The English there had received news of their coming, and were preparing to remove their women and children. But it was too late. The advanced guard of the mutineers rode fearlessly through the principal gate of the city. Every European that could be found was slaughtered, and £500,000 of Government treasure was seized. The chaplain, Mr. Jennings,[1] and his young daughter, Miss

[1] Twenty-five years before, in large round childish hand, I had signed the parish register as witness to the marriage of Mr. Jennings with Maria, daughter of Admiral Daniel.

Annie Jennings, were among the victims. Thank God that the horrors of their deaths as reported in the news that first reached England were exaggerated! But for many months all India, and all England, believed them. In that wonderful piece of narrative writing, which is not fiction but simple fact, "Eight Days," may be found an entirely reliable account of those events at Delhi. Names only are changed. The author is the son of one of the heroic Nine who, with Lieutenant Willoughby, blew up the arsenal, and themselves with it, lest the mutineers should get possession of the ammunition. All the terrible incidents of the narrative are true. Mr. Frazer, the British Resident, was among the first slaughtered. There was a current belief in Delhi that the English dominion in India could last only a century from Clive's battle of Plassey. As the Mutiny spread, all the Sepoys in that part of India marched from every point to Delhi. The old Emperor was hailed as representative of the Great Mogul, and became the rival power to the English Company. Confidence in the Company's good fortune was at an end.

Soon all Bengal was in a flame, with the imperial city for the focus of the insurrection and its stronghold. Calcutta was barely kept down. The authorities there refused to believe in the disaffection of the Sepoys. They authorized the withdrawal of the objectionable cartridges, but they did not disarm the Sepoy regiments. All through the earlier stages of the Mutiny the officers of the Native regiments always insisted that their own men were stanch. Many had served with their men for twenty years, through toil and danger, and believed them true till the last moment; indeed in many instances officers persisted in trusting their own Sepoys till the murderous shot was fired and they fell dead.

It was remarked that the infantry regiments, composed principally of Hindoo Sepoys, commonly murdered their officers, while the cavalry regiments, where the majority of the men were Mohammedans, usually ordered their officers away, and forbore otherwise to maltreat them. It is also remarkable that the native princes, except the three

already named, were faithful to the English; and, most remarkable of all, that the Punjaub, occupied by the warlike Sikhs, a province conquered only nine years before by the English, remained true to them. Regiments of Punjaubees and Sikhs were raised in the service of the English, and the chiefs of the Sikh tribes were their stanchest friends. But the Company had Lord Lawrence (Sir John Lawrence then) as Governor in the Punjaub. He it was that saved India for the English. Dean Merivale used to say, with a laugh, that that credit was due to himself, notwithstanding his profession, and although he had never been in India, for that when he and Lawrence were both youths, the civil appointment that Lawrence got had been offered to him first, and he declined it.

There were five Lawrences, and all went to India. All distinguished themselves there. Three were soldiers, viz., Alexander, a general in Bombay; Sir Henry, the defender of Lucknow; and Sir George St. Patrick, who was one of Akbar Khan's captives, and who, during the Mutiny, kept faithful the hill-tribes in Rajahpootra, the district in which he was in command. John was a civilian, and bitterly did he chafe at not being a soldier. Their father had been an old Indian officer. Their mother was left in Scotland a widow with her large family of boys. They all went to school to an uncle who was a schoolmaster at Londonderry, in Ireland. Henry and John had had for their schoolfellow a boy named Montgomery, who also went to India.

When the Punjaub had been conquered by the English, its government was placed in the hands of three commissioners; these chanced to be the three old schoolmates. One night as they were sitting together they began to talk of old school-days, and of two ushers, twin brothers, named Simpson, who had been kind to them. "I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said Henry Lawrence. "The Simpsons must be very old now, and I dare say nearly blind: let us each send them £50 to-morrow as a Christmas gift, with the good wishes of three of their old pupils, now members of the Punjaub Board of Administration at Lahore." Months



SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.



after came a letter, beginning, "My dear, kind boys," saying that their generous gift would make the declining years of the writer and his brother comfortable, and that it was precious to have been thought of by pupils who had attained what *seemed* to be a high position. He had got out the old school atlas, but he could not find the Punjaub, and he could not find Lahore; and neither he nor his brother knew what a Board of Administration meant, but they felt certain it was something that gave their dear boys great importance.

Could they have discovered the Punjaub on their map, they would have found it to be a small triangle, with its base stuck on to the northwest corner of the great triangle of India. The Sutlej is its southern boundary, the Indus flows through it, and it separates Hindoostan from Beloochistan and Afghanistan.

Over this great and difficult possession the two Lawrences and Montgomery were appointed to rule. Unhappily, the views of the two brothers did not agree. Those of John, the younger, were approved by Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General. He was made sole head of the Government in the Punjaub, and Henry was placed over another province.

There were sad hearts on the day in January, 1853, when Henry Lawrence left Lahore. A long cavalcade of aged native chiefs followed him, some for five miles, some for twenty-five, besides Europeans. The last man to leave him was Robert Napier, afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala. "Kiss him," said Henry Lawrence to his sister, as Napier turned sadly away; "kiss him,—he is my best and dearest friend."

The Lawrence brothers still loved each other, but their fraternal relations after this separation were never quite the same. All who knew Henry, loved him; all who knew John, honored him. In John's later life his brotherly resemblance to Henry strengthened with his years.

Thus John Lawrence, in 1857, was supreme ruler of the Punjaub. He was absent from Lahore on a visit to the Hills when the terrible telegram came from Delhi:

"The Sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up. . . ." Let us hope that this poor telegraph operator escaped the fate of his superior.

From the first, John Lawrence saw that the main point was the capture of Delhi. He believed in the fidelity of his own province, but was not willing to trust the Sepoys. He disarmed every Sepoy regiment in the Punjaub, but he sent down Europeans, Punjaubees, and Sikhs, to aid in the capture of Delhi.

The way Sepoy regiments were disarmed was this. When a regiment was found to be disaffected, if the governor of the province, or commandant of the town, was a man of energy, he managed to assemble the regiment upon its parade-ground, and so manœuvred as to have European troops and loaded cannon fronting them. Then they were ordered to pile their arms, and in every instance did so. Of course the disbanding of a regiment was a great hardship to any of the men who might be loyal. They lost all their pensions and privileges for past services. In some cases in the Punjaub, mutinous disbanded Sepoys fell into the hands of Punjaubee villagers, who hated Hindoos, and who either destroyed them themselves, or gave them up to the English as prisoners.

John Lawrence next proceeded to put all the resources of his province at the disposal of the officers conducting the siege of Delhi. He drained the Punjaub of its best officers and its most trustworthy troops; and by enlisting Punjaubees, he converted those who might have been disaffected into aids to the English, and committed them to the English cause. From the Punjaub arsenals siege-trains were equipped; from the Punjaub districts vast numbers of carts and carriages were gathered, and despatched systematically with their loads to Delhi; from Punjaub treasuries the sinews of war were furnished.

Men were raised by tens of thousands to replace the Sepoys, — raised, indeed, in such numbers that John Lawrence always had a fear upon his heart that a new danger

might arise from the Punjaubees becoming conscious of their own power.

While John Lawrence was thus ruling in the Punjaub, his brother, George St. Patrick Lawrence, was ruling in Rajahpootra, — a country consisting of eighteen small Native states, seventeen of which were Hindoo, and one Mohammedan. Rajahpootra had been under the rule of the English about forty years, and had been during that time recovering from the ravages of the Mahratta freebooters. Everything was going on satisfactorily and serenely, when, on the 19th of May, arrived news of the outbreak at Meerut and the massacre at Delhi. At once Sir George Lawrence saw that the whole Native army was contaminated. He ruled over about ten millions of men, had about five thousand Sepoys in his province, and seventy European soldiers, with twenty-five to thirty British officers and officials.

There was a great arsenal in Rajahpootra. The troops that had it in charge were Sepoys of high caste. There was also a regiment in the province composed of low-caste men. These had no sympathy with the high-caste Sepoys, and were believed, justly, to be true to British rule. By forced marches they were moved suddenly upon the arsenal, and put into possession of the place. Had it fallen into the hands of the mutineers, with all the ammunition it contained, Rajahpootra would have been lost.

All over the country the Sepoys always protested their fidelity to the last moment, and very often gave striking proofs of it till the moment came for their outbreak. That outbreak was generally preceded by a fire in the cantonments or the officers' bungalows. Then, in the confusion, came the mutiny, with more or less murdering of Europeans, and then the revolted troops marched for Delhi or Agra. Some regiments in Rajahpootra revolted; but the Native chiefs, from various motives, remained true, though it was beyond their power to control their Native soldiers. George Lawrence had acted very differently from those who deemed it the best policy to keep up a show of confidence in the Sepoys till they broke into revolt. His policy saved British

interests, without imperilling a single life; the other policy saved British interests, but shed a sea of blood.

We all know how the Ganges flows into the Bay of Bengal below Calcutta, and that below Calcutta its principal branch is called the Hoogly. On the eastern, or left, bank of the Ganges lies the kingdom of Oude. About a thousand miles up the Ganges, on the right bank of the river (the shore of Oude being on the left bank), is the English military station of Cawnpore, — familiar in my young days to all those who read the works of Mrs. Sherwood, or the Memoirs of Henry Martyn. This place at the time of the Mutiny had an unusually small European garrison; but it was full of Europeans, many of them young English civil engineers, and there were also many women and children. The general in command was Sir Hugh Wheeler.

Before, however, telling the disastrous history of Cawnpore, or that of the kingdom of Oude, let me give a specimen story of what, during those months of May, June, and July, 1857, was taking place all over Bengal. I chose this particular narrative because on it, I think, was founded that admirable Mutiny story which, twenty years after the Mutiny, appeared in "Blackwood," called the "Dilemma." [1]

The incidents I am to tell took place in the little walled town of Arah, upon which a force of mutinous Sepoys from Dinapore marched, on July 26, 1857, to massacre the residents and plunder the treasure. The plundering of the treasury and the opening of the jail came always first in each outbreak of the Mutiny.

Having reached Arah, broken open the treasury, and released all prisoners, the mutineers proceeded to slaughter the Europeans. But here they were foiled. All the European men in the place were civilians. They shut themselves up in one of two houses in a compound, which they fortified so as to resist any sudden assault. Mr. Boyle, the chief man in the place, had for some weeks been laying in stores. Ammunition was collected, loopholes were pierced in the walls, and sandbags were placed on the roof. There were

[1] A total misnomer, because in it there is no dilemma at all.

fifteen Europeans and half-castes (or Eurasians) in Arah, a Mohammedan gentleman who joined his fate to theirs, and fifty Sikh soldiers. The united garrison was thus sixty-six souls.

The Sepoys were greatly amazed when they found themselves checked by the defenders of one small house. They attacked it, and were entirely discomfited. Then they tried to corrupt the Sikhs, but the Sikhs stood firm. Next they brought up cannon, and their grapeshot riddled the walls of the house, but did not lessen the courage of the garrison.

Three days the cannonade continued. On the third day a force was sent from Dinapore for their relief; but, alas! it was intercepted and defeated. Only one man of the relief party reached the beleaguered garrison, and brought the terrible news.

In Dinapore, when the repulse of the relieving force was known, the little garrison were given up for lost. But the garrison themselves did not utterly despair. They knew that detachments of English troops were being sent up the country. They hoped that one would pause upon its march, and come and help them. Nor were they deceived. Major Vincent Eyre (who wrote for us a narrative of the Cabul massacre) arrived off Dinapore with a body of troops, on his way to the siege of Delhi, from Calcutta. He met the broken and defeated troops who had failed to relieve Arah. He at once proposed to disregard his orders, and go to the help of the brave garrison. Just as they were in the last extremity, he drove off the Sepoys and delivered them. Then he marched on and destroyed the stronghold of the native chief who had assisted and encouraged the besiegers. The "leaguer of Arah" was one of the brilliant episodes in this terrible war, and was conducted entirely by civilians.

Major Eyre continued on his way to Delhi as soon as his work was done.

After Delhi, the most important city in the Bengal Presidency is Agra, the headquarters of the government of the Northwest Provinces, a division of India containing about

thirty million of inhabitants. At Agra lived not only the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, and his staff of subordinates, but the city contained many missionary establishments, — a Roman Catholic bishop, a convent of nuns, several Presbyterian missionaries, and a Government college largely devoted to the education of half-castes, or Eurasians. One clergyman in Agra at the time of the Mutiny was Mr. Fullarton, with his American wife, who, notwithstanding her three children and the smallness of her husband's salary, found time to devote much attention to missionary work, especially endeavoring to train half-caste girls to be good Christian wives and mothers, such as the heathen around them might take a lesson from.

"Like a thunderclap," says Mr. Farquahar, one of the Company's officers, "the news of the mutiny at Meerut on the 10th of May fell on the Agra community, and turned the whole current of men's thoughts to preparations for the coming struggle. At that time three Native and one English regiment were at Agra, with a battery of six guns manned by Europeans. The English force, indeed, was about six hundred in all. On Saturday night, May 30, news arrived that some companies of one of the Agra regiments had mutinied at a station thirty-five miles off, and had fired on their English officers. The Agra regiments, notwithstanding their protestations of fidelity to their salt, could no longer be trusted. The authorities resolved to disarm them the next day, and send the men to their homes. The next step was to gather together all the Christians, European and Eurasian, in places appointed beforehand as a refuge in case of danger.

"The Sabbath sun rose that morning on a strange scene in the usually well-ordered station of Agra. Instead of early morning church, the troops, Native and English, were assembled on parade, and then the Natives, to their great astonishment, found themselves drawn up opposite the European regiment and guns, and were ordered to lay down their arms. The great mass of men obeyed, as they had no time to make any arrangements, and, piling their arms, saw them carted away to the magazine. Mr. Fullarton, with his wife and family, was ordered to a dilapidated bungalow, pitched on the top of an old limekiln, which, from age, was covered with sheltering trees and grass. About ten in the evening I visited them, and there, outside the house.

lay groups of gentlemen under the trees, talking quietly over the events of the day, but with loaded double-barrelled guns, and plenty of ammunition at their sides. In the verandas ladies and native ayahs lay pretty closely packed, while the floors of the rooms inside were strewed with about as many babies and young children as they could readily hold. I saw Mr. Fullarton and some other gentlemen sitting below under one of the trees. The full moon shone through the leaves, and I remember well Mr. Fullarton's face turned up to speak to me, with a look and word of thankfulness for the mercies of the day. At his side, too, lay a double-barrelled gun which some gentleman had given him, knowing well that he would use it in defence of women and children."

Five weeks later the devoted Lieutenant-Governor Colvin was dead. The six hundred European soldiers had been marched out of Agra to meet five thousand mutineers, and, by mismanagement on the part of their commander, had been forced to retreat back into the Fort without cutting the rebels to pieces, though they scared them off to Delhi. Then all the Christian population of Agra was ordered into the Fort, for the lower and dangerous classes in the city were setting fire to their bungalows, and burned and destroyed everything. But the lives of the civilians and native Christians (with a few painful exceptions) were saved.

"In this respect," says Mr. Farquahar, "we were immeasurably better off than the people of Cawnpore, Futtehghur, Delhi, and other stations. Distressing news from these places harrowed the hearts of the Agra people, whose friends and relations were the sufferers. But Mr. Fullarton and the other American missionaries were most moved by the news from Futtehghur, where there was a flourishing colony of industrious native Christians under charge of American Presbyterian Missionaries.

"The English at Futtehghur took refuge in the Fort. There, as death from starvation threatened them, it was resolved to embark upon the Ganges in some boats stealthily with their women and children, and drop down the river to Cawnpore. They were fired on from the banks when they nearly reached that place, and every one was slaughtered. Then the Sepoys

and the mob at Futtehghur set on the Christian village, wrecked it, and slew every Christian they could lay their hands on. News came to Agra that all had perished; but other news came that some few had escaped, and were wandering in the jungle. Again news came that one and then another had been caught, tortured, slain with the sword, or blown away from guns."

Great was the rapture with which the remnant of these Christians received Mr. Fullarton when, as soon as it was practicable, he crossed the country in disguise, made his way into Havelock's camp, and thence to his people.

"Some had been wandering for months in the jungle, more or less hunted and harassed. Part had been hidden and cared for by a native village chief at his great personal risk. He had had compassion on them, and a heart to hate the cruelty of the city roughs and mutinous Sepoys. 'These native Christians,' adds the gentleman who tells their story, 'had borne the spoiling of their goods; they had seen some of their number cruelly murdered; they had suffered the humiliations and had undergone the hardships, the anxieties, the fears that fill up the cup of bitterness that martyrs in other climes and other ages have had to drain. They had only to renounce their faith, in order that they and their families might be restored to honor and comfort. But they would not deny their Saviour, and suffered, — a noble company of witnesses for the truth.'"

Alas! that I must end this story by telling that, in little more than a year after, Mr. Fullarton died of cancer in the tongue, and his widow, with her children, returned to America.

When we think how the Mutiny was spread out over a country as large as Central Europe, it seems impossible to avoid telling its story by disconnected episodes, instead of a continuous tale.

About thirty-seven years ago there came out a book which attracted great attention at the time, though at present it seems little known. It was called, I think, "The Private Life of an Eastern King," and gave an account of the young tyrant of Oude, — his habits, his courtiers, his elephants, his wild-beast hunts, his low debaucheries, his

cruelties, and all the rest. It was written apparently by some man about his court who was a European. He, like Louis XI., made his barber his favorite minister. One felt as if such a creature ought not to be allowed to live outside of an insane asylum, much less be suffered to reign. So in time thought the British Government, which annexed Oude, gave the King a magnificent pension, and deprived him of his power.

Having annexed Oude, the English proceeded to introduce their new land system, calculated to depress the old aristocracy and reduce it to poverty. The land then fell into the hands of men of much lower degree, and, be it said, with far less sense of honor. The system — which hardly need be explained in this brief sketch — was harshly carried out; and the result was that by the beginning of 1857 affairs in Oude were working so ill that the mild and conciliating Henry Lawrence was sent as governor into the province, to see what he could do with so dissatisfied a people.

The court of Oude had been Mohammedan, but the people were nearly all Hindoos. Oude was only separated by the Ganges from the rest of British India. It had not only been always on good terms with the English, but had been the Sepoys' recruiting-ground. The general dissatisfaction, therefore, with the newfangled regulations of the new Government reacted on the Sepoys in the Company's army.

Lucknow is the capital of Oude. Here is Sir Henry Lawrence's description of the city: —

"The part called the modern city is both curious and splendid, and altogether unlike the other great towns of India, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan. There is a strange dash of European architecture among its Oriental buildings. Travellers have compared the place to Moscow and Constantinople, and we can easily fancy the resemblance. Gilded domes surmounted by the crescent; tall slender pillars; lofty colonnades; houses that look as if they had been transplanted from Regent Street; iron railings and balconies; cages, some containing

wild beasts, and others filled with strange bright birds; gardens; fountains and cypress-trees, elephants, camels, and horses; gilt letters and English barouches, — all these form a charming picture."

It was in March, 1857, when the Mutiny was just ripening, and chappatties (those mysterious cakes which are the signal for a rising) were being distributed all over the country, that Sir Henry Lawrence was made Governor of Oude, and went to Lucknow.

Sir Henry's first endeavor was to conciliate the old Mohammedan aristocracy; and in this he succeeded remarkably in six weeks, but he was not slow to detect the rising feeling of mistrust in all parts of his province. He saw that the feelings of the people were deeply excited on the caste question, and he knew any agitation on that subject to be dangerous. He saw that it was everywhere believed that the British Government was bent on destroying the caste of Hindoo Sepoys, and he knew that to maintain that caste inviolate the Hindoo would risk his life, his property, his household, all he most valued in the world. He wrote to Lord Canning, the Governor-General: —

"I held a conversation with a Jemadar of the Oude artillery for more than an hour to-day, and was startled by the dogged persistence of the man (a Brahmin, of about forty years of age, of excellent character) in the belief that for ten years past Government had been engaged in measures for the forcible, or rather the fraudulent, conversion of the natives."

Very shortly indeed after Sir Henry's arrival at Lucknow, a great deal of excited feeling was manifested because a surgeon of the Sixty-eighth Native Regiment had incautiously put to his mouth a bottle of medicine. The Sepoys attributed his doing so to a deep-laid design to destroy their caste; and although he at once broke the bottle in their presence, they burned his house down.

But while Sir Henry used all means of persuasion with the Sepoys, and conciliation with the nobles, he did not neglect precautions. He determined to fortify the English

Residency in Lucknow as a place of refuge in case of need, and to store it abundantly with ammunition and provisions.

When news of the mutiny at Meerut was telegraphed to him, he urged the Governor-General to lose no time in sending to China, Ceylon, and other places for European troops, and asked leave, which was granted him, to apply to the gallant ruler of Nepaul, in the Hills, a Mohammedan prince, who, when on a visit to London about ten years before, had made a great sensation.

Lucknow lies along the banks of the river Gumtee, and is about fifty miles from Cawnpore. On the 30th of May, the mutiny broke out among the Native troops stationed around Lucknow, and soon Sir Henry Lawrence and the Europeans were shut up in the Residency, surrounded by a howling savage multitude, raging like the sea, but fearfully dangerous, because largely composed of disciplined soldiers. Everywhere it was the same story. The European officers of native troops believing in their men to the last moment; the men turning upon them suddenly, and killing them. In some instances they were merely ordered off, and suffered to gallop back to Lucknow. Sometimes for a while, in particular instances, the Sepoys showed extraordinary fidelity; but their loyalty rarely stood the contact with other regiments that were in full revolt.

Here is the story of poor Mr. Christian and his family, picked out among a multitude of others, all very nearly the same.

Mr. Christian was the English Resident, at a station not far from the Hills, called Sitapore. On June 2, two native regiments, having insisted that the flour served out to them was adulterated with something to destroy their caste, the flour was all destroyed to satisfy them. The next day these regiments went out and opposed a large body of mutinous Sepoys. The day after, they shot their officers and rode off to Lucknow.

"It is not easy," says the account I am following, "to describe the scene that followed. Other mutineers rushed with yells against Mr. Christian's bungalow. The only possible safety

was in flight, and flight was difficult. A little river ran behind the bungalow. The fugitives had to cross it. Mr. Christian, who had boldly started, rifle in hand, to stay the mutineers, seeing that all was lost, returned to flee with his family. Preceded by his wife, with her infant in her arms, he succeeded in crossing the little river; but he had scarcely reached the opposite shore when he was shot dead by the pursuers. A similar fate befell his wife, her baby, and the nurse. The elder child, a girl, who had been taken across the river by a sergeant, was conveyed by him to the estate of the Rajah of Mithoti, and ultimately to Lucknow, where she died. Mr. and Mrs. Thornhill, also residents at Sitapore, were shot crossing the stream. A few gentlemen and one lady escaped, and reached the lands of the Mithoti Rajah. He felt that it was very dangerous to protect them, and all he dared to do for them was to promise to put food where they could get it if they hid in the jungle. There they stayed nearly five months, when a party of Sepoys captured them, and took them prisoners into their camp before Lucknow."

A party, consisting of nine ladies, ten children, and three men, reached Lucknow, in a month, by circuitous paths, concealing themselves in the day-time, and protected by a native nobleman.

Multiply such stories by fifty, and they will give some idea of what was going on all over India in the summer of 1857. Sometimes fugitives were all murdered, as was the case with a party from Mohamider, who trusted to a Sepoy guard who swore to escort them in safety. The sole survivor of this party tells the story: —

"We were on our way to Arangabad, when suddenly a halt was sounded, and a trooper told us to go on our way where we liked. There were three ladies with us, crammed into one buggy; the remainder lay prone on baggage-carts. We went on for some distance, when we saw a party coming along. They soon joined us and followed the buggy, which we were pushing along with all our might. When we were half a mile from Arangabad, a Sepoy sprang forward, snatched Ray's gun from him, and shot down poor old Shiels, who was riding my horse. Then the most infernal struggle ever witnessed by men began. We all collected under a tree close by, and put the ladies down from the buggy. Shots were firing in all directions, amid the

most fearful yells. The poor ladies all joined in prayer, coolly and unflinchingly awaiting their fate. I stopped for about three minutes amongst them, but, thinking of my poor wife and child, I endeavored to save my life for their sakes. I rushed out towards the insurgents, and one of our native soldiers called out to me to throw down my pistol and he would save me. I did so, when he put himself between me and the assailants, and several others followed his example. In about ten minutes they had completed their hellish work. They killed the wounded and the children, butchering them in the most cruel way. They denuded the bodies of their clothes for the sake of plunder. All were killed but myself; viz., one civilian, three captains, six lieutenants, three ensigns, one sergeant, a band-master, eight ladies, and four children."

I need not repeat more of these sickening stories; it is pleasanter to relate that kindness was shown to escaping bands of fugitives by village landowners, grateful to Sir Henry Lawrence, and by small Rajahs. Some Hill chiefs fell into disfavor with their own clans for hesitation to help the fugitives. One chief's wife left him for his inhumanity; and another native lady, wife of an old Rajah, bound her husband by an oath to show English fugitives any comfort and protection in his power. Some of those who showed most kindness to the English, in their hour of distress and humiliation, were men of wealth who had suffered much from the rough carrying out of Lord Dalhousie's land policy.

Sir Henry Lawrence, in Lucknow, managed to keep open communication, by means of spies and secret messengers, with other stations, whence telegraphic messages and letters were sent to other places. But, next to the safety of the people with him, what weighed upon his heart was the condition of Cawnpore. In this place, Sir Hugh Wheeler was shut up with many women and children. It was but fifty miles from Lucknow, but it was on the other side of the Ganges. Most piteously did Sir Hugh implore Sir Henry to send him help. But this was impossible. There were no means by which to cross the river, even if the little force from Lucknow could have got so far.

Cawnpore was invested by Nana Sahib. This was not the man's name, but his title. He was a Mahratta chief, claiming to be the adopted son of the last sovereign of the Mahrattas. When that personage had yielded his dominions to the English, he had been granted a pension for himself and for his heirs. He died without issue, but had adopted a short time before his death Dundoo Punt, or Nana Sahib. Lord Dalhousie asserted that the Nana had no claim to the reversion of the pension. The Nana naturally thought he had. Yet, with inconsistency on the part of the English Government, he was allowed to retain his adopted father's title of Peishwar, and to surround himself with troops and guns. It is a little remarkable that the Sepoys in this rebellion had no general who showed any generalship, or seems to have commanded their confidence or their attachment. Their nearest approach to such a leader was the Nana, who joined them before Cawnpore.

Here is Sir Hugh Wheeler's piteous last letter to Sir Henry Lawrence, dated June 24, 1857: —

"Since the last details, we have had a bombardment in this miserable position three or four times daily; now nineteen days exposed to two twenty-fours, and eight other guns of smaller calibre, and three mortars. To reply with three nines is, you know, out of the question; neither would our ammunition permit it. All our gun-carriages are more or less disabled; ammunition short. British spirit alone remains; but it cannot last forever. Yesterday morning they attempted their most formidable assault, but dared not come on. And after above three hours in the trenches, cheering on the men, I returned to the Fort to find my favorite darling son killed by a nine-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters. He was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous. I venture to assert such a position, so defended, has no example; but cruel has been the evil. We have no instruments, no medicine; provisions for ten days at furthest, and no possibility of getting any, as communication with the town is cut off. Railway men and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are (we had but two hundred and twenty soldiers to begin with), and the casualties have been numerous. The railroad men have done

excellent service, but neither they nor I can last forever. We have lost everything belonging to us, and have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die like rats in a cage."

Sir Henry replied, urging his friend to hold out; assuring him that Europeans and Sikhs were coming to his relief from Allahabad; and adding, "Do not accept terms from the enemy, as I much fear treachery. You cannot rely on the Nana's promises." And then he adds in French, "He has killed many prisoners."

When this letter was written, poor Wheeler had already accepted terms. He had been wounded, and was dying. The moment the garrison was in the hands of the Nana, he followed up his murder of the Futtehghur fugitives (a few weeks before) by slaughtering every man of the garrison, and many of the women and children. The remainder before long met the same fate. Of this subsequent butchery I will tell hereafter, when I relate Havelock's march into Cawnpore.

Meantime, the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay were in comparative tranquillity. The latter was under a very able governor, Lord Elphinstone. That the Punjaub was kept faithful, and more than faithful, — *serviceable,* — was due to Sir John Lawrence; while the country of the Rajapoots was kept steady by his brother. Cawnpore and Delhi were in the hands of the rebels, and the great object of the English was to recover Delhi and put down the newly proclaimed Emperor, who had his throne there. In Oude the only spot possessed by the English was the Residency at Lucknow, which sheltered about four thousand souls. It was surrounded, however, by an immense army of rebels, raging like an angry sea.

Sir Henry Lawrence had been upon the point of going home on sick leave when he was earnestly entreated by Lord Canning to undertake the pacification of Oude. He had not been there six weeks when the Mutiny broke out. It was now nearly July. Once or twice he had been so far incapacitated by illness that he had temporarily resigned his authority

into the hands of a council. The leading man in this council was a Mr. Gubbins, whom Sir Henry deemed too rash; but, indirectly influenced by this gentleman and those who thought like him, he, on June 30, made a sortie with his little force of about six hundred English, opposed, probably, to six thousand rebels. The sortie resulted in nothing but a loss of valuable English lives, which Sir Henry felt very keenly. Afterwards the mutineers poured into the city of Lucknow, and the British and their supporters (among them one stanch regiment of Sepoys) were shut up in the Residency. There Sir Henry "had to keep up the appearance of sanguine confidence, when his whole soul was engrossed with thoughts of the dreadful fate awaiting the helpless creatures — women and children — committed to his charge. He had to soothe, argue with, and command the miscellaneous tempers which surrounded him, some hampering him with their fears and their advice, some always urging him on to what they considered to be more decisive measures."

He had selected as his own quarters in the Residency a room in the upper story, because it gave him a good range of observation. During the first day's attack, July 1, a shell burst in that room between Sir Henry and a friend who was sitting near him. He was urged to change his chamber, but laughingly replied that he did not believe the enemy had a gunner good enough to do such a thing twice. A round shot, however, later in the day came in the same direction. Then he promised that he would move that very evening, but came home at nine o'clock exhausted. He flung himself upon his bed, and said he would get a little rest, and then see about moving his desk and papers.

As he lay on his bed one of his staff-officers read over to him a paper he had written. Sir Henry was in the act of suggesting some improvements, when a shot struck the room, brought down the punkah, and stunned the younger officer, who, as soon as he could recover himself, cried out, "Are you hurt, Sir Henry?" The answer came in a low voice, "I am killed." When help came, the bed was found all crimson with his blood.

They moved him at once into the veranda of the Residency, for coolness. His leg was shattered near the hip, and amputation was impossible. All that could be done was to relieve his pain. From place to place they moved him, as the continued bombardment knocked down the walls. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1857, he quietly died, having previously received the Holy Communion, with his nephew and other loved friends round him. He left minute directions regarding the conduct of the defence, begging his successor earnestly never to give in. He sent for officers in the garrison of whom he was most fond, told them what he expected of them, and spoke of the future. He also sent for all those whom he thought he had ever, though unintentionally, injured, or even spoken harshly to, and asked their forgiveness. At intervals he spoke a good deal of his dead wife, repeating texts she had been fond of. "He was buried," says his nephew, "in the churchyard where all the rest were; but there was no one but the clergyman to attend, as the place was under fire, and every one at his post."

General Sir John Inglis, who succeeded Sir Henry in the command, says: —

"The successful defence of this position has been, under Providence, solely attributable to the foresight which he evinced in timely commencement of the necessary operations, and the great skill and personal activity which he exhibited in carrying them into effect. All ranks possessed such confidence in his judgment and fertility of resources that the news of his fall was received throughout the garrison with feelings of consternation as well as of grief, inspired in the hearts of all by the loss of a public benefactor and a warm personal friend."

While he was still living (though he never heard of it), Government had appointed him Governor-General of India *pro tem.*, to succeed Lord Canning, if anything happened to him. His brother John, Lord Lawrence, was subsequently Governor-General. One deeply regrets that Sir Henry did not know of his own appointment. It would have soothed his feelings, which had never recovered from the pain

inflicted by his removal from the Punjaub after his dissension with his younger brother. Some years after his death a plain tombstone was put up to him in the churchyard of Lucknow, and a space has been appropriated for a monument to him in St. Paul's. He left three orphan children, the eldest of whom, Alexander, was made a baronet in recognition of the services of his father. He died of an accident in Northern India, and his brother, Henry Waldemar, is the present baronet. Sir Henry's third child was a little girl.

This chapter has told of the outbreak of the Mutiny, of the terror of all, of the sufferings of all, but most of the sufferings of the women and children, and those who suffered for them.

We leave Delhi in the hands of its Mohammedan representative of the Great Mogul, with Native troops from every part of India gathered in its defence, and British troops and Sikhs and Punjaubees marching to besiege them. The citadel at Agra was still held by the English, but was threatened by the rebels, and its garrison and its women were shut up in very restricted quarters, overlooking the city. Cawnpore was in the hands of Nana Sahib, and under him was the one Native chief who had shown generalship, Tantia Topi. General Sir Hugh Wheeler and his garrison had been murdered, but the English women and children were living still.

Oude was in revolt, with the English shut up in Lucknow in the Residency. Calcutta was disquieted, but not rebellious. The Presidencies of Bombay and Madras had no means of giving help, but had given little trouble. The Punjaub was loyal, and its aid to the English was beyond all praise. Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde), the Highland hero of the Crimea, was on his way from England to take the supreme military command. Lord Canning, son of George Canning, who died Prime Minister of England thirty years before, was Governor-General. Havelock and Outram had just reached Calcutta with reinforcements of British troops brought back from Persia.



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.
(Lord Clyde.)



English soldiers on their way to China had been stopped on their voyage, and the gallant Captain William Peel, R. N., son of Sir Robert, was making ready his naval brigade to do splendid service. Women and children were still wandering in the jungle, preferring to trust the tender mercies of wild beasts to being captured by the rebels.

All this was in the month of July, 1857; but help was at hand. Succor was soon to reach Agra and Delhi. The darkest pages of the tragedy (save one) have now been written; for in August the thunder-cloud began to turn its silver lining to the night, and before Christmas the Mutiny was over.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INDIAN MUTINY (*Continued*).

THE last chapter told of the early stages of the Indian Mutiny in the spring and summer months of 1857; this is to tell principally of its collapse, and of the return of Anglo-Indians to peace and security.

But before we reach this peace, we have to tell of the great and terrible massacre of the prisoners at Cawnpore; of the capture of Delhi; of the defence of Lucknow; of Havelock; of Outram; of Sir Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde); of Nana Sahib; and, finally, of the pacification of Bengal and Oude, and the extinction of John Company, — the familiar name by which the East India Company was called.

We have seen how the last days of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow were harassed by beseeching letters from Sir Hugh Wheeler, shut up in an indefensible position at Cawnpore; we have read the old General's last despairing letter, written beside the mangled corpse of his dear son; and we have seen how Sir Henry answered it, cheering him by hopes that an English army was coming up to his relief from Allahabad, and urging him to put no faith in Nana Sahib. This letter poor Wheeler never received.

He was seventy-five years of age; a brave, good man, an Anglo-Indian general of the old school. When the mutineers flocked into Cawnpore, and his Native troops mutinied, he shut himself up with his Europeans in a small building with low mud walls, outside the town.

Some weeks before, finding that timely help was hardly likely to be had from his own countrymen, poor Sir Hugh Wheeler bethought him of a man who he was sure would be ready to give him assistance, — a man who was rich,

powerful, and most hospitable to the English, and who lived about twelve miles from Cawnpore, at Bithoor. This man's name was Dundoo Punt; but history knows him as Nana Sahib.

The Mahratta chief, the Peishwar of Bithoor, who had adopted him, had been deposed early in the century by the English, but enjoyed an enormous pension from the British Government, assigned him for his support and that of his family. He also retained the title of Peishwar.

The Hindoos, both by law and custom, attach great importance to adoption. Lord Dalhousie, in every case that came before him, made very light of it. He insisted that the old Rajah Rao's pension was only for his life. The Nana claimed that it was not for life only, but should descend to his adopted son. Which was right and which was wrong, has never been satisfactorily determined. It may be said, however, that the treatment of the Nana was not *liberal.* But he was a rich man, notwithstanding, having inherited the immense savings of his adopted father, and he settled down into his palace at Bithoor, friendly — *very* friendly, to all appearances — with his English neighbors. Meantime he sent an agent to England to represent him there, and to urge his claims to the pension that the Governor-General refused him. This agent was a very handsome young Mohammedan, Azimoolah Khan. He had been footman or butler in an Anglo-Indian family, and had learned a great deal about English ways. Nothing delights fashionable, lion-hunting London more than a picturesque foreign celebrity to be fêted at the height of the season. We all remember Thackeray's picture in the "Newcomes" of the rascally Rummun Loll, surrounded by English beauties in an English drawing-room. Such a fate had Azimoolah Khan. He became the leading lion of the season in 1854. He persuaded himself that half the aristocratic beauties of London were over head and ears in love with him. He did not succeed in securing the Nana's pension, but he went back to India *via* Constantinople and the Crimea, where he told loathsome stories to English officers of the impression he

had produced on English ladies, and imbibed an idea, from the Press and from what he saw in 1855, that the power of England was on the wane, and her resources exhausted by the Crimean war.

This idea he imparted to his Nana, who, with vengeance in his heart against the English, smilingly bided his time. No Native prince was so hospitable, nor, to all appearance, so friendly; and the ladies and gentlemen at Cawnpore were delighted to be invited to behold and share the luxurious splendors of the palace where he lived; rather fat for his age, which was thirty-six, and given over, to all appearance, to indolence and luxurious living. However, as soon as Sir Hugh Wheeler called upon him, he hastened to his assistance at Cawnpore. This was at the close of May. A few days after he reached Cawnpore he joined the rebel army, making a pretence of being captured by the Sepoys and forced to adopt their cause. I have already told how on the last of June or the first of July he murdered the fugitives in the boats who were escaping from Futtehghur. That murder was perpetrated within a few days of his greater atrocity.

The little party under Sir Hugh Wheeler consisted of about one thousand persons, — 465 men, 280 grown women, and about the same number of little children. A great many of the men were railroad and telegraph employees, who fought bravely, — indeed, the bravery and endurance of all that hapless little band, shut up in their crumbling ruin, with absolutely no shelter either from sun, musketry, or cannon-shot, was something wonderful. All their sufferings were aggravated by the fact that every drop of water had to be drawn from the well under a sharp fire from the enemy.

On June 27, Sir Hugh Wheeler received an offer of protection from Nana Sahib, whom he still conceived to be (up to a certain point) his personal friend. The Nana promised, if he would surrender, to provide boats and rowers, and to take the garrison all down the Ganges to Allahabad. What followed is believed to have been largely the suggestion of

Azimoolah Khan, that polished lion of the London drawing-rooms.

The women and children of the garrison, and the sick and wounded, had embarked, and the men were getting into the boats, when suddenly a trumpet blew. At that signal one of the boatmen on board each boat set fire to the awning of thatch that protected the deck from the sun. The moment these awnings were in a blaze, on all sides came a fire upon the boats, not only of musketry, but of cannon placed in position. The men were all shot down. The majority of the women — wounded, terrified, heart-broken — were then re-landed, and marched back into Cawnpore, where they were confined for the night. One boat escaped; but it was fired at all along the river bank, until at last twelve brave men landed, determined to drive back their assailants. The boat was captured before they could get back to her, and nearly a hundred women and children were carried back to Cawnpore. Of the twelve men who had landed, four escaped, — the only survivors of the Cawnpore garrison; and these four endured incredible sufferings and went through numerous adventures before they reached a place of safety.

The women were shut up in the old barracks. Daily some were brought out and made to grind corn for their captors; but, as Mr. Justin McCarthy says, "They were doomed one and all to suffer death; but they were not, as at one time was believed in England, made to long for death as an escape from shame."

The wives of the old Peishwar (the same who had adopted Nana Sahib) were in Cawnpore, and, be it said to the honor of womanhood, they did all in their power to protect the unfortunate English women.

At this juncture, General Havelock landed at Calcutta, on his return from a campaign in Persia, where England had been carrying on a "little war" around the walls of Herat. The very day after he reached Calcutta he was placed in command of a column ready to be sent at once to the succor of Lucknow and Cawnpore.

Havelock had for many years ardently desired a supreme command. At last his hour had come, but too late to enable him to succor Sir Hugh Wheeler. He reached Benares, on his way from Calcutta to Allahabad, the day that the massacre took place at Cawnpore.

Of the difficulties and the distances that had to be surmounted in any communication between Cawnpore and Calcutta, I will tell a little later; *now* I will not interrupt the narrative.

Havelock had no cavalry, but he formed a corps of volunteer horsemen, — civilians, railroad and telegraph men, shopkeepers, and officers whose regiments had mutinied and who had escaped from their men. Fighting every inch of his way, twice winning two battles in one day, each time engaging with his whole force, he reached the outskirts of Cawnpore. There he fought a final battle, and drove the Nana Sahib and his troops out of the town.

The first act of the conquerors was to rush to the old barracks where they had learned from spies that the ladies and children were confined; and there such a sight met their eyes as never had been before recorded in the annals of English warfare.

The day before, the three or four men still left alive among this band of over two hundred English women and children were called out and shot. Then some Sepoys were sent to the spot, and ordered to fire through the windows at the women and children. It is thought that the hearts of these men had some compassion, and that they aimed high purposely, to avoid killing their defenceless victims. At any rate, the bullet-marks on the walls indicate this.

In the evening, five men (two Hindoo peasants, two Mohammedan butchers, and one a soldier of Nana Sahib) were sent to the place to murder every woman and child remaining alive. Shrieks upon shrieks were heard by those without, but no one knows what passed in those dreadful shambles. Twice the Mohammedan soldier came out and exchanged his reeking, broken sword for a keener one;

then all sounds ceased, the five men left the place, the door was closed. But when it was opened in the morning, a few were found still living. They were dragged forth, — the dead and those not quite dead, — and thrown into a well. Some little children had still strength enough to try to get away. When Havelock's men entered the building where the massacre took place, the pavement was still slippery with blood, and fragments of ladies' and children's dresses lay soaking in it, with bonnets, collars, combs, and children's frocks and frills. On the pillars were deep sword-cuts, from which, in several places, hung tresses of fair hair. Proceeding in their search, the soldiers found human limbs bristling from a well in the garden. The dead, who had been thrown into it, filled it to the brim. Men of the strongest nerve burst into tears; and what wonder that every savage instinct in men's hearts was roused to mad revenge? Two hundred and twelve was the number of those massacred in the barracks, besides those who perished in the river, and the 432 men.

There was a story, afterwards circulated, that an inscription had been found upon the whitewashed walls of the dreadful place, invoking vengeance on the murderers. But this was not so. Some one had disgraced himself by adding it afterwards, to stimulate the thirst for revenge.

The dreadful well has been filled up; the tender bodies were buried; the barracks have been pulled down; and a memorial chapel, surrounded by a beautiful garden, has been erected on the spot.

As to Nana Sahib, his army was defeated four months later by the English, and no one ever knew what afterwards became of him. Utterly routed, he galloped, on a wounded and exhausted horse, through Cawnpore, and made his way to his own palace at Bithoor. He there paused long enough to order the murder of a fugitive Englishwoman who had fallen into the hands of his people, and then he took flight in the direction of Nepaul. Never has he been again heard of. Years after, the English thought that

they had captured him, but it proved that they had caught a wrong man. Tantia Topi, his lieutenant, a brave man and a good general, whose hands, as far as history knows, were free from the blood shed in this horrible massacre, was hunted for months from place to place, suffering defeat after defeat. He was betrayed to the English at last, by a man whom he had trusted, and was hanged. He might better have been spared. He had never been in the service of the English, and owed them neither allegiance nor fidelity. As for Azimoolah Khan, I never heard what befell him. I trust it is not un-Christian to hope that he met with his deserts.

We may now pause, leaving Havelock in possession of Cawnpore, and take up the story of the siege of Delhi, before we go on to describe the relief of Lucknow, or the subsequent operations of Lord Clyde.

The cry of every rebel regiment the moment it got rid of its English officers was, "To Delhi!" Had the first mutineers at Meerut been cut down, as it was thought they might have been by vigorous action, before reaching Delhi, it is probable that the rebellion, if not the Mutiny, might have lacked a head. The old Emperor living at Delhi in his palace, with the English Resident, Mr. Frazer, to conduct his affairs, was eighty-two years old. The mutineers from Meerut swarmed into his capital, murdered the Resident, and insisted on proclaiming him the successor of Aurungzebe. There is no evidence that the old man had anything to do with the outbreak of the rebellion; but when "greatness was thrust upon him," he did not decline it, but put himself at the head of the political movement to overthrow the power of the English in India.

There was no possibility of sending up an English army from Calcutta to recapture Delhi; but an army, and everything needful for its support, was provided by Sir John Lawrence in the Punjaub. *He* perceived that Delhi was the keystone to the arch of the rebellion; and while many were urging him to look first to his hold on his own province, he hurried forward every available man and gun to Delhi.

Even the inflammatory elements of society in the Punjaub were turned to good service. The old gunners who had fought the English nine years before were called from their ploughs to fight England's enemies; low-caste Sikhs were enrolled as sappers; chiefs who had "been out" in the '48 and '49 against the English, were summoned, with their followings, and sent off to Delhi. It was also a great thing for the English that they had the electric telegraph connecting Lahore with Calcutta still in their hands.

The siege of Delhi was long, and more than once the situation became doubtful. The first general of the army, General Anson, died of cholera; the second, General Barnard, died also of cholera; General Reid succeeded him, and in a month was invalided to the Hills. One of the most brilliant soldiers Lawrence sent to Delhi was Nicholson, — a very Achilles for bravery; and not unlike Achilles in haughty unwillingness to render obedience to any one who in his judgment was an incapable superior.

General Wilson took the command after Anson, Barnard, and Reid had succumbed to illness; and General Baird Smith, a man of far more energy, commanded the engineers.

The siege of Delhi lasted from May to the latter days of September. The English force engaged was eight thousand seven hundred men, of whom a little more than one in three were Europeans. Delhi was a city seven miles in circumference; it was filled with an immense fanatical Mohammedan population; it was garrisoned by forty thousand soldiers, all armed and disciplined in the English service, with one hundred and fourteen pieces of heavy artillery mounted on the walls, besides sixty smaller pieces, served by trained artillerymen. It had also had immense stores of ammunition laid up by the English; but the arsenal had been blown up when the Mutiny began, by self-devoted Englishmen. The city was so well prepared to stand a siege that General Wilson desponded from the first. In every despatch he wrote that Havelock or some other general *must* be sent from the south to help him; but the arrival of such relief was utterly impossible. Havelock and Outram had their

hands full, and over-full, and Delhi had to fall before the English force besieging it, or not at all.

General Wilson thought *not at all.* So did not General Baird Smith, who, wounded, and prostrated by scurvy and dysentery, still kept up his spirit, and, assisted by a gallant officer, Alec Taylor, kept continual watch over everything in his department.

At last General Wilson, urged vehemently by Baird Smith, and seeing nothing better to be done, consented to sanction an assault early in September. The attack by artillery began on September 7, and by September 12 it was thought that two breaches had been made in the city walls. Then two parties volunteered to reconnoitre. One of them consisted of eight men; six of them privates, and two officers. They started at ten at night. It was bright starlight, but no moon. As they were about leaving the camp, a shell exploded near them, and covered them with dust. They sprang to their feet, drew their swords, and, feeling that their revolvers were ready at hand, started into the enemy's country. They reached the edge of the ditch that surrounded the wall of Delhi: not a soul was to be seen. Four of them slid down into the moat. In a few moments more they would have reached the breach; but, unhappily, they had not been quite noiseless. They saw men running. They knew they had been seen. They therefore climbed out of the ditch, and hid themselves in the long grass, whence, as they watched, they could see a file of men loading their muskets to fire at them. They did not neglect even at this moment to examine the breach. They saw that it was large, easy of ascent, and with no guns on the flanks. Then, finding that they could not hope to approach nearer, they sprang to their feet at a given signal, and started for their own lines at a full run. The fire that pursued them was very lively, but happily they escaped. On their report, and that of two officers who had examined the other breach, an assault was ordered for daybreak the following morning. Major Nicholson, the hero of the campaign, was placed in command of the column that was to attack the

breach that the eight volunteers had reconnoitred. Three other columns were directed against other points.

"It was three in the morning," says Colonel Malleson, the historian of the Mutiny; "the columns of assault were in the leash. In a few moments they would be slipped. What would be the result? The moment was supreme. Would the skill and daring of the soldiers of England triumph against superior numbers, defending and defended by stone walls? Or would rebellion, triumphing over the assailants, turn its triumph to still greater account, by inciting by its means to its aid the Punjaub and other parts of India still quivering in the balance? That indeed was the question. Delhi was in itself the smallest of the results to be gained by a successful assault. The fate of India was in the balance. The repulse of the British would entail the rising of the Punjaub."

The assault took place at daybreak; and by evening of the next day the English, after a fierce struggle, had gained the outer portion of the city. Several days of desperate street-fighting followed. The palace was reached; its gates were blown open with gunpowder; a few fanatics who had remained in it were slaughtered. The British flag was hoisted, and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was in the hands of the English conquerors.

"And then we thought on vengeance; and all along our van,
'Remember Englishwomen's wrongs!' was passed from man to man."

The General had issued an order to show no mercy to men, but to spare women and children.

There was with the army at Delhi, Colonel Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, a man born with all the characteristics of a *condottiere* of the Middle Ages; with all the daring, personal magnetism, generalship, and self-devotion of that class of men; with their reckless indifference to human life (their own inclusive); with a taste for rough and ready justice, — or injustice, as the case might be, — and for gain or plunder wherever or however it could be won. Hodson had real pleasure in vengeance. His feet were

swift to shed blood. With all this, he was loved by his friends[1] (no man ever had a nobler set of them), and he was adored by those nearer and dearer to him. "He was one of those strangely mixed characters that may not be imitated, but must stand before the bar at the Great Assize before they can be judged."

He was a clergyman's son, born in England in 1821. He was at Rugby before the time of Dr. Arnold, and was distinguished there by his love of discipline, ruling with high-handed justice, and in the interest of boys who were oppressed, in his own division of the school. He went to college, but his desire was for soldiership. On reaching India he became a great favorite with Sir Henry Lawrence. He gave his hero-worship to Sir Charles Napier; he was the intimate friend of Robert Napier (since Lord Napier of Magdala). Everything he did, he did well; and words were weak in which these men would praise him. In 1847 he was put second in command over an irregular corps of Punjaubee cavalry, called the Guides. "They included men of many races, many creeds. Notorious criminals and dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked a candidate for enlistment, as to character; he needed only to show that he had a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, resources, and mountain-passes of the district in which he lived."

With these men Hodson did admirable service in the Second Sikh War (1846–47). In 1852 he was married to a lady he had loved some years, and whom he continued all his life to love devotedly. He had quitted the Guides before this, but soon after, he was appointed to the chief command of them. "I am the luckiest man on the whole earth," he wrote exultingly. But, alas! he was extravagant by nature, and was soon deep in debt, — a state of things sadly common among young officers in India.

We need not linger over the sad story. He was accused of misappropriating the regimental funds. He was tried for it, and dismissed from his command. The very week

[1] See note on page 442.

this scandal was made public, he had lost his only child. Not only was he accused of dishonorable money transactions, but of high-handed injustice in the exercise of his authority.

He was sent back as a subaltern to his regiment, after ten years of distinguished and independent command. Then the Mutiny broke out, and Hodson was wild for employment. All the former charges against him were overlooked, — he was a man whose services in that emergency would be so splendid and valuable!

Splendid and valuable they were. He was authorized to raise a regiment of irregular cavalry, — Hodson's Horse. He was replaced in command of his old regiment, the Guides. All the spy service of the army before Delhi was intrusted to him; and it was so well conducted that the officers before Delhi used to say that Hodson knew every day what the King of Delhi had for dinner. Then came the bombardment, the assault upon the city, and the victory.

But the old King of Delhi had escaped, and had taken refuge in a magnificent mausoleum, the tomb of the Emperor Hoomâyoon, a few miles from Delhi. One of his generals, who was making off with the remains of the defeated forces to the hills, urged him to go with them. But the old man had two evil counsellors, — a young wife who dreaded hardships, and a treacherous vizier who hoped to make his own peace with the English by delivering his master into their hands. This man communicated with one of Hodson's chief spies, and Hodson went to General Wilson and asked leave to arrest the King. For some time Wilson hesitated. He seems habitually to have hesitated about everything. At last it was settled that the King should be promised his life if he surrendered; and Hodson set out with fifty of his troopers. A vast crowd was round the tomb in which the aged King had taken refuge, with his counsellors and his *zenana*. After a two-hours' negotiation the old man surrendered. Hodson took away his arms, and led him off captive to await his trial.

"But the King's three sons were still to be brought to their account. Never doubting that these men had hounded on the murderers of the English ladies and children, Hodson and his companions were too thoroughly possessed by the desire for their condign punishment to think of asking for proofs of their guilt. Hodson, therefore, resolved to go and capture them, as he had done the King. At first, General Wilson would not give his consent; but Hodson was importunate. Nicholson, from his dying bed, where he lay mortally wounded, vehemently supported him; and General Wilson at last yielded. At eight o'clock in the morning Hodson started with McDowell, his lieutenant, and one hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader," continues the writer from whom I copy this account, "try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade. Wild-looking horsemen, wearing scarlet turbans and dust-colored tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader a tall, spare man, attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-kindled light.

"The Princes in a tomb where they also had taken refuge endeavored to stipulate for life. Hodson curtly refused to make any stipulation at all. At last they yielded. Their situation was desperate, and their last hope appeared to be in English mercy. They set out in a bullock-cart. An immense crowd followed them, and after some time pressed upon their escort, which had been reduced to ten troopers, the others having been sent away. There is little doubt that Hodson hoped that some attempt at a rescue might give him an excuse for despatching his prisoners with his own hand; but the attempt at rescue was not made. When about a mile from Delhi he suddenly halted his party, ordered the Princes to get out of the bullock-cart and strip off their upper garments; then, borrowing a carbine from one of his troopers, he shot them all three dead. 'I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice in ridding the earth of these wretches,' he wrote that very evening to a friend; and he had said previously that 'if he got into the palace, the House of Timour would not be worth five minutes' purchase.'"

How far these men were guilty of the shedding of English innocent blood in Delhi was never known, their summary execution having prevented any investigation of their crimes. Their bodies were exposed at the gate of Delhi

for some days. Their valuables, men believed, passed into the hands of their slayer.

The old King of Delhi was tried and condemned; but his life was spared. Government sent him to the Cape of Good Hope; but the colonists would not permit him to make their land his asylum. He was brought back to India, and ended his days at Rangoon.

Hodson did not live to receive censure from England, or praise for his unauthorized violence; though the former has since been lavished on him freely, especially when his murder of the Princes was found not to be an isolated case of red-handed vengeance, — unjust vengeance on one occasion on a man who had once stood his friend.

For two weeks after the death of the Princes of Delhi Hodson continued with the victorious army; then he was sent to clear the country from bands of rebels, and to bring in supplies. He did his work effectually. Next, Sir Colin Campbell, prompted by Colonel Seaton, who knew Hodson well, asked for his services. "I would rather have him," said Seaton, "than five hundred men."

In storming one of the palaces at Lucknow, in March, 1858, under Sir Colin, he was present, though it was not part of his duty, as a cavalry officer, to be there; besides which he was imperfectly cured of a wound. Attempting to rush with his sword upon a group of rebels hiding in a dark passage, he was urged not to go forward, — he was even withheld forcibly for a moment; but he pushed on, and received his death-wound.

"There must have been something that was noble in a man so loved by comrades and so valued by superior officers, themselves brave soldiers and high-minded and Christian men. Posterity will not, indeed, be blinded by the glamour of his military exploits; they will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Indian Mutiny: but while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means, and that, heedless of justice, of gratitude, and even of honor, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was also an affectionate son, a good comrade, a tender husband, that he rendered brilliant services to his country, and that he died fighting to the last against her enemies."

We have now seen Cawnpore once more in the hands of the English, and Delhi has fallen, — thus ending any political rebellion as typified by the setting up of a new Great Mogul; there remains now the suppression of the Mutiny in Oude, together with the relief of Lucknow, its second siege, and the defeat of the mutineers gathered between it and Cawnpore. The heroes of this second part of our history are Havelock, Outram, Lord Clyde, and Captain William Peel, R. N. (Sir Robert's son).

It was July 4, 1857, that Sir Henry Lawrence died at Lucknow; and the command devolved upon General Inglis, who, with Major Banks, had enjoyed to the fullest extent Sir Henry's confidence. Two weeks afterwards, Major Banks was killed by a bullet through his head.

It would not be possible in this small space to give an account of the military operations of the siege of the Residency at Lucknow by the Sepoys.

Lucknow was a long, straggling town on the banks of the Goomtee, a tributary of the Ganges. In it there were a number of palaces, and all round it were the residences of the Oude nobles, surrounded by high walls and by beautiful gardens. There were, besides, many mosques, also surrounded by walls and flowers and groves. Among the palaces was the Martinière, built by a French officer named Martin, in the service of a former King of Oude, and after his death converted into a boys' orphan asylum. There was the Alumbaugh, a fortified palace about two miles from the city; there was the Muchee Baum, blown up by Sir Henry Lawrence; there, too, was the Kaiserbaugh, or King's Palace, with a beautiful mosque attached to it. The Residency was also surrounded by a high wall, and stood in a large garden, with other houses within the enclosure. Into this Residency all the Europeans and all the faithful among the native troops were crowded, to stand a siege. The place was commanded from the tops of several mosques and many religious edifices, whence sharpshooters fired down into the enclosure; for Sir Henry Lawrence had been anxious to spare holy places as well as private property, and these buildings had not been destroyed. From them proceeded a brisk fire of musketry

night and day. The commanding General estimated that there could not have been less than eight thousand men, at any one time, firing into the English position. This rendered every part of the Residency unsafe. The sick and wounded were killed in inner rooms, and the widow of Lieutenant Dorin and other women and children were shot dead in places where it was supposed no bullet could reach them. Besides this, the enemy brought up about twenty-five large cannon and planted them all round the English position, very close to the defences. Had the rebels only had the spirit to make one brilliant dash, all might have fallen into their hands; but they were Asiatics, and almost leaderless, fighting Europeans.

This firing and cannonading was kept up till July 20, the day before Major Banks was killed. On that day the rebels exploded a mine and attempted an assault, but were driven back at every point with great slaughter. They then resumed their cannonading and their musketry, until the 10th of August.

That day they exploded another mine, and made a breach through which a regiment could have advanced; but when they attempted it, the fire of the English garrison was too hot for them. Every attempt, either to scale the walls or to pour through the breach, had to be given up. On August 18 there was another assault, and again on September 5. The Sepoys' loss that day must have been very heavy, the ground all round the English position being strewed with their corpses.

In addition to the usual cares of war, the little garrison was kept at hard labor countermining the mines of the enemy. They experienced the extremes of wet and heat during this summer siege, with very little shelter either from rain or sun. Besides this, they were harassed and kept on the *qui vive* by constant false alarms from the enemy.

"I feel," says General Inglis, "that any words of mine would fail to convey any idea of what our fatigue and labors have been, — labors in which all ranks and all classes (civilians, offi-

cers, and soldiers) have all borne an equally noble part. All have together descended into the mines, all have together handled the shovel for the interment of the putrid bullocks, and all, accoutred with musket and bayonet, have relieved each other on sentry, without regard to the distinctions of rank, civil or military; and the enemy, notwithstanding their overwhelming numbers and their incessant fire, could never succeed in gaining one inch of ground within the bounds of the Residency, which was so feebly fortified that had they once obtained a footing in any of the outposts, the whole place must inevitably have fallen. During the early part of these vicissitudes we were left without any information of the posture of affairs without. On the twentieth day of the siege, however, a pensioner named Asgad brought in a letter from General Havelock's camp, informing us that they were advancing with sufficient force to bear down all opposition, and would be with us in five or six days. A messenger was immediately despatched, requesting that on their arrival on the outskirts of the city two rockets might be sent up, in order that we might take the necessary measures for assisting them to force their way in. The sixth day, however, expired, and they came not; but for many evenings after, officers and men watched for the ascension of the expected rockets with hopes such as make the heart sick. We knew not then — nor did we learn till August 29, thirty-five days later — that the relieving force, after leaving Cawnpore, fought most nobly to effect our deliverance, but had been obliged to fall back for reinforcements; and this was our last communication before the arrival of help, on the 25th of September."

He goes on to speak of the heavy duties that fell on the European ladies, — deprived of servants, attending on all the sick, and on their children, the mortality among whom was great.

Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the Cabul massacre, was at Lucknow during these terrible days of hard fighting and uncertainty. He was subsequently highly commended by the Government in their despatches, for his self-devotion and efficiency. The General also says: —

"With respect to the Native troops among us, I am of opinion that their loyalty never was surpassed. They were indifferently fed and worse housed, and were exposed, especially the Thir-

teenth Regiment, to a most galling fire of shot and shell. Every effort — persuasion, promise, and threat — was used to make them desert us; and in all probability we should have been sacrificed by their desertion. Sir James Outram has promised to promote them. Our artillerymen were at the last so reduced that they had to run from one battery to another to fight their guns. Towards the last we had only twenty-four European gunners, and no less than thirty guns in position."

"But ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew!"

I have in the General's own words given the "plain, unvarnished tale" of the defence of Lucknow till the arrival of Havelock and Outram on September 25. I have given no pathetic incidents of the siege. I have followed the official report of the commanding General to his Government in his own words; and yet how pathetic is that picture of officers and men night after night, for five-and-thirty nights, looking out for the signal rockets that never came!

When General Havelock had communicated his taking of Cawnpore, July 16, to the Government at Calcutta, General Neill was at once despatched to him as second in command, and to take his place in the event of any casualty. He arrived July 24, and Havelock was eager the next day to cross the Ganges, leaving Neill in command at Cawnpore, with two hundred men. The force under Havelock was about fifteen hundred. The Ganges was swollen, and very hard to cross. It took them four days to get over it. In a week Havelock and his little band had fought and won two battles; but such victories were destruction to the victors, especially as cholera was beginning to make ravages among them. Havelock began to feel that if he lost by sickness and casualty two hundred and fifty men out of fifteen hundred every twenty-four hours, he would, even if successful, bring little relief to Lucknow. He decided to fall back nearer to Cawnpore, and wait for reinforcements.

General Neill was greatly disappointed. He had no wish to send on to Havelock every reinforcement that might reach him coming up the river. He complained loudly,

wrote Havelock an unbecoming letter, and forwarded his own views of the situation to Calcutta.

More and more difficulties surrounded Havelock. Nana Sahib had made new levies, and these were swarming round him. The Gwalior contingent had revolted from Scindia, their chief, who was loyal to the English; and on August 13, Havelock fell back on the city of Cawnpore. On the evening of August 17, after his return from Bithoor, the former capital of Nana Sahib, where he had fought a stoutly contested battle and gained a victory, the harassed General received a Calcutta newspaper informing him that he was superseded, that his superior officer, Sir James Outram, was coming up the river to take the command, and, with reinforcements, push on to Lucknow.

Outram is known to history as the Bayard of the East, — the man who had no thought of self; who would do justice and love mercy, without fear of personal consequences. The last service on which he had been employed was a brief war with Persia, from which he had returned just in time to take command of the expedition which, reinforced by Havelock's men, was to relieve Lucknow. With Lucknow, Sir James was thoroughly acquainted, having lived there as Resident for some time.

He accordingly reached Cawnpore, when his immediate assumption of the command would have cut off Havelock's hopes of being the officer to bring succor to the besieged garrison: humiliating him as a soldier, grieving him as a man. Havelock was too good a subordinate to make complaint at such a moment; but the first thing Sir James Outram did on his arrival, was to issue a general order to the troops, saying that he was not the man to take from such an officer as General Havelock the credit of an expedition for which he had labored and planned; that he, therefore, though General Havelock's senior in military rank, would leave him the command of the little army, and accompany it only as civil commissioner, till Lucknow was relieved, when he would resume his authority.

By all military men this is considered one of the most



SIR JAMES OUTRAM.



generous deeds ever done by one soldier to another. As such, it is spoken of by Lord Canning in an official paper, and it was depicted in the centre of a silver shield presented by the inhabitants of Bombay to Sir James Outram, as being the crowning glory of his noble life of service and honor.

The united force, therefore, pushed on through dangers and difficulties innumerable till it came within striking distance of Lucknow, and made its way into the Residency.

But, alas ! it was as a relief it came, and not as a deliverance. It had no means of transport to convey away the women and children, the sick and the wounded ; and even if it had had the means, it was not strong enough to convey them through hosts of enemies. All it could do was to join them, to enable them to hold out, to share the labors of the defence with them, and wait for better times. Happily there were plenty of provisions in the Residency. Sir James Outram took possession of some mosques and buildings outside the Residency limits and fortified them till they strengthened his position. Thus they remained, from September till November, anxiously hoping for more relief, but far better off than they had been before Outram and Havelock reached them.

Meantime, in September, Sir Colin Campbell, the Highland hero of the Crimean war, had reached Calcutta, and troops began to pour in, — from the Mauritius, from the Cape of Good Hope, from transports on their way to China, and, most valuable of all, the sailors and gunners of the Naval Brigade, organized from the ships of war, under Captain William Peel. " He showed eminently all the qualities of an organizer and a leader of men," says one who knew him in India. "Nothing he ever did failed." "The greatness of our loss we shall never know," was said a few months later, when his crowning work was done, and he died of smallpox at Cawnpore.

An English writer thus sums up the situation in India when Sir Colin Campbell arrived to take supreme command of the English forces, in September, 1857, before the fall of Delhi : —

"A great empire seemed on the point of being lost. The Sepoy army, well organized, well disciplined, and well provided, had broken into revolt. The whole of Northern, Central, and Western India seemed about to be lost. Nothing but Sir John Lawrence's energy in the Punjaub saved India. But for him, the war would soon have raged around Calcutta."

At the time Sir Colin landed as general-in-chief, Calcutta and the Government were entirely cut off from Delhi and the Punjaub. Before Delhi, a small English force was confronting a fortified city defended by a large army of revolted Sepoys; a small garrison, with women and children and ecclesiastics, was shut up in the citadel at Agra; a similar garrison was imprisoned in the Residency at Lucknow. Besides this, it is necessary to consider the extraordinary difficulties Sir Colin Campbell had to overcome on the march from Calcutta, before we can fully estimate his last triumphant campaign.

From Calcutta to Allahabad, on the Ganges, is 809 miles by water, 503 by land. From Calcutta for 120 miles there was a railroad; but from its terminus at Raneegunge there were nearly four hundred miles to be travelled on foot or in bullock-carts to reach Allahabad. To reach Allahabad by steamer up the Ganges was at any time slow work, and now all along the river were parties of the enemy ready to fire on any steamer. From Allahabad to Cawnpore is about eighty miles. At Cawnpore the bridge of boats across the Ganges was a thousand feet in length, and from Cawnpore to Lucknow is fifty miles.

Every kind of supply for the army on its march had to be brought from Calcutta, — tents, guns, clothing, ammunition, flour; for all that the English had previously possessed along the route had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Sir Colin brought his troops to Raneegunge by train, then he put them into bullock-carts, with relays of bullocks already stationed along the route, and carried them onward, travelling by night and resting by day. In this way they arrived at Allahabad fresh, and ready for service. The

little army (never over four thousand strong) was composed of scraps and remnants of corps. In it were some Highlanders devoted to Sir Colin, and some Sikhs and Punjaubees sent down from Delhi. But from Delhi had come also a great accession to the rebel forces round Cawnpore; viz., the Gwalior contingent, the native troops of the great chief Scindia, who had had great difficulty in keeping them from declaring against the English some time before. When Scindia heard of the fall of Delhi, however, he expressed such satisfaction that his troops could be restrained from mutiny no longer, and, declaring that they must find a leader who would conduct them against the English, they marched off to join Nana Sahib.

This formidable body when Sir Colin reached Cawnpore was threatening the city, and military precedent would have demanded that he should first dispose of them, and, leaving his rear safe, should then have marched on Lucknow. But advices from Sir James Outram reached him, pressing his arrival. He feared lest the provisions of the little garrison at Lucknow might not hold out; and, leaving a small force at Cawnpore under General Windham, together with the baggage of his army and stores of all kinds brought for the comfort of the rescued women and children, he pressed on to Lucknow.

The siege of Lucknow may be said to have consisted of four acts. The first, when Sir Henry Lawrence shut himself up, in May, with his little party in the Residency; the second, the siege and defence that continued after Sir Henry's death to the arrival of Havelock, from July to September; thirdly, the siege till Sir Colin Campbell arrived and carried off the women and children; and, lastly, the return of Sir Colin's army, the capture of Lucknow, and the utter discomfiture of the rebels.

We are now considering the story of the third act, which ends with the rescue of the garrison out of the besieged Residency.

When Outram and Havelock became aware that Sir Colin had reached the Alumbaugh, a fortified palace less than

three miles from Lucknow, it became very desirable to open communication with him. They had an old copy of the "Penny Cyclopædia" in the Residency, and from it learned the code of signals used in telegraphing before the days of the electric telegraph, by the wooden arms of the old semaphores. They contrived to construct one, and it worked to their satisfaction; but still it seemed above all things desirable to send one of their number to Sir Colin. But to ask any man to dare the risk of passing through the Sepoy hordes was impossible.

A clerk in one of the civil offices, named Thomas Henry Kavanagh, offered himself.

"He was very tall and very fair, — a most difficult man to disguise, which Sir James Outram represented to him; but Kavanagh had made up his mind, and willingly offered himself. He chose the garb of a native Badmash, — a sort of bushwhacker, a soldier who served for plunder. There were many of these in the ranks of the rebels. He put on a pair of tight silk trousers, fitting closely to the skin, a tight-fitting muslin shirt, and a short jacket of yellow silk. Round him he bound a white waistband; over his shoulders he threw a colored chintz cloth; on his head was a cream-colored turban; his feet he inserted into the slipper-like shoes much worn by the natives of India. His face and hands he dyed with oils and lampblack, and he cut short his hair. He carried only the sword and buckler proper to his character."

After all kinds of adventures, which he afterwards detailed in a small book,[1] he reached Sir Colin Campbell. The morning after he got into camp, Sir Colin inspected his men.

"The scene," says one who was present, "was very striking, as the little army was drawn up in the midst of an immense plain; it seemed a mere handful. The guns and battalions that had come down from Delhi looked blackened and service-worn; but the horses were in good condition, the harness in perfect repair, the men swarthy, and evidently in good fighting trim. The Ninth Lancers, with their blue uniforms and white turbans twisted round their forage-caps, their flagless lances, lean but hardy horses, and gallant bearing, looked the perfection

[1] Now not to be obtained.

of a cavalry regiment on active service. Wild and bold was the carriage of the Sikh cavalry, riding untamed-looking steeds, clad in loose fawn-colored robes, with long boots, blue or red turbans and sashes, and armed with carbine and sabre. Next to them were the wasted remains of the Eighth and Seventy-fifth, clad entirely in slate-colored cloth. With a wearied air, they stood grouped around their standards, — war stripped of its display, in all its nakedness. Then the Second and Fourth Punjaub Infantry, tall of stature, with eagle eyes, overhung by large twisted turbans, clad in short sand-colored tunics, men swift to march and forward in the fight, ambitious both of glory and of loot. Last stood, many in number, in tall and serried ranks, the Ninety-third Highlanders. A waving sea of plumes and tartans they looked as with loud and rapturous cheers they welcomed their commander. You saw at once that under him they would go anywhere, do anything."

Sir Colin's plan, after leaving all safe at the Alumbaugh, was to make a flank march to the west and get possession of a large park called the Dilcoosha, and the Martinière. This plan, by means of Kavanagh, had been agreed upon between Sir Colin and Sir James Outram.

The Alumbaugh had been held for six weeks by a small European garrison left in it by Havelock.

It would be impossible here to describe the fight. I can only say the contest was severe, but the plan was carried out successfully. Building after building was stormed. The Sikhs and Highlanders fought side by side. At one moment, when all depended on the successful capture of a strong position, Sir Colin gathered his own Highlanders about him, and simply told them that the thing *must* be done; he had intended to spare them for the remainder of the day, but this thing *must* be accomplished. He himself would lead them.

Yet again and again the attack seemed to fail. Suddenly a sergeant communicated to his colonel that he had fancied he perceived a breach in the wall of the enclosure. The colonel and a few men crept round through the brushwood to reconnoitre. They mounted the breach unopposed; they pushed on to the gate, and opened it to their

comrades. The garrison had given up the place. The victory was won. Soon Havelock and Outram came riding through a storm of bullets to join Sir Colin. It was agreed that the relieving army should form, as it were, two lines, leaving a passage through narrow lanes out of the Residency. Through this passage the women and children passed first into Sir Colin's camp on the night of November 25, 1857. Then came the sick and wounded. The garrison followed the next night. The rebel Sepoys were wholly unconscious of the evacuation of the Residency, and continued to fire on it long after not a soul was there. The treasure was brought away in safety; the guns were spiked. Not much ammunition or food remained to be left behind.

One sad event occurred to cast a gloom over this triumph. Worn out with toil and anxiety, Sir Henry Havelock died a few hours after reaching the Alumbaugh.

He was born in the English Dane-laugh, and traced his name, Havelock, back to an old Norse king converted by Alfred. Very early in life he became an earnest Christian, and eventually (though his family belonged to the Church of England) he joined the Baptists, having been brought to deep religious conviction by a missionary on board the ship that carried him to India.

The glory of his life came to him after he was sixty years old; but he had been preparing himself for it forty years, by study, training, self-discipline, and faithful service. His statue stands now beside Nelson's, in Trafalgar Square, as a man whom the English nation delights to honor.

All he had suffered during his imprisonment in the Residency had told upon him. He died of dysentery. A short time before his death, he heard of his having been made Sir Henry Havelock; and greater honors were in store for him, of which he did not live to hear. His death-bed was all peace, though war was raging round him. They buried him beneath the scorching Indian sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death.

The Queen had promoted him to be a major-general and a baronet. The baronetcy descended to his gallant son and aide-de-camp, together with a life-pension, granted by Parliament, which enables him to keep up the dignity.

But the army of Sir Colin Campbell had to turn their backs as speedily as possible on the grave of Havelock and the city of Lucknow. General Windham at Cawnpore had been attacked by the troops of Nana Sahib, reinforced by the Gwalior contingent, and was in the utmost peril, together with the bridge of boats by which alone Sir Colin's army could recross the Ganges.

All day, on the 28th of November, the British force in Cawnpore had fought desperately, but hopelessly, and at night it was compelled to fall back into intrenchments wholly inadequate to give it shelter.

"The dust of no succoring column could be seen rising from the plains of Oude; and the sullen plunge of the rebel round-shot into the river showed how frail was the link, how endangered was the bridge of boats, that bound us to the shore of Oude, whence only succor could come. The clatter of a few horsemen was suddenly heard passing over the bridge, and ascending to the Fort at a rapid pace. As they came close under the ramparts, an old man with gray hair was seen riding at their head. One of the soldiers recognized Sir Colin Campbell. The news spread like wild fire. The men crowding upon the parapet sent forth cheer after cheer. The Sepoys, surprised at the commotion, for a few minutes ceased their fire. The old man rode in through the gate. All felt then that the crisis was over, — that the Residency at Lucknow saved, would not now be balanced by Cawnpore lost."

When the morning broke, the plain towards Lucknow was white with the tents of the returning army. The British artillery silenced the guns that played upon the bridge, and the army commenced its passage. Then the rebel troops evacuated Cawnpore, burning up, as they did so, before the eyes of the English, all the baggage left behind to facilitate a rapid march to and from Lucknow, and all the stores collected for the comfort of the destitute

women and children. The passage of the bridge was a long and very anxious one. The column of women and children, sick, wounded, and treasure that Sir Colin Campbell's army escorted, reached more than two miles, and then, to be in safety, all had to be escorted to Allahabad.

The moment they were out of the way, Sir Colin began his work of punishing the Gwalior contingent, ten thousand strong, and supplied with all the material of war. He came down on their camp by a great *détour* to the west, while a feigned attack on their left and centre kept them from perceiving what was going on. The Gwalior soldiers were utterly routed; their camp was taken, and all their guns. The English cavalry pursued them fourteen miles along the high-road. Not a gun, not a tumbril, not a bullock-cart escaped. The fugitives, throwing away their arms and accoutrements, at last dispersed over the country, hiding in the jungle and the grain from the red sabres and lances of the horsemen. When the pursuers, late in the evening, reined in their weary horses by the fourteenth milestone, there was not an enemy in their front.

And now, Cawnpore relieved from the enemy, Sir Colin and his little army resumed the re-conquest of Oude and the final punishment of Lucknow. Troops came from Bombay and Madras that cleared the rebels out in Central India and drove them into the Hills.

The reason that Sepoys from the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay were more faithful than those of Bengal was that they were lower-caste men. The ladies and children from Agra reached Cawnpore in safety about three months after the rescue of those at Lucknow; and then Sir Colin, collecting such a force as India had never before seen under a British general, marched into Oude and advanced on Lucknow.

"Having marched the last day through miles of barren and uninteresting country," writes an officer of Fusileers, "we came in sight of the camp of the little army of Sir James Outram at Alumbaugh, which Sir Colin had left behind when he marched

away with his convoy from Lucknow. There, within those few tents, were the gallant men who had held the thousands of Oude and the rebel Sepoys in check so long; yet who could fancy it was an army encamped before a large city occupied by a numerous enemy?"

Some one has described Lucknow as the greenest city in the world. Its palaces were all surrounded with gardens or with *topes*, that is, groves of trees. When the final attack was made, on the 15th of March, just ten months after the outbreak of the Mutiny, the troops burst through the Kaiser-baugh, a palace larger than Versailles, and then advanced towards the Residency.

The enemy made no stand. Hodson the day before had been wounded, and that day he lay dying. Whatever we may think of him as a man of honor, he was the idol of the troops, who felt that his death made indeed an important vacancy.

Although a few fanatics remained in the city, there was no fighting to any extent after the 17th of March. A week later, the townspeople were beginning to return to their homes, and civil authority, aided by a powerful police, began once more to rule the city of Lucknow.

It remained to reconstruct the Government of India. Poor John Company was swept away. The Queen assumed sway as Empress of India, though she did not for many years assume the title. The Governor-General became a Viceroy. Lord Elgin was the first Viceroy after Lord Canning; the next was Sir John Lawrence, who was raised to the peerage in 1869. The natives understood the rule of an Empress better than that of a trading company.

The first thing done by the Government was to extend railroads all over the country. India has been peaceful ever since, though half-educated natives occasionally grow excited, as they become acquainted with European history, over the idea that they are not sufficiently admitted to a share in the government.

The people have been, on the whole, prosperous and well contented. Old superstitions are dying out. It is said

that coolies are now hired to drag the Juggernaut car. The number of Christian converts is now great. The seed sown by Henry Martyn, Bishop Heber, Dr. William Carey, and others is beginning to bring forth fruit an hundredfold. Learned men are also beginning to find affinities between uncorrupted Buddhism and Christian thought.

It is not to be denied that, with their passions roused to madness by reports — some true, some false — of the atrocities practised upon English women and children, fierce vengeance was taken by the English soldiers. No prisoners were made on either side. Indeed, the English had no force with which they could have guarded prisoners.

After all was over, the faithful were liberally rewarded, and the new Government set itself to remedy the mistakes made in dealing with the feudal landowners of Oude.

Lord Canning was long reviled by excited Anglo-Indians as "Clemency" Canning. The years that have passed since have vindicated his wisdom and right feeling.

> "In that terrible time," says a writer in "All the Year Round," "men like Lord Clyde were deeply impressed by the calm courage and firmness of Lord Canning. He was magnanimous too (a very rare quality), and never attempted, all through the storm of obloquy that beat on him, to right himself by blaming his countrymen."

It is true that he did not, like Sir John Lawrence, realize at once that the war of the Mutiny was to the English a struggle for existence. He was reluctant for some time to let a regiment of English volunteers be raised in Calcutta. He restricted the liberty of the Press, both Native and English, appalled by the ferocity of Anglo-Indian journals. He disarmed civilian Englishmen when he disarmed Natives; "and no wonder," says an English writer, "when 'pandy-potting' was looked upon by new arrivals in the light of an amusement, and when even soldiers of the line as they stepped off their ship would fix bayonets and in the Calcutta streets prepare to hunt down 'niggers.' The fact is, it was a panic; and fear is always cruel. Canning had

the nerve to do all he could to prevent Englishmen from behaving worse than tigers."

Lord Canning survived his admirable wife only a few months. She died at Barrackpore in November, 1861; he died the following summer in England.

The Queen when she assumed the government of India issued a proclamation which was received by her Indian subjects with gratitude and acclamation. The first draft of this proclamation had not been entirely satisfactory to the Queen and Prince Albert, who returned it to Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, with the following note:—

"The Queen would be glad if Lord Derby would write it himself in his excellent language, bearing in mind that it is a female sovereign who speaks to more than a hundred million of Eastern people, on assuming the direct government over them, and after a bloody war, giving them pledges which her future reign is to redeem, and explaining the principles of her government. Such a document should breathe feelings of generosity, benevolence, and religious toleration, and point out the privileges which the people of India will receive by being placed on an equality with other subjects of the British Crown, and the prosperity following in the train of civilization."

A noble proclamation was drawn up, in accordance with these views. Want of space only prevents me from quoting large portions of so admirable a document.

"It was received," says Colonel Malleson, "by all classes in India with the deepest enthusiasm. The princes and landowners especially regarded it as a charter which would render their possessions secure, and their rights — more especially the right of adoption — absolutely inviolable. The people in general welcomed it as the document which closed up the wounds of the Mutiny, which declared in effect that bygones were to be bygones, and that thenceforth there should be one Queen and one people. Many of the rebels still in arms — all, in fact, except those absolutely irreconcilable — took advantage of its provisions to lay down their arms and submit to its easy conditions. In the great towns of India, natives of every religion and creed, the Mohammedans, the Parsees, met in numbers to draw up loyal addresses expressive of their deep sense of the beneficent

feelings which had prompted the proclamation, of their gratitude for its contents, and of their loyalty to the person of the illustrious Lady to whose rule they had been transferred."

And thus ended a conflict which had deluged the country with blood, and thus was inaugurated "an era of hope alike for the loyal and the misguided, for the prince and the peasant, for the owner and for the cultivator, for every class and for every creed."

There is no more heart-stirring account of the siege of Lucknow than Tennyson's noble poem. All who may read this book doubtless know it well. But there is an American ballad on the same subject which moves me strangely every time I read it. It is by Robert Lowell, brother of James Russell Lowell, and is founded on the story of Jessie Brown, once considered apocryphal, but now, I believe, substantiated.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow Fort!
  We knew that it was the last!
That the enemy's mines had crept slowly in,
  And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
  And the men — and we all — worked on:
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
  And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
  A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
  And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
  And I took her head on my knee.
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
  "Oh, please then waken me!"

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
  In the flicking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
  And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden, — a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke.

"The Hielanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregors? — aye, I hear it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried,
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started; for they were there to die:
Was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all; and the colonel shook his head;
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "That slogan's done,
But do ye no hear them noo?
The Campbells are comin'. It's no a dream;
Our succors have broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it *must* be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played "Auld Lang Syne!"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands;
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one kneeled down where we stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud!

That happy day when we welcomed them
  The men put Jessie first,
And the General took her hand, — and cheers
  From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
  Marching round and round our line,
And our joyful cheers were broken by tears,
  For the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne"!

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE interesting points in English history during the years that immediately preceded the death of Prince Albert (made Prince Consort in 1857 by an Order in Council) were all connected with the politics of foreign nations or with wars in distant lands. If we read the Life of the Prince Consort, in five volumes, written by Sir Theodore Martin, under the superintendence of the Queen, we shall find that after those great and terrible episodes in English history, the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny, the Prince's thoughts were largely occupied with foreign diplomacy. He watched with especial interest and not a little apprehension the steps that led to the formation of the kingdom of Italy. The Emperor Napoleon III., he said, had a mania for map-making; and his evident intention of destroying the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna might, he feared, disturb the balance of power on the Continent of Europe, and indirectly affect England.

He did not live to see the unity of Germany under a German Emperor, nor even the North German Confederation, formed after the Seven Weeks' War, in 1866, which ended in the battle of Sadowa. He did not see all Italy united into one kingdom,—a change that he appears to have deprecated. Up to the moment of his death, he did not see how the Pope, as a temporal prince, could be got rid of,—nor, apparently, at that time did the Emperor Napoleon, who proposed, shortly before Prince Albert's death, to offer His Holiness the kingdom of Sardinia in exchange for his sovereignty in the Eternal City,—a proposition, we may be very certain, Pope Pius IX. would never have agreed to. From the close of the Crimean war to his death,—that is, for about

six years,—Prince Albert was always uneasy about the intentions of the French Emperor. He never felt confident that he would not some day seek to avenge Waterloo. He manifestly did not like him as a man, and mistrusted him as a politician. He did not share his wife's personal attraction towards the Emperor, though she seems pleased to record that he admired the Empress. Over the Queen, Louis Napoleon seems to have exercised that magnetic influence that he had it in his power to employ sometimes. Prince Albert greatly wronged him in believing that his professions of friendship for England were not sincere. The strongest trait in Napoleon's character was his grateful remembrance of benefits or kindness. He was until some time after the Prince Consort's death faithful to his English alliance, more faithful than England was to him; for all through the history of the ten years that succeeded the Crimean war she had a diplomatic leaning towards Austria.

Before I enter on a life of which the Princess Alice says, "A married life like my father's was a whole long lifetime, though only two-and-twenty years," I will mention briefly a few of the events that most interested the public from the close of the last chapter, in 1858, to the sad event which gives its name to this, in 1861.

When Orsini exploded his bombs in the Rue Lepelletier under the carriage of the Emperor Napoleon, he doubtless did not foresee that they would do more damage in England than in France, though there they killed or wounded one hundred and sixty-eight people. Orsini had made his escape from an Austrian prison, and had published a book about it which had created much sympathy for him in England. He was handsome, in the long-haired, dark-eyed, sentimental style. He gave lectures in England, and persuaded himself that the interest he succeeded in exciting for himself extended to the cause in which he was engaged. He remained in England over a year, fêted as a sort of popular hero; then he went over to Paris, calling himself Mr. Alsop, leaving a scientific man, Dr. Simon Barnard, in London, to make his bombs.

After the explosion, when the police began inquiries into the antecedents of Orsini, it was discovered he had many friends in England, and it was at once assumed in France that England encouraged the assassination of unpopular sovereigns, and offered a safe asylum to murderous plotters.

We all know that in England or America no foreigner simply accused of political crime can be surrendered to his Government; but in France, where the police can march any suspicious person over the frontier, this state of things in England was not understood. If the state neither punished nor prevented such attempts at regicide, it was, the French argued, because the English people were glad to connive at having a French Emperor assassinated.

Addresses were sent up to the Emperor and Empress from every part of France, especially from the army. One regiment declared that it longed to demand an account from the nation it described as "that land of impunity, which contains the haunts of monsters who are sheltered by its laws." The soldiers implored the Emperor to give them his orders, and they "would pursue them even to their strongholds." In another address it was urged that that *repaire infâme* (den of infamy), London, to wit, "where plots so infernal were permitted to be hatched, should be destroyed forever."

Unfortunately, these intemperate expressions of rage were inserted in the "Moniteur," where nothing, it is supposed, is published but what is approved by the Government. By this means the English people were quite as much roused against the French as the French against the English. Indeed, this matter broke up, not only friendliness between the two nations, but the cordial relations between the royal and imperial families. Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon were never the same to each other from that day forward. Nor was this all: Dr. Barnard was arrested, — "a thin, worn man, with dark, restless eyes, a sallow complexion, a thick moustache, and a profusion of long black hair combed backward, and reaching nearly to his shoulders, exposing a

low, but broad and retreating, forehead." He was tried upon some trivial charge which brought him within the grasp of the law of England; but he was triumphantly acquitted, English sentiment insisting that no man should be tried in England and found guilty at the bidding of any foreign monarch. "The public mind upon this point," says Justin McCarthy, "was analogous to that of old General Jackson, who, on one occasion, came near refusing, with one of his bursts of wrath, a perfectly reasonable, and courteous, request, from the French Government, because his secretary, on translating the despatch which began, 'Le gouvernement Français demande,' gave the words, "The French Government demands.' With his usual shower of eccentric oaths, old Jackson burst out with the declaration that if the French Government dared to *demand* anything from the United States, they should not get it! And it took a good while to make him understand that *demander* in French by no means meant *demand*."

Lord Palmerston, who had been made Prime Minister at the height of the Crimean war, had introduced a very mild and apparently reasonable measure into Parliament to compel foreigners engaged in plotting against the lives of foreign sovereigns to leave the country. But the bill was thrown out by an enormous majority; and Dr. Barnard remained unpunished, to furnish more bombs to conspirators, if he thought proper, in security. But Lord Palmerston was thrown out of office; the ministry that had brought the Crimean war to a close, and had dealt triumphantly with the Indian Mutiny, lost the confidence of the country. Twice had Lord Palmerston's friendship for Louis Napoleon lost him his official position. A Tory ministry, under Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, came into office for sixteen months. But on the point of right of asylum for political offenders the English are very sensitive. "When Lord Palmerston had been accused of arrogance abroad, he had been 'dear old Pam' to the normal Englishman; but when he was foolishly conceived to have unduly yielded an inch to France, there came instantly to his opponents the opportunity of

turning him out of office, — which his opponents were not slow to do."

Prince Albert, writing to Baron Stockmar at this time, says:

"Here we are in the middle of a ministerial crisis and of a bad state of matters in politics. Lord Palmerston, who only two days ago had a majority, has been hit upon the French question. For this we have to thank the heedlessness of Louis Napoleon, who ought to have known better than to suffer England to be insulted by his colonels. The excitement in this country is tremendous, and at this moment Lord Palmerston is the most unpopular of men. It is quite ludicrous to hear his old worshippers talk of him. In the Lower House they would scarcely let him open his mouth, but regularly hooted him down. . . . Twenty thousand people assembled in Hyde Park yesterday, with the cry, 'Down with the French!' When this excitement has passed off, reason will assert itself."

By degrees feeling subsided, both in France and England, as to the Conspiracy Bill; and the Emperor endeavored to "make up" by sending Marshal Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, as ambassador to England, to replace Persigny, who had proved himself too fiery. But there was for some time talk of a possible French invasion, for which the country ought to be prepared. Volunteer companies were organized all over England, and there was much drilling, amateur soldiering, and military enthusiasm. The Volunteer system has been kept up and improved until the present day, and now forms an efficient army of two hundred and nineteen thousand men.

The other little episode — of which I should like to give a more extended account than is here permitted — concerns the restoration of the "Resolute" to Her Majesty by the President of the United States in the summer of 1856.

Sir John Franklin sailed on his last expedition in search of the Northwest Passage in the spring of 1845. By 1849, expeditions were being fitted out in search of him. In 1852, Sir Edward Belcher, an experienced Arctic navigator, sailed with four ships, — the "Resolute," "Intrepid," "Pioneer,"

and "Assistance." The same year, Captain McClure in the "Investigator" entered the Arctic seas by Behring's Straits. Both parties were frozen up in the ice in the winter of 1853–54, within fifty miles of each other, and remained so all winter, until in the spring a party from the "Investigator," hunting on the ice, was amazed to see men in the distance, who proved to be their countrymen from Sir Edward Belcher's ships. Thus by walking over the ice for fifty miles was made the Northwest Passage. But it was decided to abandon the ships frozen fast in the ice, and both parties made their way to Beechy Island. The "Resolute" was swept clean, left in good order, and her men sadly deserted her in September, 1854.

In April, 1855, an American whaler, in latitude 67° (a thousand miles from where the "Resolute" had been forsaken by her crew), came in sight of an enormous ice-floe, in the midst of which was the "Resolute," firmly imbedded. The American captain stayed by the floe till it broke up, and then took possession of the vessel. The English Government having put in no claim to the rescued vessel, Congress bought it of its captors, spent $40,000 to put it in perfect repair, and then sent it to England under the command of a United States captain, an old Arctic explorer, as a present to the Queen. The "Resolute" was a poor sailer. She had a thirty days' passage across the Atlantic, and had a narrow escape from being wrecked on the rocks of the Scilly Isles. She was received with all kinds of honors at Portsmouth, and a royal salute was fired for her as a compliment to the sovereign people. The Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales went on board of her, and the Queen was received by the captain with a very pretty address: —

"Will Your Majesty permit me, in accordance with the wishes of my countrymen, and in obedience to the orders of my Government, to restore to Your Majesty the ship 'Resolute,' not only as a mark of friendly feeling towards Your Majesty's Government, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect for Your Majesty."

This was well done for a man who at first had requested not to be sent in command of the "Resolute," saying, "I cannot dance, I cannot speak, I cannot sing. I am, therefore, not the man to be sent on such a service."

Sir Theodore Martin opens his fifth volume of the Prince Consort's Life by saying: —

"'I have been long persuaded,' observes Milton, 'that to say or do aught worthy of imitation or memory, no purpose should sooner move us than simply the love of God and of mankind;' and in this spirit the Prince Consort lived and acted. Any rule good for all men, he felt, was especially incumbent upon him, placed as he was in a position where his influence and example, whether for good or evil, must of necessity be greater than that of ordinary men. Speaking in one of his letters of being misunderstood, he says, 'I must console myself with the consciousness that from my heart I mean well towards all mankind, and have never done them aught but good, and take my stand on truth and reason.'"

Sir Charles Phipps, whose position in the royal household brought him for years into many hours' daily communication with Prince Albert, says in a private letter: —

"The principle of right was so firmly and immovably rooted in the Prince, and its influence was ever so present in his every thought, that I am quite sure he never spoke or answered a question without having made instantaneous reference in his thoughts to that principle. His every word, his every act, was but a portion of one great resolution to do what was right, and to endeavor to do it with the greatest possible kindness and tenderness to others. To hear of a good action in anybody, from a young child up to a great statesman, was a positive enjoyment to him, — a joy which was visibly seen in his countenance."

Mr. Gladstone has said: —

"The excellence of the Prince's character has become a commonplace, almost a by-word, among us. It is easy to run round the circle of his virtues, difficult to find a place where the line is not continuous. No doubt he was eminently happy in the persons who from without contributed to develop his capac-

ities, — his uncle, his tutor, and his wife. But how completely did the material answer to every touch that it received! How nearly the life approximated to an ideal! . . . His biographer has been impugned by one reviewer for the uniformity of his laudatory tone. Now, doubtless it would be too much to expect a drastic criticism of the Prince's intellect in a work produced under the auspices of an adoring affection; but an honest impartiality prompts us to ask whether in the ethical picture here presented to us there really is any trait that calls for censure? If there is anything in the picture of the Prince that directly irritates the critical faculty, is it not

> 'that fine air,
> That pure serenity of perfect light,'

which was insipid to Queen Guinivere in the heyday of her blood, but to which she did homage when the equilibrium of her nature was restored?"

We all know now that that character of King Arthur, in the "Idyls of the King," was drawn from Prince Albert. But he did not know it when, after the first instalment of the book had been published, he wrote the following letter to Tennyson: —

MY DEAR MR. TENNYSON, — Will you forgive me if I intrude upon your leisure with a request I have thought some little time of making, viz., that you would be good enough to write your name in the accompanying volume of your "Idyls of the King"? You would thus add a peculiar interest to the book containing those beautiful lays, from the perusal of which I derived the greatest enjoyment. They quite rekindle the feelings with which the legends of King Arthur must have inspired the chivalry of old, while the graceful form in which they are presented blends those feelings with the softer tone of our present age.

Believe me always yours truly,

ALBERT.

He loved the book to the last, and on the Crown Princess of Prussia's last visit to England before his death he pointed out passages for which he wanted her to make illustrations.

It was thinking of all this that Tennyson, on issuing the later books of the Idyls, which treat more fully of King

Arthur, says, writing after Prince Albert's death, in a Dedication to his memory, —

> "Since he held them dear,
> Perchance as finding there, unconsciously,
> Some image of himself."

We have already seen in his letter to the Duke of Wellington his own conception of his position in England, — adviser and private secretary to the Queen, doing for her all those offices which she could not undertake as a female sovereign; patron of arts and learning; the Queen's natural representative in works of social improvement and philanthropy; responsible to England, as also to God, for the training of the royal children; master of his household; the stay, the prop, and the companion of the Queen.

Knowing how easily scandal grows out of nothing, in a court circle, he took the precaution of being *never* alone. If he went anywhere, he was always accompanied by some member of his family, or by one of his equerries. Indeed, he had to set up an extra equerry, to lighten the burden of this service.

He considered it his duty to take pains to *know*. Nothing with him was slighted. "If he spoke to a painter, a sculptor, or an architect," says Sir Charles Phipps, "a man of science, or an ordinary tradesman, each would receive an impression that the speciality in the Prince's mind was his own pursuit."

There are many illustrations of this on record.

One day a great glass manufacturer, coming to the palace to see about some chandeliers, remarked, when the Prince had left the room, "That is wonderful! He knows more about glass than I do;" adding, "That is a man one cannot *like*, one must *love* him."

Not only does the world owe the idea of International Exhibitions to Prince Albert, but he gave an immense impulse to popular sympathy and interest in the working-classes, — to that desire to provide them better houses, Mechanics' Institutes, Club-houses, Friendly Inns, Young Men's Christian Associations, etc., which is a popular form of

philanthropy at the present day. He also took great interest in everything that related to landscape gardening and the musical education of the masses.

Under the Prince's influence "there grew up in the midst of the most brilliant court in Europe a domestic family life so perfect in its purity and charm that it might well serve for a bright example to every home in the land." And we have all been privileged to look into that home-life as probably we are hardly permitted to do into any family home-life but our own. The exceeding frankness of the Queen, and her desire for her people's sympathy, intensified by the loneliness of her exalted station, has permitted us to read their thoughts, to see their endearments, to share their occupations, and to watch their lives. "You must remember," the Queen writes to Princess Alice concerning the Memoirs of her father, "that endless false and untrue things have been said and written about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know; therefore, the only way to counteract this is to let the real full truth be known, and as much told as can be told with prudence and discretion; and then no harm, but good, will be done. Nothing will help me more than that my people should see what I have lost." "And the Queen," adds a reviewer, "evidently wishes it to be widely known that the better members of the royal caste work no less hard, and have, probably, on the whole, fewer enjoyments, than statesmen, professional men, or others not immediately connected with what are called *par excellence* the 'working-classes.'"

Here is a letter from Prince Albert to his daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, which gives an idea of his various labors, — the outside duties that crowded in upon the regular labors of the day. It is written eighteen months before his death, from Osborne, in May, 1860.

"Your letter of the 20th has found me in the enjoyment of the most glorious air, the most fragrant odors, the merriest choir of birds, and the most luxuriant verdure; and were there not so many things that remind one of the so-called 'world' (that is to say, of miserable men), one might abandon oneself

wholly to the enjoyment of the *real* world. There is no such good fortune, however, for poor me; and, this being so, one's feelings remain upon the treadmill of never-ending business. The donkey in Carisbrooke Castle, which you will remember, is my counterpart. He, too, would rather munch thistles in the castle moat than turn round in the wheel at the castle well; and small are the thanks he gets for his labor. I am tortured, too, by the prospect of two public dinners, at which I am, or rather shall be, in the chair. The one gives me seven, the other ten toasts and speeches, appropriate to the occasion, but distracting to myself. Then I have to resign at Oxford the Presidency of the British Association, and later in the season to open the Statistical Congress of All Nations. Between these come the laying the foundation-stone of the Dramatic College; the distribution of the prizes at Wellington College, etc., etc.; and this with the sittings of my different commissions. Ascot Races the delectable, and the balls and concerts of the season, all crowded into the month of June, over and above the customary business which a distracted state of affairs in Europe and a stormy Parliament . . . make still more burdensome and disagreeable than usual. Some successes, however, gladden me."

At this time, too, it was arranged that the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, should make a tour in Canada and the United States.

With so high a moral standard himself, Prince Albert was perhaps less indulgent than some parents might have been to the young man's irregularities; but the Prince of Wales, at almost the same age his father was when he came to England, was a different man. Probably no private person can estimate the difficulties that beset the position of a young heir-apparent, and in many respects the Prince of Wales has filled his with exceptional self-restraint and ability.

The Prince, under his father's careful superintendence, had received his education at three Universities, — Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. He had also received some military training in Ireland. It was now thought desirable that he should visit the American colonies, and President Buchanan at Washington.

His journey was an entire success. "God bless his

handsome face and send him a good wife!" cried the wives of the Newfoundland fishermen.

In Canada, the Prince had his first experience in presiding at public ceremonies. He laid the foundation-stone of the Parliament House at Ottawa, and inaugurated the magnificent Victoria Bridge at Montreal. He travelled as Baron Renfrew, — rather to the disappointment of colonists and republicans, who would have liked him to bear all his titles.

When the party visited Chicago, it is rather amusing to find the Duke of Newcastle expatiating on that marvellous city, which in twenty years had acquired a population of seventy thousand!

When at Washington, the Prince visited Mount Vernon; and the great-grandson of George III. stood bareheaded at the tomb of Washington.

Among the duties of Prince Albert during that busy June of the year 1860 there were great reviews to be attended of the ardent Volunteers, twenty thousand of whom were reviewed by the Queen and Prince in Hyde Park, and did themselves much credit by their appearance and manœuvres.

On January 27, 1859, William, the reigning Emperor of Germany, and eldest grandchild of the Queen and Prince Albert, was born; and in July, 1860, a little princess was added to the royal family of Prussia. Loving letters from the home circle at Windsor greeted "these kindly gifts from Heaven."

Another gleam of joy came, too, in these days from the Prussian court, — a letter from the Crown Princess, written a few days before the arrival of her little daughter, breaking to her father and mother the desire of Prince Louis of Hesse, heir to the Grand Duchy of Darmstadt, to become the suitor of Princess Alice; but he feared lest the lady he had fallen in love with might not regard his suit with favor. Thereupon, Princess Alice was consulted, and proved not indisposed to favor the hopes of Prince Louis. She was the pearl of the family, — though perhaps the least handsome.

Here is the father's letter to his daughter, the Crown Princess, on this happy occasion.

"Only two words of joy can I offer to the dear newly made mother, and these come from an overflowing heart. The little daughter is a kindly gift from Heaven that will, I trust, procure for you many happy hours in the days to come. The telegraph speaks only of your doing well. May this be so in the fullest sense! Upon the subject of your last interesting and most important letter, I have replied to Fritz, who will communicate to you as much of my answer as is good for you under present circumstances. Alice is very grateful for your love and kindness for her, and the young man behaves in a manner truly admirable."

Death, however, this year was busy in the German part of the royal family. Aunt Julie (or Juliana), of Saxe-Coburg, died. She had been the wife of the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia, and had separated from him on account of his brutality. Many years after, he purchased from the heads of the Russian Church a legal divorce, by renouncing his rights as heir-presumptive of the Russian throne. He then married a Polish lady, Janetta Grudzinska, created Princess of Lowicz, to whom he was ardently attached. His first wife led a faded life in Switzerland and Coburg; "but she retained," says Prince Albert, "her vivacity of mind and feeling, her vital freshness and amiability, to the last." The Dowager-Duchess of Coburg also died, one of the two grandmothers who had had charge of Prince Albert and his brother in their motherless youth. Deaths, like misfortunes, seldom come as "single spies, but in battalions."

As we read the memoirs of the last two years of Prince Albert's life, and see how all the thoughts of statesmen were devoted to the solution of questions concerning Italy, the Pope, Austria, United Germany, and Hungary, all of which in a few years happily solved themselves, we are reminded of how Carlyle warns us about the uselessness of worrying: since of things left undone, part will never require to be done; part had better not be done; and part, without our assistance, will do themselves.

Early in the autumn of 1860 the Queen and Prince Albert had a delightful holiday. They crossed over into Germany, and spent two happy weeks at Coburg. Their dear daughter the Crown Princess of Prussia was with them with her baby. "There is no doubt that Prince Albert's heart was with his own people, that Windsor Castle was no more a compensation to him for Rosenau than it had been to William III. for Loo; and that everything except the welfare of England was subordinate to his desire for the prosperity of Germany, and the fortunes in particular of his own family." This was no fault in the Prince, but rather strengthens our sense of his power of renunciation. There can be no question of his entire fidelity to England; "But," says a reviewer, "it would explain why an instinctive sense of this made him unjustly distrusted by the English people," — a distrust that has always puzzled those who, not seeing him through the haze of prejudice which in England surrounds a foreigner, hold him to be the greatest acquisition (if we except William III.) ever made by the court of England.

During his three weeks' stay at Coburg the Prince came near meeting with a fearful accident. The horses in his barouche ran away, and, undeterred by the fatal example of the Duke of Orleans, he jumped from his carriage. Happily he was not very badly injured, and only had to keep his room for a couple of days. But on their return to England the Queen wrote thus to the Keeper of her Privy Purse:

". . . The Queen comes now to the subject which she has mentioned to no one yet, but about which she has quite made up her mind. Perhaps from the Queen's calmness at the time, and her anxiety that no one should think the Prince was seriously hurt, as well as to prevent her dear brother and host, the Duke of Coburg, from being more distressed than he already was, Sir Charles Phipps may have thought that the Queen did not fully admit the awfulness of the danger which her dear husband had been exposed to, or the providential escape he had from all really serious injury; but it is when the Queen feels most deeply that she always appears calmest, and she could not, and dared not, allow herself to speak of what might have been, or even

to admit to herself (and she cannot and dare not now) the entire danger; for her head would turn. It is necessity and principle that the Queen should act thus on all occasions of danger; and she thinks it right."

A fund was therefore placed at the disposition of the town of Coburg, as the Queen's thank-offering for her husband's escape. It was called the Victoria Fund, and its object was to assist young men and women in the lower walks of life, apprenticing the former, or buying tools for them; giving marriage portions or educational advantages to the latter. "I am thinking of it day and night," adds the Queen, "till it is done."

The Duke of Newcastle reported that the tour of the Prince of Wales in the British Provinces and the United States had been an entire success. "Everywhere," he says, "the utmost order prevailed; and indeed nothing could be more remarkable than the mixture of interest and good-humored curiosity everywhere displayed, with respect and desire to conform to the expressed wish to avoid outward demonstrations."

President Buchanan wrote a letter to the Queen, which Lord Palmerston characterized as doing equal honor to the good feelings and just appreciation of the person who wrote it and to the royal personage to whom it refers.

The Queen replied in an equally cordial and creditable letter. The young Prince reached home early in November. The Duke of Newcastle received the Order of the Garter.

In December, the Empress Eugénie crossed over to Osborne and paid a brief, informal visit *incognita;* but it was a great change from the days of mutual delight and satisfaction that attended her earlier intercourse with the English royal family. "She was thin and pale," writes the Queen, "but as kind, as amiable, and as natural as she had always been."

From this December dates Prince Albert's failing health. He was fast breaking down, and indeed may be said to have never had a day of perfect health again. The Christmas

was brightened by the happiness of the young affianced couple, Princess Alice and Prince Louis, of which Prince Albert says, "Alice and Louis are as happy as mortals can be, and I need hardly say that that makes my heart as a father glad."

Here I abridge from Sir Theodore Martin's book an account of the Prince's manner of life and his daily occupations.

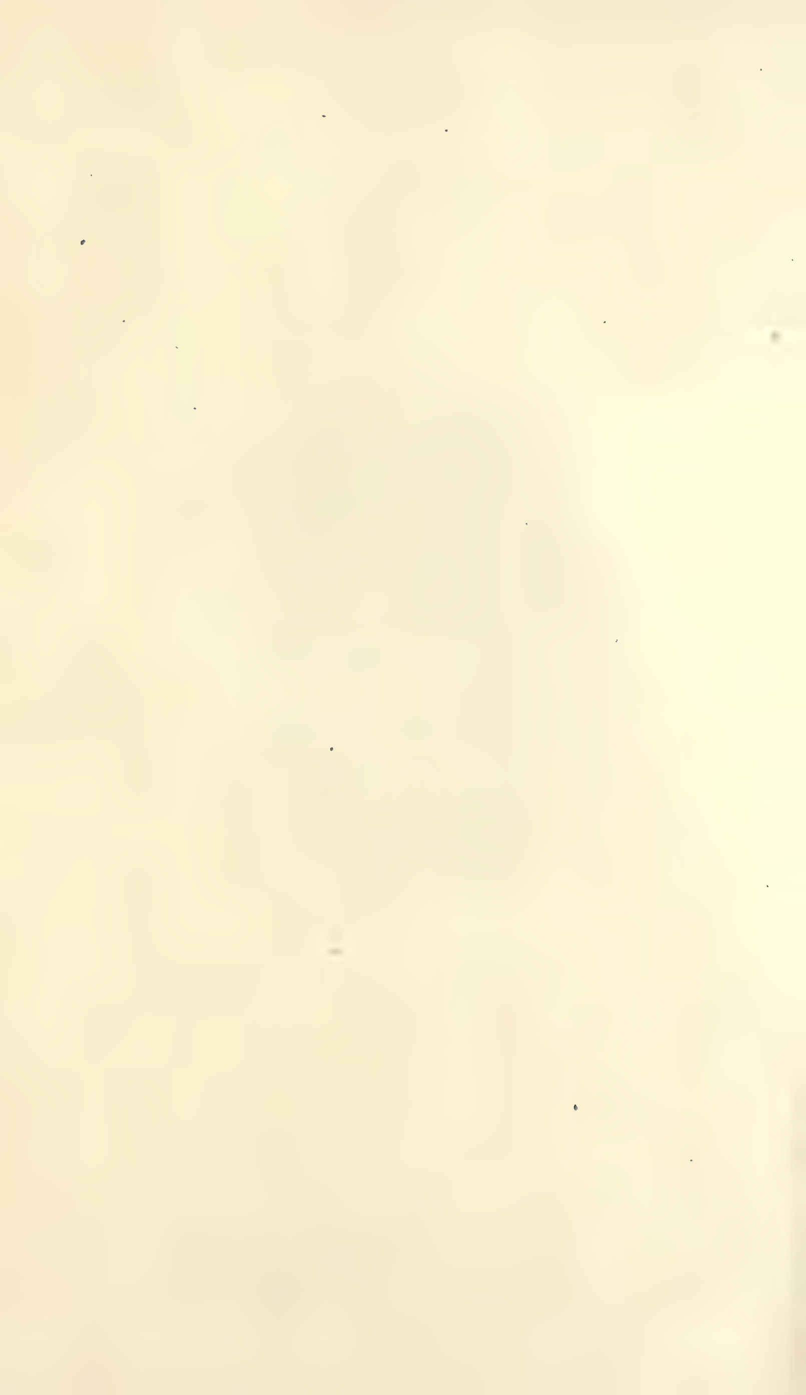
He rose early, and by the time most people in the palace were stirring, he had made good progress in the day's labors. Summer or winter, he was up at seven, dressed, and went to his sitting-room, where in winter a fire was burning, and a green-shaded student's lamp was lit. He read and answered letters, never allowing his immense correspondence to fall into arrears, and prepared drafts for the Queen's consideration on matters of importance. The last paper he drew up in this way was on the eve of his last illness, on the Slidell and Mason affair. He brought it to the Queen, December 1, 1861, at 8 A. M., having risen to write it, ill and suffering as he was, saying as he gave it to her, "I am so weak I could scarcely hold the pen."

From eight till breakfast-time he read over fresh letters and despatches, already read over by the Queen and placed by her, ready for his perusal, on the table in his sitting-room. Every morning the leading newspapers were placed for him on a table near the breakfast-table. He would read out loud to the Queen, as they breakfasted, any interesting item or particularly good article.

In his early married life he and the Queen walked together after breakfast till ten, except on the days he went out shooting; later, the daily walk was after ten. His step, his wife records, was quick and active along the passages or on the stairs. If he went out shooting (his only real amusement), he was always home by luncheon-time. "He never went out or came home," records the Queen, "without coming through my room or into my dressing-room, with a smile, saying, if I were dressing, 'Sehr schön,' or something kindly; and I treasure up everything I



PRINCESS ALICE.



heard to tell him, and kept every letter or despatch to show him; and I was always vexed or nervous if I had any foolish draft or despatch to put before him, as I knew it would distress or irritate him and affect his delicate stomach."

Even in moments of so-called recreation his brain could have had little rest. The day was too short for all the claims on his attention, and his frequent attacks of illness, in themselves slight, showed his body was growing weaker, while every day increased the strain upon his mind. In every direction his counsel and help were sought. In the royal household, in his family circle, among his numerous kinsfolks, at home and abroad, his judgment and guidance were being constantly appealed to. Every enterprise of national importance claimed his attention, and in all things that concerned the welfare of England at home and abroad his accurate and varied knowledge and his political sagacity made him looked to as an authority by leading statesmen. But all this fatigue of body and brain did not deprive him of his natural cheerfulness. "At breakfast and luncheon," says his wife, "and also at our family dinners, he sat at the top of the table, and kept us all enlivened by droll stories of his childhood or his Coburg life, and by his other interesting conversation. He told a story with great power of mimicry, and would laugh most heartily. Then he would entertain us with talk about the most interesting and important topics of the present or former days, on which it was ever a pleasure to hear him speak."

Early in the year King Frederick William of Prussia, whose mind had been failing for some years, died. His brother, who had been Regent during his illness, succeeded him, and in the course of events became Emperor of Germany. In consequence of the death of the King, the Princess Royal of England became Crown Princess of Prussia. She was beside the old man on his deathbed.

At the close of the month Dr. Baly, the Prince Consort's physician, was killed in an accident on a railroad, — a most terrible loss to the country, as it proved, for he had long known and understood the constitution of the Prince, who

now, just as his health was failing, had to put himself into new hands.

February 10 was kept by the Queen and Prince as the twenty-first anniversary of their wedding. It was celebrated quietly, for the day was Sunday. "Very few wives can say, with me," writes the Queen to her uncle, "that their husbands at the end of twenty-one years are not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the first days of marriage. We missed dear Mamma and three of our children, but had six dear ones round us, and assembled with us in the evening those of our household who had been with us then."

As we read the record of the Prince's life and the Queen's, it is pleasant to find them reading the books we read and love. Besides history of the graver sort, and poetry, the Prince found relaxation in novels. We read of his pleasure and the Queen's in all George Eliot's books, in Kingsley's stories, and in his "Saint's Tragedy." Some volume of Sir Walter Scott was kept always on hand, and read when he was too tired to read what was less dear and familiar.

In February, 1861, the Duchess of Kent had been staying with the royal family at Buckingham Palace. The Queen and Prince then went to Osborne House for ten days' quiet, and the Duchess returned to Frogmore, near Windsor Castle, her own home. Suddenly Sir George Couper, her secretary and controller of her household and affairs, died, after two days' illness. Prince Albert writes: —

"The poor Mamma's health has not been injured by the shock; she feels the loss deeply, and will feel it more as time goes on. She has had much to suffer of late, her right arm being greatly swollen and very painful, which puts a stop to her writing, working, or playing on the piano, and she cannot read much, or bear to be read to long at a time. She is to come to us in town when we return there on Friday. She will not go back to Clarence House, and with the children about her she will have more to amuse her."

But the days of the poor Duchess were numbered. She was suffering from an abscess in her arm, for which she had an operation, and her strength gave way under the strain of pain. The Queen and Prince were suddenly summoned. The story of her deathbed is very touching, as told by the Queen: —

"With a trembling heart, I went up the staircase and entered the bedroom; and here, on a sofa supported by cushions, the room much darkened, sat, leaning back, my beloved mother, breathing rather heavily, in her silk dressing-gown, with her cap on, looking quite herself. One of those about her said, 'The end will be easy.' Oh, what agony — what despair was this! Seeing that our presence did not disturb her, I knelt down and kissed her dear hand, and placed it next my cheek; but though she opened her eyes, she did not, I think, know me. She brushed my hand off; and the dreadful reality was before me, that for the first time she did not know the child she had ever received with such tender smiles. I went out to sob. I asked the doctors if there was no hope? They said they feared none whatever, for consciousness had left her. It was suffusion of water on the brain that had come on. As the night wore on into morning, I lay down on the sofa at the foot of my bed, where at least I could lie still. I heard each hour strike, the cocks crow, the dogs barking in the distance. Every sound seemed to strike into my inmost soul. At four I went down again. All still; nothing was to be heard but the heavy breathing, and the striking at every quarter of the old repeater, — a large watch in a tortoiseshell case which had belonged to my poor father, — the sound of which brought back all the recollections of my childhood; for I always used to hear it at night, but had not heard it for twenty-three years. I remained kneeling and standing by that beloved parent, whom it seemed too awful to see hopelessly leaving me. . . . Then, at the last, Albert took me out of the room for a short time; but I could not remain. When I returned, the window was wide open, and both doors. I sat on a footstool, holding her dear hand. Meantime the face grew paler (though in truth her cheeks had the pretty fresh color they always had to the last). The breathing became easier. I fell on my knees, holding the beloved hand that was still soft and warm, though heavier. I felt as if my heart would break. Convulsed with sobs, I fell upon the dear hand when all breathing ceased, and covered it with kisses. Albert lifted me up, and took me into

the next room, himself entirely melted into tears, which is unusual for him, deep as his feelings are. He clasped me in his arms. I asked if all was over. He said, 'Yes.'

"O God! — how awful — how mysterious! But what a blessed end! Her gentle spirit at rest, her sufferings over. But I — I, wretched child, who had lost the mother I so tenderly loved, from whom for these forty-one years I had never been parted, except for a few weeks! My childhood — everything — seemed to crowd upon me. I seemed to have lived through a life, — to have become old."

The Duchess left Prince Albert her executor, and this entailed on him great and harassing labor; for Sir George Couper, who had managed her affairs for thirty years, having just died, nobody could tell him anything, and he had to work out everything for himself, as it were, in the dark.

"Besides the shock of losing one so dear, the strain of subduing his own emotions, that he might the better sustain and comfort the Queen in this the first great sorrow of her life, the Prince was compelled to take upon himself at this time more than his wonted labors in lightening for Her Majesty the daily and hourly duties of communication with her ministers. Then all the painful and harassing labors which devolved on him, as the Duchess' executor, of examining the papers and correspondence, accumulations during a long and busy life, had to be carefully looked over, the claims of kinsfolk and of old retainers had to be adjusted; and all these things aggravated his fatigue. He bore everything without a murmur in this time of great family distress, giving fresh proofs of his patient, cheerful, and considerate spirit, thinking for all. and feeling for all, — toil, trial, and disappointment seeming only to ripen his character into fuller beauty."

The bright spot in these sad days was the presence of the Crown Princess of Prussia, who hurried over to England to comfort her mother and father in their grief, and was with them ten days. Prince Albert writes to Baron Stockmar of the Queen: —

"Her mind is greatly upset. She feels her whole childhood rush back once more upon her memory; and with these recollections comes the thought of many a sad hour. Her grief is

extreme, and she feels acutely the loss of one whom she cherished and tended with affectionate and dutiful devotion. For the last two years her constant care and occupation have been to keep watch over her mother's comfort, and the influence of this upon her own character has been most valuable. In body she is well, though terribly nervous, and the children are a disturbance to her. She remains almost entirely alone. You may conceive it was, and is, no easy task for me to comfort and support her, and to keep others at a distance, and yet at the same time not to throw away the opportunity which a time like the present affords of binding the family together in a closer bond of unity. With business I am well-nigh overwhelmed. . . ."

A little later, in the month of May, Prince Louis of Hesse came courting to Osborne, and Uncle Leopold of Belgium and his second son came too. The two Princes caught the measles, and had to be nursed through a severe illness, the Belgian Prince being dangerously ill. All, indeed, in that year seemed to go wrong in Europe, and with us were the early months of a fratricidal war.

The last public occasion in which the Prince was prominent was on the 5th of June, when he opened the Royal Horticultural Gardens to the public. The pallid, worn look of his face was then remarked upon. The next day came news of the death of Cavour.

All through the summer the Prince continued to have sharp little attacks of illness. "Am ill, feverish, miserable, with pains in my limbs," are frequent entries in his Journal. Alas ! if his physician, Dr. Baly, had been living, he might, knowing the Prince's constitution, have checked these symptoms in time.

The summer brought many family visitors, among them Maximilian and poor Carlotta. The Prince formed a most favorable impression of the Archduke, of which I have told elsewhere.

In August, the Queen and Prince went to Ireland, and visited Mr. Herbert, of Muckross, and Killarney. That summer, too, the Prince of Wales visited Germany, his object being to make the acquaintance of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, who was then on a visit to some German baths.

This year (1861) was a fatal year for royalties. The Crown Princess of Prussia was seriously ill from a cold caught at King William's coronation. All the royal family of Portugal were ill of typhoid fever; the King — a kinsman and personal friend of Prince Albert — died of it. He had before this lost his sweet wife, Stéphanie; and Queen Victoria writes in her Journal: "The only comfort in his death is that he — dear, pure, excellent Pedro — is spared the pang and sacrifice of having to marry again."

Many anxieties, and perhaps some special private grief, weighing upon Prince Albert's heart, during the autumn of this fatal year, brought on sleeplessness. Everything he did now made him "tired and weak." Notwithstanding, he drove in a pouring rain to the Military College at Sandhurst to inspect its new buildings. A day or two after, he made a hurried journey to Cambridge to look after the affairs of his son. He returned to Windsor very seriously ill. The next day came news of the "Trent" affair, when Captain Wilkes, of the United States Navy, took Messrs. Slidell and Mason, envoys to France from the Confederate States, out of a British mail-steamer. The excitement in England was intense. The Prince rose from his sleepless bed at dawn on the morning of November 28, to write a draft of a memorandum on the subject which he thought might be of use. These were the words he wrote, in pain and weakness; the last he ever penned: —

"The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft — that for communication to the American Government — is somewhat meagre. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, he misapprehended them. That the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of its mail communications be put in jeopardy; and Her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us, and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the

circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country; viz., the restoration of the unfortunate passengers, and a suitable apology."

As we know, the Government of Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to make this apology, and restore Messrs. Slidell and Mason to liberty; but before this came to pass, the Prince was no longer by his wife's side to be her support and her adviser.

After another night of shivering and sleeplessness, the Prince sent for his new physician, Dr. Jenner, who summoned Sir James Clark for consultation. The Prince, ill as he was, was allowed to receive detailed particulars of the King of Portugal's illness and death, and remarked that he hoped his own illness was not fever, as he was sure if it was it would be fatal to him.

Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, was anxious for more medical advice; but Sir James Clark considered this unnecessary; he did not think the disease would turn into low fever.

Alas! it seems as if after the break-down that had been going on for months, nothing else should have been expected.

All the next day the Prince lay listless. "No book," says his wife, "suited him," though she and Princess Alice tried "Silas Marner" and "The Warden." "The Dodd Family" was then tried; but he disliked it, as a man in his condition would naturally do. Then they resolved "to try Walter Scott to-morrow."

Ten days of this miserable weakness succeeded; the Prince trying to fight against his illness, but suffering all the time from total inability to take food, and from sleeplessness. At last his illness was pronounced to be low fever, or, as we should call it, typhoid. The word "fever" was, however, concealed from the Prince. "My heart," says the Queen, "seemed ready to burst; but I cheered myself by thinking how many people have fever. . . . Good Alice was very courageous, and comforted me." And, indeed,

Princess Alice all through these days of trial was her mother's and her father's guardian angel.

The physicians seem not to have known the frailty of the Prince's constitution, or not to have been made aware of the great strain put upon him by the labors and anxieties of the past year.

He was restless, and wanted to be moved from room to room. By the ninth day his mind at times began to wander; but he listened with pleasure while the Queen read "Peveril of the Peak."

When one thinks of the devoted loyalty of dear Sir Walter Scott shown even to such a sovereign as George IV., one wishes he could have known of the Queen of England, soothing with his imaginations the weary hours of wakefulness of such a man.

When his wife would bend over him he would stroke her face, and whisper, in the tongue of his childhood, "Liebes Fräuchen," — dear little wife. "These caresses," she said, "touched me so much, made me so grateful!"

Still, Lord Palmerston (confined to his room by gout) urged further advice from medical men, and others were called in. They expressed themselves satisfied that all had been done that could be.

Music and art still gave him pleasure. There was a beautiful Madonna, painted on porcelain, which he had himself given to the Queen, and to which his face turned with pleasure every time he was carried past it, saying, "It helps me through the day;" and it pleased him to hear Princess Alice play, in the adjoining chamber, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," Luther's grand German national hymn.

But "the overwhelming calamity" as Lord Palmerston called the Prince's death (he who at one time had been unfriendly to the Prince) was near at hand.

On the fourteenth day of his illness it was thought by the doctors that the crisis might be passed. "It was a bright morning," says the Queen, "the sun just rising, and shining brightly. Never can I forget how beautiful my darling

looked, lying with his face lit up by the rising sun, his eyes, unusually bright, gazing, as it were, on unseen objects, and not taking notice of me."

The Prince of Wales had now been sent for, and had arrived during the night. Alas! all that day death was slowly creeping over its victim; but his wife hoped and feared, and strengthened herself to be calm for his sake, till towards evening she broke down.

Here is the last scene told from her memoranda: —

"About half-past five I went back to his room and sat down by the side of his bed, which had been wheeled into the middle of his chamber. 'Gutes Fräuchen,' he said, and kissed me; and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt he were leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. Then he seemed to doze and to wander. Sometimes he spoke French. Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise, and Arthur came in one after the other and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it. But he was dozing, and did not perceive it. Then those of his household came in and kissed his hand, dreadfully overcome. Thank God I was able to command myself, and to remain perfectly calm and sitting by his side."

Late in the night the Queen retired a few moments into her own chamber, whence she was recalled by the Prince's breathing growing more difficult. Bending over him, she whispered "Es ist kleines Fräuchen." He bowed his head and kissed her.

Again she left him for a few moments, duties pressing upon her even then. She was recalled by Princess Alice. She took his left hand, which was growing cold, and knelt down by his side. On the other side of the bed was Princess Alice, and at its foot the Prince of Wales and Princess Helena. Others of the household and a kinsman, a German Prince, stood around.

The Castle clock struck a quarter to eleven the 14th of December, 1861. Calm and peaceful grew the form so loved. The features settled into the beauty of a perfectly

serene repose. Two or three long but gentle breaths were drawn, "and that great soul," says his biographer, "had fled to seek a nobler scope for its aspirations, in the world within the veil, for which it had often yearned, where there is rest for the weary, and where the spirits of just men are made perfect."

Mr. Gladstone, between whom and the Prince there was not in all points cordial sympathy, says of the biography written by Sir Theodore Martin at the command of Her Majesty: —

> "It has a yet higher title to our esteem in its faithful care and solid merit as a biography. From the midst of the hottest glow of earthly splendor, it has drawn forth to public contemplation a genuine piece of solid, sterling, and unworldly excellence, a pure and holy life, from which every man, and most of all every Christian, may learn many an ennobling lesson, on which he may do well to meditate when he communes with his own heart and in his chamber, and is still."

CHAPTER XIII.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

WHEN on that unhappy night in December, 1861, the brightness of the Queen's life passed away forever, Lord Palmerston was in office as her Prime Minister. And though he was in general not a man of sympathies or sentiment, he was the first to realize the irreparableness of the loss his sovereign had sustained, and to appreciate her meaning when she spoke of having to "begin a new reign."

He had become Prime Minister when, in the midst of the Crimean war, the ministry of Lord Aberdeen broke to pieces under the terrible strain. The cry of the country was then for Palmerston. Where was Palmerston? — the one man whose energy, activity, and vim (though he was then seventy) could extricate England from the difficulties in which by the departing cabinet she had been involved.

From 1855 to the close of his life, in 1865, Lord Palmerston continued on the most cordial terms with the mistress whom he served. The old quarrel about his wilful and independent action, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was all forgotten; and though the great difference between the jaunty Premier and the Prince, on whom responsibility had weighed ever since he was nineteen, had precluded great sympathy of character, both the Queen and Prince had cordially appreciated Lord Palmerston's ever-present sense of the dignity of England, and his cheerful confidence that no matter what difficulties beset his countrymen, they would come out triumphant in the end.

The premiership came to Lord Palmerston only when he had more than reached middle life; but at the age of twenty-three, in 1807, he had held his first office in the

cabinet of the Duke of Portland as a Lord of the Admiralty, and he had been in Government employ, with little intermission, for forty-nine years. The Foreign Office was his own especial office. He hated any interference with him in his management of it, as much as a millionnaire banker might object to supervision of his correspondence, or intermeddling in his counting-room. This was the cause of his disagreement with the Queen and Lord John Russell in 1851, and his dismissal from his beloved office, to which he never returned. But he gave Lord John what he called his "tit-for-tat" only a few months after, by breaking up his cabinet. To the credit of Lord John's generosity, be it said that he put aside all personal considerations, and consented to serve as Colonial Secretary under his old subordinate in 1855, and even to accept the Foreign Office in 1859.

The period of Lord Palmerston's premiership, from 1859 until his death, was marked by domestic and foreign worries rather than by great events. Abroad, English diplomacy had to deal with disputes with the United States concerning privateers and the "Alabama's" depredations; with the Emperor Alexander II. in 1863 about his severe repression of the political aspirations of the Poles; about the affairs of the Danish Duchies and the Danish succession, — a question which, it is said, only two men in Europe understood; with the pretensions of the King of Prussia; with the aspirations of King Victor Emmanuel to be king of Italy; with the war in Lombardy, ended by the Peace of Villafranca; with a little war in New Zealand, and another in China. At home, the House of Commons quarrelled with the House of Lords about its sole right to originate or alter bills relating to taxation; the men of Manchester were indignant with the Government for inordinate expenditure upon naval armaments; and the Volunteers were displaying increased activity in amateur soldiering, in view of a possible war with Germany, — an invasion from that quarter, and a "Battle of Dorking." Mr. Disraeli led the Tory Opposition; Mr. Gladstone was

going through the last stages of his conversion from a Tory of the old school to an Advanced Radical; and Ireland gave less trouble to the Government than she had done for many years.

On April 2, 1865, Mr. Cobden, the standard-bearer twenty years before of the great Corn Law League, and the champion of working-men in the manufacturing districts, died, and on October 18 of the same year died Lord Palmerston. Had he lived two days longer, he would have been eighty-one. His mental powers were unweakened to the last, and he kept up his physical activity to within a few months of his death, when gout and failing eyesight disabled him. When seventy years old he could row on the Thames before breakfast, or swim in the river like an Eton boy; and only a short time before his death he was seen to come early out of his house, and, looking round to see he was not observed, climb over a high iron railing to test his powers.

The grief for his loss was national. "He was a true Englishman," was the praise on everybody's lips. "The incarnation of *le perfide Albion*," a French writer had said of him a quarter of a century before. His opponents expressed as much sorrow for his loss as did his friends. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and most truly mourned for; yet he was essentially a man of his hour, an opportunist by nature, and an eminently successful one. He can hardly be said to have left "footprints on the sands of time" that the advancing ocean has not been able to wash away. Canning, Peel, Melbourne, Wellington, and Disraeli had stronger personalities, and will live longer in men's memories than Palmerston.

He was the last of the confidential advisers with whom Queen Victoria began her reign; and a recent writer in the "Nineteenth Century" closes a brief sketch of him by saying: —

"Henceforth the Queen was destined to be thrown with a new generation of public servants, men well known to her by name and fame, but none of whom had passed in close relation

with her through the excitements of her queenship, and the joys and sorrows of her married life. In spite of differences, the Queen had always extended to Lord Palmerston that straightforward support, of the lack of which none of her ministers have ever complained; and when he died, she could not help feeling that her youth had passed away with him, and that she was left, a lonely woman, face to face with the awful responsibilities of her great office, without one human being in the world whom she could call an old friend."

The vacancy occasioned in the cabinet by Lord Palmerston's death was supplied by Lord John Russell; but as he had been raised to the peerage as an English peer under the title of Earl Russell, he could not, like Palmerston, who was only an Irish peer, sit in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, became leader for Her Majesty's Government in the Lower House, while Mr. Disraeli was the leader of "Her Majesty's Opposition."

In 1866 Lord Russell brought forward a reformed Reform Bill. But the House of Commons did not, as a whole, want reform, and the "unenfranchised millions" who had agitated for the Charter in 1848 were not likely to be much appeased by a measure which would extend the franchise to only a few hundreds.

As the bill never passed, no more need be said of it. Lord Russell's ministry resigned, and the ministry of Lord Derby (father of the future statesman of our own day) came into power.

Mr. McCarthy says: —

"The year 1866 was a year of great agitation throughout Europe and America. In England a great commercial crisis had taken place, with its Black Friday of May 11, which made a most disastrous mark upon the history of the City of London. The Bank Charter had to be suspended. The cattle plague, though checked by the stringent measures of the Government, was still raging, and the landlords and cattle-owners were still in a state of excitement and alarm, and had long been clamoring over the insufficiency of the compensation paid by the Government for the cattle they were compelled to slaughter. while other classes condemned it as extravagant and unreasonable. The Emperor of Austria drew the sword against Prussia. Italy en-

tered into the quarrel by declaring war against Austria. The time seemed hopeless for pressing a small reform bill on in the face of an unwilling Parliament, or for throwing the country into the turmoil of a general election. Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone accepted the situation, and resigned."

In the ministry of Lord Derby that succeeded the brief cabinet of Lord Russell, Mr. Disraeli was prominent. He was a man whose career had been full of surprises. He was an English leader, alien from Englishmen both in race and temperament; the head of the most English of English parties, though his ideas and his character were essentially un-English; the champion of the Church, though of Jewish race and birth; an ex-Radical who led the broken wing of the extreme Conservatives; an orator who for ten sessions was heard in Parliament with laughter or indifference; a man whose birthday is still kept, with primrose garlands, by the great ladies and gentlemen of England; who for years was the butt of "Punch," whose dress, manners, ringlets, and physiognomy had all the characteristics of that flash vulgarity which is supposed to mark the Jew.

It was his theory, put forth in all his novels, that Jews are the born rulers of the human race; and in "Sidonia" he certainly seems to have made good his proposition. As bankers, physicians, musicians, singers, rulers, and men of literature, he advanced their claims to eminence; and undoubtedly he himself was a striking illustration of his theory.

In the days of Ferdinand and Isabella his ancestors had been driven from Spain by Torquemada and the Inquisition. The Spanish Jews have always maintained that their ancestors took no part in the tragedy of the Crucifixion; that the curse that day invoked by Jews on their posterity should not apply to them, since they had been settled in Spain long before the Christian era.

The family of Lord Beaconsfield took refuge in Venice. There they may have walked with Shylock on the Rialto, and lent moneys to Bassanio and young men similarly extravagant. It is certain that they were buried in the Jewish burying-ground beside the sea, where sunken

stone slabs record their names, half covered by intruding vegetation.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Mr. Pelham, being Prime Minister of England, endeavored to remove some of the civil disabilities of the Jews, who, up to that time (with a brief intermission during the rule of Cromwell), had been permitted to live in England only on sufferance. Encouraged by this new disposition in their favor, some Jews (among them the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield) came over to England in 1749. There were Jewish families of wealth and consideration already there, and in more than one case the wealth of heiresses had caused them to be allied with the aristocracy.

In 1753, the Jews' Naturalization Bill was passed; but it met with great mob opposition (as we may see in Miss Edgeworth's charming story of "Harrington,") and as soon as Mr. Pelham was dead it was repealed. The Jews remained foreigners in England up to 1858.

The immigrant (Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather) assumed the name of D'Israeli, — a name never borne by any other Jewish family, — "in order," says his grandson, "that the race from whence he sprang might be forever recognized."

The wife of this proudly Jewish gentleman was entirely unlike himself. She was of a highly descended Jewish family, and had social aspirations. She felt deep shame and pain at being a Jewess,[1] and it is believed that she refused to follow her husband to England, but lived and died apart from him in Amsterdam. Her grandson says of her that she was so mortified by her social position "that she lived till eighty without indulging a tender expression. Her fierceness of resentment, not being able to wreak itself upon her nation's persecutors, preyed upon and rent herself. She detested her own race. She hated the name of D'Israeli, which her husband had given her, looking upon it as he looked upon it (though in a different sense), as a perpetual witness of their Jewish connections."

[1] She is said to have been the original of the Princess, Daniel Deronda's unnatural mother.

This grandfather his descendant describes as "a man of ardent character, sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain, amid reverses, full of resource." In short, he was a brilliant man of business and an accomplished man of the world. He made his fortune and enjoyed it; owned land in three counties in England; built himself a beautiful country seat, where he laid out an Italian garden; played whist with Sir Horace Mann, the friend of Horace Walpole; and was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries.

His son, Isaac Disraeli, was a literary man, and wrote books still on the shelves of our libraries. With him, a sense of social exclusion seems to have led to his shutting himself up with his books. Benjamin Disraeli, his eldest son, born in 1805, was twelve years old when the old grandfather died, and a year later his father, having had some disagreement with the rulers of the chief synagogue in London, broke off the relations of his family with their co-religionists. Isaac Disraeli never joined any religious body afterwards, but his friend and literary associate, Samuel Rogers, the banker and poet, marched the boy Benjamin off to St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, and on July 31, 1817, Benjamin Disraeli, "said to be," says the "Parish Register," "twelve years old," was baptized a Church of England Christian. It is not likely there was much, if any, religious feeling in the matter. Samuel Rogers was not eminent as a Christian. It is not known whether Isaac Disraeli objected, or gave (as is probable) a tacit consent; but the true story seems to be that Rogers, thinking it a pity that the lack of a mere form, as he considered it, should stand in the way of a very clever boy's advancement, took this mode of inducting him into all the privileges, civil and political, which the law of England then denied to Jews, Papists, and Dissenters.

Young Disraeli never went to any public school, but was for a little while in a law office. From the first he intended to reap all the temporal good he could out of his "conver-

sion." He tried to secure a seat in Parliament as soon as he was of the legal age, and was greatly annoyed at hearing that Lord Grey, struck by his unusual name, had asked, "What is he?" Thereupon he wrote a pamphlet to answer the question. The pamphlet is lost. It is not even (more 's the pity) in the British Museum; but it was a prophecy, made in good faith, of what it was his intention to become. Somebody, in after years, said of it that it was like a scene in an old Miracle Play, in which Adam passes before the audience on his way to be created.

Disraeli's first appearance before the public was as author of a very clever novel, "Vivian Grey," written before he was twenty-two. "The book was," says Justin McCarthy, "suffused with extravagant affectation and mere animal spirits; but it was full of the evidence of a fresh and brilliant ability." It was followed by "Contarini Fleming," and then by the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy." All these novels were written at white heat, and are full of personal feeling. They were not autobiographical in matter, but entirely so in their reflections. All his writings, up to the day of his death, were Oriental rather than English, and Oriental in everything was the whole turn of his mind. There are few things more amusing than a celebrated review in "Blackwood" of "Lothair;" and there is no better parody than Bret Harte's "Lothaw" in "Condensed Novels." Nevertheless, all Disraeli's novels are extremely interesting, full of sparkling thoughts, and things that suggest thought to the reader. He wrote novels to the end of his life; "Endymion," his last, being very autobiographical, and full of sketches of the statesmen of his time.

He entered Parliament for Maidstone, in Kent, in 1837, being then thirty-two years of age. He began his career as an advanced Radical, a supporter of O'Connell, a disciple of Joseph Hume. Subsequently he quarrelled with O'Connell; but that was years later, when he was a Tory leader, and O'Connell called him, in the polite language of political controversy in those days, "a miscreant," "a

wretch," "a liar whose whole life is a living lie," and, finally, "the blasphemous descendant of the impenitent thief." Disraeli was not slow to return these compliments, particularly offensive in the mouth of a man who, it was known, would fight no duel.

Disraeli's first speech provoked the laughter and the ridicule of the House of Commons. The only man who saw anything in it was the future sufferer from his impassioned, bitter eloquence,—Sir Robert Peel. At last, baffled by persistent laughter and other interruptions of a noisy House, Disraeli lost his temper, which for a long time he had kept wonderfully under control, and, pausing in the middle of a sentence, he looked full in the faces of his opponents, and then, raising his hands and opening his mouth as wide as its dimensions would permit, he said very loudly, and in an almost terrific tone: "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last; aye, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me!"

For ten years he continued to sit in Parliament, taking frequent part in debates, and appreciated as a good free lance, though no one but himself dreamed of him as a political leader.

He is described by one who used to see him in those days as —

"Attired in a bottle-green coat, a white waistcoat of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a network of glittering chains, large fancy pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, over which appeared no shirt collar. His countenance was lividly pale, set off by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets on his left cheek. His manner was intensely theatrical, his gestures were wild and extravagant."

Mr. Motley, in his correspondence, gives this account of his first appearance in London society, as the author of "Vivian Grey," given to him at a dinner-party by Mrs. Norton:

"She assured me she did not exaggerate. He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin; purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam; a scarlet waistcoat; long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers; white gloves, with several brilliant rings outside of them; and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders."

He had begun life a young and ardent spirit, prepared to run amuck against all old existing institutions. In 1846, nine years after he entered Parliament, he was a strong Conservative, the intimate friend and associate of Lord George Bentinck, a nobleman who up to that time had been known only for his attachment to horse-racing and his upright character.

At the opening of the session of 1846, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, the leader of the Tory, or country, party, electrified all parties by proclaiming himself a convert to the principles of the Anti-Corn Law League and Mr. Cobden. English wheat was no longer to be protected; foreign wheat-growers were to be invited to assist in feeding the English population. With us it is the manufacturers who are supposed to want a tariff, and the farmers who desire to dispense with it. In England it was the reverse.

Sir Robert Peel's declaration of a change of policy so paralyzed his party that it is possible all would have acquiesced in his new views, and have followed him, had not Disraeli sprung to his feet and proclaimed himself the leader of all those who desired to bolt from Sir Robert's old party. With the most stinging sarcasm he pursued the great leader. Every word of his speech told. From that moment he was a power in the state, and he and Lord George Bentinck, a man of far less ability than himself, led the ranks of the old-fashioned High Tories.

Before this time Disraeli and Lord George had been prominent in a movement called Young England. The Young England party has long died out; but though during its existence it was greatly ridiculed, it left behind it a large residuum of good. Its idea was that the salvation of

England lay in its young men of rank and cultivation, helped by its young women; that above all things, a fusion of classes was needed: the high and the low must know each other, and meet on common ground, in the cricket-field, in the dance, in lecture-rooms, at concerts, and in the church above everything. The apostles of this doctrine were to be the highest. Young noblemen and clergymen were to set the example, just as officers lead soldiers. They were to acquire influence, practise loving-kindness, introduce culture to the masses, take the lead in sanitary and social reforms. A vast deal has been done in England in these respects which was set going by Young England. The political principles of the party were in the highest degree opposed to radicalism; but, socially, the young nobleman was taught to consider himself the man and the brother of his ploughboy or the artisan.

Mr. Disraeli had always a considerable toleration for misguided Chartists, revolutionaries, and even Fenians, speaking of their leaders in Parliament with more pity than reprobation. In "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Lothair" we may trace his feelings.

He was above all things an opportunist. He thought that as times grow, so men's views should grow with them. Gambetta, the great opportunist, was his ardent admirer.

In a series of intensely bitter articles against him which came out in the "Fortnightly Review" two years before his death, his career is divided into three epochs, — from 1826 to 1837, the era of preparation; from 1837 to 1852, the era of struggle, when in Parliament he tried to gain, first toleration, then recognition, and then eminence; and from 1852 to 1878, when he stood victorious and triumphant, acknowledged at last to be the greatest man in England of his day.

The unfriendly critic says of him in the middle stage of his career (that is, from 1837 to 1852) that "he began by wearing the livery of Peel; then, with ribbons in his hat and a whistle in his mouth, masqueraded as a rural swain, dancing with his Young England companions round a May-

pole; and finally, in the breeches and topboots of a stage squire, he smacked his hunting-whip against his thigh, and denounced the villany of the traitor Peel, who had deceived him and other simple-minded country gentlemen into believing that he was a protectionist and a friend of the land and the corn laws, while he was nothing but a manufacturer and a free-trader. Lord Beaconsfield's rapid changes of costume and character resemble those of the elder and younger Mathews in some of their most startling transformations."

It is quite true that when Disraeli stood for Maidstone, in 1837, he had modified his early radicalism, and became for a short time an enthusiastic admirer of Peel. In 1832 he had sought election at High Wycombe as an advanced Radical; he came into Parliament five years later as a Conservative. While a follower of Sir Robert Peel, this is how he addressed his leader in a pamphlet called "Letters of Runnymede": "In the halls and bowers of Drayton, those gardens and that library, you have realized the romance of Verulam, and enjoy the lettered ease that Temple loved." He speaks of Sir Robert's "splendid talents and his spotless character," and calls him the Knight of Rhodes in Schiller's ballad, — "the only hope of a suffering isle."

Benjamin Disraeli came into Parliament, as I have said, for Maidstone, a Kentish borough, in 1837. Maidstone sent two representatives to Parliament. The colleague of Mr. Disraeli was Mr. Wyndham Lewis. This gentleman had married the daughter of Captain Viney, of the English navy, who was in straitened circumstances at her father's death, but who, by the death of an uncle, had become an heiress by the time Mr. Lewis married her. This lady was sixteen years older than Disraeli. A year after Mr. Lewis entered Parliament he died of lung-trouble, leaving his wife widowed after a union of twenty-three years. Mrs. Lewis went into strict retirement for a year; at the end of that time she married Mr. Disraeli. It was a perfectly happy union, though it proved childless. "She was," says her husband, "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

The love and confidence each had for the other grew greater and greater as the years rolled on.

"Few were admitted," says a friend, "to the privilege of intimacy with them, and *they* only had the faintest idea of the perfect affection and confidence existing between them, — of the chivalrous devotion of the author-statesman to his somewhat elderly wife, of the wife's utter and absorbing affection for her distinguished husband."

Some ten years after his marriage, when Disraeli was to make a great speech in the House of Commons, his wife drove down with him to Westminster. "On getting into the carriage, one of her fingers was crushed between the door and its frame. The pain must have been terrible; but she said not a word, and maintained her composure till her husband had left her to go in by the Members' entrance, when, as he disappeared through the doorway, she fainted away."

I may as well tell a few anecdotes concerning this lady here, and then proceed with her husband's history. Lord Beaconsfield's enemies accused him of boyish freaks in literature, oratory, and statesmanship. He must have had a great deal of the boy about him, to which his wife's nature, even in old age, seems to have responded; there was an unusual fund of gayety in both their natures. "The husband never indulged in unavailing regrets. He never suffered blunders or misfortunes or miscarriages to touch him over-keenly. When in Edinburgh, in 1867, he had a great enthusiastic reception which delighted him, 'We did not go to bed till very late,' he said to a friend the next morning. 'Mrs. Disraeli and I were so delighted that we danced a jig over it in our bedchamber.'" Mrs. Disraeli was then seventy-seven, and her husband sixty-two.

A year later (1868), she was created Countess of Beaconsfield in her own right by the Queen, — an honor which took them both by surprise. The husband, it was well known, did not wish to be raised to the peerage, as he would thereby become ineligible to sit in the Lower House.

Lady Beaconsfield lived till 1872, and was eighty-two years old. Her husband, who survived her nine years, never recovered her loss.

The year of her death, when she knew that the disease of which she must die in a few months was making progress, she endeavored to hide her situation from her husband; whilst he on his part endeavored so to act that she should not suspect his knowledge of the same thing.

"He made a great non-political speech at the opening of a popular exhibition in Manchester, in 1871. Lady Beaconsfield was present, and towards her her husband frequently turned his head. When it was over she was driven to the house of a friend. There, when she heard the grating of his wheels upon the gravel, she hurried to the door to meet him, though every movement was pain, and, flinging herself into his arms, embraced him rapturously, crying, 'Oh, Dizzy, Dizzy, this is the greatest night of all! this pays for everything!'"

We turn back now to 1846, when Disraeli sprang at a bound into the position of a statesman and the leader of a party, by his speech against Sir Robert Peel. His invectives against the man he had once worshipped were frightfully bitter; but then he treated Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell in the same way.

Palmerston and Lord John probably cared little for his attacks; but Sir Robert felt them keenly, though he sat all through them with patient dignity.

As we have seen, Peel carried his repeal of the Corn Laws, and then was forced to resign by defeat on an Irish coercion bill, through a coalition of the Whigs with those who, under Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, had bolted from the Tory party. The Whigs, under Lord John Russell, succeeded Sir Robert Peel.

In 1852, the party of Mr. Disraeli was in power, and he was a member of the cabinet. Lord George Bentinck had died a sudden death four years before, and Lord Derby was Prime Minister. Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer (what in the United States is Secretary of the

Treasury), and he was also his party's leader in the House of Commons. He asked for this office in preference to being made one of the secretaries of state, as was at first proposed; it was surmised, because the office of secretary would have brought him into personal relations with the Queen, — an association he had reason to think would not be agreeable to her. Twenty years later, the Queen was accused of an esteem for him which tended to favoritism; but in 1852 Her Majesty was not known to her people as she is now; and, in 1841, the Duke of Wellington, who loved her like an uncle, could say, "There will never be a Conservative ministry, — I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners."

It fell to Mr. Disraeli, in his official position, to make two motions in the House of Commons in one day, — one announcing that Her Majesty's Government recognized Napoleon III. as Emperor of the French; the other asking for a vote of money to defray the expenses of the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington.

It became his duty, too, as representative of the Government, to pronounce the eulogy of the greatest of modern Englishmen in Parliament. The speech was a brilliant one; but it is not denied, even by his friends, that some one discovered presently that it was a plagiarism from an oration by M. Thiers over one of Napoleon's marshals!

As a leader of the House of Commons, Disraeli was an indefatigable and painstaking worker; but he did not distinguish himself as a financier. His party was not long in office, and six years succeeded, during which Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone first, and afterwards Lord Palmerston and a Whig cabinet were in power. During these six years occurred the Crimean war, the Indian Mutiny, and the establishment of a friendly alliance between France and England.

When the bombs of Orsini threw Lord Palmerston and his cabinet out of power, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli resumed office. Under them the East India Company as a ruling body was broken up, and the Government of India transferred to the English Crown.

A revision of the Reform Bill was called for in 1867. Reform bills had been brought forward in 1851, 1854, 1860, 1861, and 1867. "All parties," as Disraeli said, "seemed to have tried to reform the Reform Bill, but had failed." All appear to have agreed on the necessity of a more liberal franchise. Lord Derby's Government prepared such a bill; but before it could be passed they had to give up office, and the Whigs, coming in, picked up the bill and made it a Government measure.

It was on this occasion or a similar one that Mr. Disraeli said "that the Whigs had caught the Tories bathing, and had tried to steal their clothes."

There were heated political discussions in those days, and brief tenure of office for either party. Throughout all this time our Civil War was raging, and England hesitated which side to take, as now Conservatives and now Liberals came into power. Mr. Gladstone sympathized with the Southern people; Mr. Disraeli believed that the great future of America lay in the continued Union of North and South. Early in 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister, Lord Derby having retired from office after passing a Reform Bill. But Disraeli did not retain his premiership very long. His rival and political opponent, Mr. Gladstone, carried a resolution in regard to the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland. Disraeli appealed to the country, and the result was a complete defeat of his party in a General Election.

However much or little of a Christian Disraeli may have been, his policy was always in sympathy with the High Church party; but many members of that party held, with Keble, that to endow the Established Church in Ireland with the spoils of the Roman Catholic Church was an injustice. The disestablishment of the Church in Ireland stands on a very different footing from disestablishment in Wales or England.

When Disraeli found himself defeated in 1868 in the General Election, he bowed to the decision of his country, and placed the reins of government in Mr. Gladstone's hands. That statesman held office for six years, and in 1874

Disraeli and his party came back to power. The present Lord Salisbury was one of the cabinet.

And now Lord Beaconsfield (for in 1876 Disraeli had accepted the same title as his wife) was at the height of his political prosperity. He had the favor and personal affection of the Queen, and the full support of Parliament. Since the fall of Sir Robert Peel's ministry, in 1846, no administration had enjoyed such advantages. He himself, having no longer the leadership of the House of Commons to attend to, devoted himself largely to foreign affairs. He wanted to deal with kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of power.

In 1875 the risings in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the war between Turkey and Servia, and the Bulgarian massacres, had reopened the Eastern Question; and Lord Beaconsfield was delighted, Oriental as he was in temperament, to have to do with the East. In nearly all his novels his hero goes to the East to work reforms and to complete his glory. "Let the Queen of England," cries his favorite hero, in one of his early novels, "collect a great fleet, let her stow away all her treasures, — bullion, gold plate, and precious arms, — be accompanied by her court and her chief people, and transfer the seat of her Empire from London to Delhi; there she will find an immense empire ready made, a first-rate army, and a large revenue. We acknowledge the Empress of India as our suzerain, and secure for her the Levantine coast. If she likes, she shall have Alexandria, as she now has Malta. You see it would be the greatest empire that ever existed; and the only difficult part, the conquest of India, which baffled Alexander, has been done."

This speech in Lord Beaconsfield's novel of "Tancred," written almost in the days of his youth, he set himself, when he was Prime Minister of England, in some part to accomplish. True, Queen Victoria did not carry out the Indian Emir's idea that her capital had better be transferred to Delhi, but all the rest of it has become nearly true. The Queen is Empress of India; England owns

Cyprus, and has exercised a protectorate over the Levantine provinces of Turkey; her position in Egypt may be said to give her authority in Alexandria; and Indian troops have been landed at Suakim to fight the Arabs for imperial ends.

Oriental himself, the Orient was the field of aspirations for Lord Beaconsfield. He began by buying nearly one-half of all the shares in the Suez Canal from the impecunious Khedive, to whom he paid nearly £4,000,000. When the canal was contemplated, England, to speak both literally and metaphorically, had taken no stock in the enterprise; she would not patronize its opening. Lord Palmerston was as incredulous of its success as Dr. Lardner had been about crossing the ocean by steam. English engineers were supposed to have demonstrated that the water-level of the Red Sea was higher than that of the Mediterranean. But the canal was a success; it was the high-road to India; and all England applauded Lord Beaconsfield's purchase in 1875, little knowing that in 1881 it was to lead their country into Egyptian difficulties.

The Queen assumed her new title of Empress of India in 1877; and this all England did not applaud. It seemed to Englishmen that the title of Queen of England was the highest upon earth; that of Empress was vulgar frippery. Besides, the title had been debased under Napoleon III., and poor Maximilian had died Emperor of Mexico; there had been an Emperor of Hayti, with his noble court of Dukes of Lemonade and Marmalade, and an Emperor of Morocco. But Disraeli's ideas were all imperial. Imperial, he said, meant ruling over many states, and Her Majesty held imperial sway over the British Empire. The title, too, would settle certain vexed questions of court etiquette, and on that account would be agreeable to Her Majesty. It has proved, indeed, valuable in the administration of the affairs of India, — the native princes and the native peoples understanding the personal government of an Empress far better than that of cabinets or a company. The Queen did not give up her proudest of all titles, that of Queen of



LORD BEACONSFIELD.



England, but she added to it Empress of India, and now signs herself Victoria R. and I. About the same time the Prince of Wales made his Indian tour, and it was thought had roused a strong feeling of loyalty among the Indian populations. In one district in India the people set up the new Empress as a goddess, and Government had sternly to interfere to put such worship down.

But the great event which connected Lord Beaconsfield with the Orient was the reopening of the Eastern Question. Elsewhere[1] I have told of the Turkish war of 1877, of the chivalrous General Skobeleff, and his disappointment at the course of European diplomacy. We must see what that diplomacy was. Many persons have accounted it not a creditable passage in English history.

The Treaty of Paris, made after the Crimean war, provided that reforms should be introduced into Turkey, and that civil rights should be granted to Christians. The Porte has always been celebrated for its "masterly inactivity;" for smiling promises and scant performances. Abdul Aziz, the Sultan in 1876, if not actually crazy, was certainly not of sound mind. He spent untold sums on gardens and on architecture; and immense sums on his European tour in 1867. He was the first Turkish sovereign who discovered the convenience of raising foreign loans. The money that he got by this means was spent in all sorts of extravagant foolishness, and then his unfortunate subjects were oppressed by heavier taxes. This caused disturbances in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Servia (an autonomous principality, owing tribute and fealty to Turkey) sympathized with oppressed fellow-Christians, and made war on Turkey. She was joined by a crowd of Russian officers; but the Turks, who were splendid fighters, got the advantage. In 1876 Bulgaria began to be restless. The Turkish Government sent Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, a semi-organized banditti, to keep down insurrection. These fell upon the wretched villages of unarmed Christians. Nor was massacre confined to villages. In Salonika (Thessalonica) the French and German consuls

[1] Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century.

were murdered, and the streets ran with Christian blood. "These massacres," says Mr. McCarthy, "hardly found their parallel in the worst days of the Byzantine Empire or under the odious rule of the later sovereigns of Delhi."

England was roused to frenzy, and great as Lord Beaconsfield's popularity was, he impaired it by making light of the whole matter. Indeed, his ideas seem to have been very vague as to the Turkish provinces. He did not apparently know exactly what were Bashi-Bazouks.

Soon, however, the truth was known, and it was worse than the first reports, when they came to be authenticated. It is true that the atrocities were confined to what is now called Eastern Roumelia, and did not extend north of the Balkans; but within that province there had been wholesale torture, massacre, outrages on women, and sale of children into slavery.

An agent, Mr. Baring, was sent from England to learn the truth. He wrote home (and subsequent investigations did but confirm his first impressions), "Till I have visited the villages I can hardly speak; but my present opinion, which I trust hereafter to be able to modify, is, that about twelve thousand Bulgarians have perished. Sixty villages have been wholly or partially burned, by far the greater portion of them by Bashi-Bazouks." Subsequently Mr. Baring and Mr. Macgahan, correspondent of the "Daily News," saw masses of the dead bodies of women and children piled together where no fighting had taken place; they had been simply butchered.

The wrath of the English people burst into a flame. Mr. Gladstone headed the popular feeling. In this he again pitted himself against his rival. The English Government made remonstrances with the Turkish Government, and was satisfied when assured that the Bashi-Bazouks should be restrained, while at that very moment they were receiving rewards.

But after a little while — a brief space given to righteous indignation — Mr. Disraeli trumped his rival's trick by rousing a feeling it is always easy to rouse in England, — antagonism to Russia.

Russia, indignant that nothing effectual had been done by the united efforts of the Great Powers of Europe, declared that, whether the Treaty of Paris allowed it or not, she was going to act by herself, — punish the Turks, and defend the Christians. Then public opinion changed: "Mr. Gladstone was honestly regarded by millions of Englishmen as the friend and instrument of Russia; Disraeli as the champion of England, and the enemy of England's enemy."

On August 11, 1876, Mr. Disraeli made his last speech (a very powerful one) in the House of Commons. "The next morning all England knew, what no creature had suspected the night before, that Mr. Disraeli had relinquished his career as the great Commoner, and had consented to pass into the House of Lords as Lord Beaconsfield."

Lord Beaconsfield was for maintaining Turkey, at all risks, as a barrier against Russia; Mr. Gladstone was for renouncing all responsibility for Turkey, and taking the consequences.

Meantime, while diplomacy went on, and feelings in England were at boiling heat, the Turkish war began. The Russians crossed the Danube June 27, 1877, and found the Turks a much harder enemy to conquer than they had expected. They were three times repulsed at Plevna; took it at last, not by fighting, but by famine; crossed the Balkans in midwinter, at the cost of dreadful suffering; took Adrianople, and encamped upon the shores of the Sea of Marmora.

All this time there was a strong feeling among Lord Beaconfield's supporters that there would be — and there *must* be — a war between England and Russia. Then Lord Beaconsfield's followers began to be called Jingoes, and his policy Jingoism. Mr. McCarthy shall tell us how they got that singular name.

"There was a very large and a very noisy war party already in existence. It was particularly strong in London. It embraced some Liberals as well as some Tories. It was popular in the music-halls and in the public places of London. The class whom Prince Bismarck once called 'gentlemen of the pavement' were in its favor. The men of action got a nickname.

They were dubbed the Jingo Party. The term, applied in ridicule and reproach, was adopted by chivalrous Jingoes as a name of pride. Some Tyrtæus of the taproom, some Körner of the music-halls, had composed a ballad which was sung at one of these caves of harmony every night amid tumultuous applause. The refrain of this war-song contained the spirit-stirring words: —

"'We don't want to fight; but, by Jingo! if we do,
We 've got the ships, we 've got the men, we 've got the money too.'

Some one whose pulses this lyrical outburst had failed to stir, called the party of war-enthusiasts 'Jingoes.' The name was caught up at once. The famous ejaculation of Miss Carolinia Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' had proved prophetical. She swore 'By the *living* Jingo!' and now, indeed, the Jingo was alive!"

But before anything very decided was done in England (for the members of Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet were not all Jingoes), news came that General Skobeleff was within half a day's march of Constantinople. Russia forced Turkey to sign an armistice; and then the Treaty of San Stefano, which stipulated for almost complete independence for the Christian provinces of Turkey, and made Bulgaria, north and south of the Balkans, a great new state, with a port on the Ægean Sea, was signed by the Sultan and the Emperor.

England would not consent to this treaty. She said that by the Treaty of Paris the affairs of Turkey and Turkish dependencies were to be interfered with by no one Power, that if any changes must be made, all the Five Great Powers must agree. After much diplomatic discussion, and great disappointment on the part of the victorious Russian troops, it was resolved to submit the Treaty of San Stefano to a Congress to be held at Berlin. To the amazement of everybody, Lord Beaconsfield, though Prime Minister of England, decided to go himself as the English representative. He and Lord Salisbury went together.

Prince Bismarck, in whose place the Congress was held, received the English Prime Minister most cordially. His journey to Berlin was almost a triumphal progress.

"The part Lord Beaconsfield had undertaken to play suited his love for the picturesque and the theatrical. The temptation was irresistible to a nature so fond of show and state and pomp. It seemed a proper culmination of his career that he should take his seat in a great European council chamber, and there help to dictate terms of peace to Europe and its kings."

Strange to say, however, the Congress of Berlin was hardly a council. Its proceedings had been cut and dried beforehand. Lord Beaconsfield had entered into two secret agreements, — one with Turkey, one with Russia. By that between England and Turkey, the English Government undertook to guarantee to Turkey all her Asiatic possessions; and Turkey was to make Cyprus a present to England. The secret arrangement with Russia bound England to consent to giving back Bessarabia to Russia, — a province which had been rent from her after the Crimean war, — and the important port of Batoum, on the Black Sea. This agreement had conceded everything in advance which the people of England believed their representatives were struggling for in the Congress. Russia only submitted the Treaty of San Stefano to the Congress because England guaranteed her beforehand the things she most desired. Those who were most wronged and disappointed were the Christians of Roumelia, who had hoped to be joined to Bulgaria; Roumania, which had to give back Bessarabia to Russia; and the Greeks, who had counted on obtaining a better frontier out of Turkish spoils.

By these pre-arrangements the Congress of Berlin determined five points, without much discussion. Russia got Batoum and Bessarabia, while Roumania, greatly outraged by the loss of her province, was forced to content herself with a marshy tract at the mouth of the Danube as compensation for that sacrifice and for the blood and money she had expended in the war. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro were relieved from all tribute to the Sultan; Montenegro got her coveted port of Cattaro, on the Adriatic; Bulgaria was only Bulgaria north of the Balkans; but Roumelia was

to have a Christian governor. The Prince of Bulgaria was to be elected by the people, with the approval of the Sultan and all five of the Great Powers. Moreover, the Bulgarian Prince was not to be a member of any reigning royal family. The Sultan promised civil rights to all his Christian subjects, and to be a better ruler in Crete. Bosnia and Herzegovina were placed under the protectorate of Austria.

There is no doubt that by the substitution of this treaty for the Treaty of San Stefano, Russia lost much that she had fought for, and England gained much for which she had paid no price; the Christian populations in Turkey, too, for whom Russia undertook the war, lost much by the exchange.

In glory and triumph Lord Beaconsfield returned to England. He was now an old man, but full of vigor.

> "He had passed through years of struggle with almost insurmountable difficulties; years of steady faith in himself, undisturbed by almost universal ridicule; years of rise and fall, of action and inaction, success and disaster, which brought him to the climax of his greatness. He and Bismarck were the two greatest men in all the world. He had attained a position of popularity which Lord Palmerston had never attained. He was the demi-god of the populace. The proudest moment of his life was probably when, after a semi-theatrical entry into London, he stood in a window of the Foreign Office, addressing the crowd that cheered him rapturously, telling them that he had brought back Peace with Honor." [1]

And he did bring back peace. The war feeling was soothed, for England had triumphed. But after that time came a reaction, and his popularity waned. In the moment of his triumph his rival, Mr. Gladstone, had "been nowhere." He and his wife had even been hustled by a mob of London roughs boisterously returning from a Jingo carnival.

But the "little wars" that the Beaconsfield administration next engaged in were not popular in England. The winter of 1878–79 was a hard one for the poor. Trade was dull, the weather cold, and there was great distress in England. The House of Commons missed its great leader,

[1] History of our Own Times (Justin McCarthy).

and the odious policy of obstructiveness adopted by the Irish party wearied the patience of the House. All these things broke up Lord Beaconsfield's popularity, never so great in the provinces as it was in London. Parliament was dissolved in the spring of 1880, and the new Parliament chosen gave a majority of one hundred and twenty votes for the Liberals and against Lord Beaconsfield's Government. Lord Beaconsfield of course had to resign, and Mr. Gladstone came into power.

The opinion of many intelligent foreigners concerning Lord Beaconsfield was thus uttered by a German Liberal to a travelling Englishman: —

> "The sinister forces with which he had to contend may have proved too strong for him; foreign foes and domestic faction may have prevented him from doing all he designed: but in a great world crisis he bore himself steadfastly, patiently, strenuously, heroically; and he imparted his own spirit to England. And more than that, mein Herr, — much more, if your people had but known it, — your patriot minister in his struggle with the barbarian had all free Europe at his back."

In writing this chapter, I have had before me two sets of sketches of Lord Beaconsfield and his career. The writers on one side cannot find words bitter enough with which to mock him; those on the other side praise him as little lower than a king of men. He went into retirement at his country seat at Hughenden; but it was not for long. In less than two years after he quitted public life he died, April 19, 1881.

On the night of his death it was said that after a violent spasm and breathlessness, he lay back, murmuring in a low voice, "I am overwhelmed." Yet a little later he raised himself from his pillows, threw back his arms, expanded his chest, as he was wont to do when making a speech, and his lips were seen to move. The action was characteristic. Even by Death he would not acknowledge himself vanquished, without reply. His last words were: "Is there any bad news?"

Not long after success began to attend him some words from "In Memoriam" were applied to him. The last lines of the quotation were laughed at as grandiloquently inappropriate. Before he died, they came true.

> "Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star;
>
> "Who makes by force his merit known,
> And lives to clutch the golden keys,
> To mould a mighty state's decrees,
> And shape the whisper of the throne;
>
> "And moving up from high to higher,
> Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
> The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

Lord Beaconsfield was buried in his parish church at Hughenden. He assuredly had a claim to be interred in Westminster Abbey; but a grave there was refused him, probably in view of his uncertain Christianity.

His residence was Hughenden Manor, a fine old place in Buckinghamshire, which had once belonged to Burke, and was purchased by Lady Beaconsfield. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold attended his funeral, and many working-men and all the neighboring poor. Two days later the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited his grave, and laid on it a wreath of white camelias.

As soon as he was dead the Press and Parliament rang with his praises. They spoke of him as a man who, if he had faults, was always a conservator of England's greatness. A statue of him in his robes as an earl has been erected opposite to Westminster Abbey.

His title died with him; but the heir to his estates was his brother, Ralph Disraeli, to whose son, Coningsby Disraeli, they were destined to descend.

Within a year of his death Lord Beaconsfield wrote and published "Endymion." This novel had a great success.

It is filled with portraits, under feigned names, of the statesmen and authors with whom the writer had been associated, and may be read as a brilliant sketch of the political history of England for forty years.

Of late years a very interesting correspondence between Lord Beaconsfield and his sister has been published. In it the world may see more closely than it could see in his life the mind and heart of a man who, though his writings were all more or less autobiographical, was, as to his private life, very reserved.

"A French academician," says Lord Houghton, "remarked when Lord Beaconsfield's administration failed, and Mr. Gladstone came into power, that England had exchanged one artist for another."

Among the numerous sketches in "Endymion" is one of poor Hudson, the Railway King, who, when his ruin came, said of the men he had enriched by opening up the country by roads which failed to pay at first, who drove him into bankruptcy, "They took me from behind the counter and gave me to administer greater affairs under greater difficulties than even Mr. Pitt undertook in the great war. I had some £70,000,000 to manage, and I may have made some mistakes in doing it. Those men who have lost pounds by me are hounding me to death; but where are those who have made thousands by me?"

"Endymion" is the novel of pecuniary good fortune. It cheers those weary of the strain of poverty to see its success and, in imagination, share in its profusion. "It has been pleasantly said," remarks Lord Houghton, "that the English aristocracy might have gone the way of their order all over Europe, but for the two M's, — minerals and marriage. There never was a novel with so little love in it as 'Endymion,' so many proposals of marriage, such unexpected and unearned accessions of wealth."

Before closing this chapter, let me add a few words upon a subject that influenced all Lord Beaconsfield's writings, his personal characteristics, and, in part, his policy.

"It is barely fifty years," said an English journalist, writing not long after Lord Beaconsfield's death, "since the Jews in England were considered outcasts; since they were throughout Europe legally disqualified for the offices which, indeed, a universal prejudice would have rendered it impossible for them to hold; and now there is scarcely a State, except Russia, in which they are not, or have not been, ministers. Especially on the Continent do the Jews conduct journalism. In England at the time when eight hundred thousand English Roman Catholics had not a single English Roman Catholic in the House of Commons, eighty thousand English Jews had eight representives. The circumstances which for ages made the Jews dwellers in cities, and the oppressions which made wealth their only protection, have combined to make them admirable men of business. They bring especial brains to the work, and especial habits of combination."

A sort of great network of family interest enables the Jews to exercise control over the money markets and the jewel markets of the world.

In politics they are mostly opportunists, willing to accept any form of government which admits of free careers; and while anxious to obtain the largest attainable measure of material comfort, they aim to secure freedom, support, and education for the people.

With Prince Bismarck's intense hatred of the Jews, it is a little amusing to think of the high consideration he showed Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress; but his bitterness against the race has increased with his advancing years, backed by popular feeling in Germany and an opinion that prevails there that the Jews are in sympathy with the French, whom they helped to pay their war debt in 1872.

In 1884, an institution was set on foot in England in memory of Lord Beaconsfield, with the title of "The Primrose League." The great day of the year for the demonstrations of this society is April 19, — the day of Lord Beaconsfield's death, and also his birthday. On this day his grave at Beaconsfield is heaped with primroses, and his followers all wear them as a tribute to his memory.

A few years ago the league was said to number seven

hundred thousand men, women, and children. The idea originated with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff (son of the great Jewish-Christian missionary) and Lord Randolph Churchill.

"The Primrose League was founded," says a writer in one of the London journals, "under the idea that what had been done by fits and starts whenever an election came round should be carried through with continuous energy in the intervals," — that is to say, in plain English, that social influence, very potent in English elections, should be carried on continuously for election purposes.

"The friends of the candidates," continues the journalist, "both men and women, are to be all things to all men and their wives. Gentlemen and ladies of social position visit shop-keepers, artisans, farmers, laborers, and their wives; talk with them freely and pleasantly, show interest in their concerns, and end by asking them for votes.

"The League proposes to make this work, done so often in elections, a perpetuity. That duchesses and washerwomen, the squire's lady and the blacksmith's wife, should be linked together in clubs, excursions, and picnics in semi-social, semi-political gatherings, not only at election time, but all the year round; that they should belong to the same league, wear the same badge, sing or listen to the same songs, and glow with fervor in the same cause."

This view of the League is not exactly a friendly one; but here is an account of a Primrose League celebration in Warwickshire, on the 19th of April, 1888, looked on with more kindly eyes:[1] —

"Nothing in the whole kingdom of flowers is lovelier than the yellow primrose of Warwickshire, — the 'pale primrose' of Shakespear. Its size, its delicate color, accentuated by deeper color in its midst, its pronounced and elegant outline, render it very effective for decorative purposes. And what was Beaconsfield, if not decorative?

"At Leamington, which is almost the central spot of England, primroses seemed universal. The local branch of the

[1] The Outlook (Christian Union).

Primrose League kept open house that day at the Town Hall. Primroses bloomed in the windows among the cauliflowers and potatoes of the greengrocers, in the windows of the draper, and among the sirloins and legs of mutton on the butchers' stalls. The jewellers displayed primrose jewelry of every description, — a single primrose, a cluster of primroses, a primrose with the motto, 'Peace with Honor.' Many of the beautiful carriage-horses were decorated with primroses, while their drivers wore bouquets of them in their button-holes. The children, too, caught the infection; for the girls and boys in England assume their childish part in politics.

"I saw a jolly little pair standing at a street-corner. They looked about ten years old. The boy had his small bouquet of primroses pinned firmly on his breast, and was fastening that of the little girl to the shoulder of her coat. I thought, Where will the Primrose League be when the boy is old enough to be a voter?

"The staircase and lobby of the Town Hall were covered with primroses. In the hall hung a dreadful portrait of Queen Victoria, draped with primrose silk. Intermingled with the primroses and banners on the walls were the crown, the Prince of Wales' feathers, and the earl's coronet of Beaconsfield. A portrait and a bust of the late Earl were also there, honored with flags and flowers.

"The orator of the day told us that the especial glory of the Primrose League was that it included every class in the land, from the highest to the laborer. He called upon the laborer and the laborer's wife to work for its extension. He said that already it numbered many laborers among its members.

"Feeling a little doubtful about this, I asked an intelligent laborer's wife, living in a hamlet made up of laborer's cottages, how many of them belonged to the Primrose League. 'None,' was the reply. I then repeated the statement of the M. P. 'If there are any laborers in the Primrose League,' she said, 'they joined it just because they were expected to.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECOND CABUL MASSACRE.

IN the autumn of 1842, Lord Ellenborough, under instructions from the ministry of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, proclaimed that, finding Shah Soojah and his family were not the choice of the Afghan people, the English armies, after punishing the massacres of their Resident and their people, would withdraw from Cabul, set Dost Mohammed at liberty, and leave the Afghans to choose what ruler they would. Their choice fell at once on Dost Mohammed, and he accordingly remounted his throne. He made a treaty of peace and alliance with the English, and continued true to them as long as he lived. Shere Ali, one of his sons, succeeded him. With great prudence, he resolved to exclude foreigners, both English and Russian, as much as possible from his dominions. But under the circumstances in which he was placed, this was attempting the impossible.

No sooner was the Turkish war of 1877–78 ended, and Russia checkmated, after her large expenditure of money and blood, by Beaconsfield and Bismarck in the Congress of Berlin, than her rulers set themselves more perseveringly and patiently than ever to push her power towards the East, and gain communication with the Pacific Ocean and the Indian seas. Between Persia and British India lies Afghanistan, — a "land of the mountain and the flood," the Switzerland of Asia. Herat, one of its three chief cities, is on the direct road to Bushire, the chief port on the Persian Gulf.

Turkestan, or, as it was called in my young days, Independent Tartary, has been the scene of Russian military operations for the last half century. By 1865 Russia had acquired the northern part of this Independent Tartary, and

then she took Tashkent and Khokan, which brought her possessions near the Khanate of Bokhara, while over the mountains lay Kashgar and Yarkand. In 1868, Samarcand and Bokhara were taken. Khiva alone of the Khanates remained independent; but in 1873 three Russian columns were marched against it. One perished of heat and thirst; one came near doing so; the third succeeded.

General Skobeleff, while employed in these wars, early conceived the idea that if Russia could obtain paramount influence in Afghanistan, she might, in the event of a war with England, march armies into British India through that country, as Napoleon had once proposed to Alexander I., or she might barter her influence in Afghanistan with England for the consent of the English to her acquisition of Constantinople.

During the year 1877, when Russia was occupied with the Turkish war, the English Government, having ventured on some remonstrances concerning Russia's advances in the East, was answered roughly by Prince Gortschakoff, that "while he had a whale to look after, he could not trouble himself about the little fishes." But he very seriously concerned himself about the little fishes, notwithstanding. A Russian embassy was being fitted out to conciliate Shere Ali; and if the Treaty of Berlin had been wholly unsatisfactory to Russia, all her plans were made for an advance on India, for stirring up its Native populations against the British, and assuming a strong influence, if not authority, in Afghanistan.

But to return to the internal affairs of Afghanistan, which, up to 1866, had remained in a comparatively peaceful state for twelve years. Dost Mohammed, who, after his return to his throne in 1842, had remained faithful to his alliance with the English, died in 1863. He had named his son Shere Ali as his successor. Even at that time Shere Ali was considered the one of his sons who was least friendly to the English; but his brother Azim had been always in their favor, and was the only one of the Afghan chiefs who had endeavored to prevent the murder of Sir William

Macnaughten. He was living in British India at the time of his father's death, and was confident that the English would support his claim to the succession. But the English had had enough of interfering with the succession to the throne of Afghanistan, and the Viceroy of India declared in substance that the Afghans must settle their affairs their own way, and that England would support whichever ruler could obtain and keep the throne. This obliviousness of Azim Khan's past services probably first impressed the Afghans with the idea that England was a thankless power.

In 1864, Shere Ali was chief Ameer, and the other sons of Dost Mohammed had all withdrawn from court and shut themselves up in strongholds in the hills. The two most formidable were Azful Khan and Azim, the latter of whom had inherited the talent of his father. As soon as spring opened, Shere Ali sent expeditions against both these princes. Azim was defeated, and took refuge in British India. Azful's stronghold was in Northern Afghanistan, beyond the hills. After some fighting, an agreement was reached by the brothers, by which Azful was to be allowed to retain the government of that part of Northern Afghanistan called Balkh.

Azful had a son, Abderrahman Khan, a young chief of great promise and spirit (the present ruler of Cabul). Abderrahman Khan would not yield to his uncle, like his father, but fled to the Russians on the Oxus, which so enraged Shere Ali that he seized on the unfortunate Azful and put him in prison.

All 1864 and 1865 Shere Ali was beset by enemies, and lived in a weltering chaos of insurrection. In the summer of 1865 he fought a great battle and defeated two of his brothers and a nephew; but the victory was dearly purchased, for in the mêlée his favorite son and destined heir, Fyz Mohammed, was pistolled by one of his own uncles.

This event produced such a shock upon the mind of Shere Ali that his spirit was completely broken. During

the rest of the war he took no interest in the operations of his enemies, or in the counter-operations of his friends.

> "Buried in the seclusion of inner chambers, he admitted none but a few personal attendants within his sight; and if at intervals he broke silence, it was only to wish, with a burst of Nero-like ferocity, that he could cut the throat of every man in Cabul and Candahar; or to declare, with utter despondency, that he would depart out of Afghanistan, and learn to forget his home and people in England, Russia, or in the Holy Land of Arabia. One night he jumped into a tank, and began groping under water in search of his dead son. His guards rescued him, but he remained insensible for some time afterwards."

Meantime, Prince Abderrahman was not unlike the Young Chevalier. He raised an army in Bokhara, and invaded Afghanistan to set his father free. He released him, indeed; but Azful Khan's mind and strength had given way in his captivity. During this time the English had carefully abstained from any interference for or against either party, — a policy which Shere Ali resented, because, had he even had the annual pension of £60,000 accorded to his father by the English Government, it would have gone far in assisting him to keep himself on the throne.

Azim Khan in his turn endeavored to gain the support of the English by pointing out to them their danger from the Russian advance, and promising, if he were the Ameer of Afghanistan, that he would do all in his power to oppose the Russians. But the English Government was not to be drawn into Afghan politics. Azim got the better of his brother for a brief period, and sat on the throne of Cabul; then the tide turned again in Shere Ali's favor, chiefly owing to the energy and superior talents of his son, Yakoob Khan. The rebellious princes, however, still held Afghanistan beyond the mountains; but by 1868 the English Government was alarmed by the advancing power of the Russians. Lord Mayo, being appointed Viceroy of India, established a fast friendship with Shere Ali, which was,

however, only to last until the death of poor Lord Mayo, who was stabbed by a convict while inspecting a penal settlement in the Andaman Isles. Shere Ali had said during his brief exile: —

> "The English seek only their own interests. They keep their friendship for the strongest, and they change with the changes of fortune. I will not waste precious life in entertaining false hopes of assistance from the English, and will seek alliances with other Powers."

This state of mind had been cultivated in him by Russian agents, by embassies, by flatteries, by letters of congratulation. But as long as Lord Mayo lived, who, with all his natural heartiness and energy, had thrown himself into a personal friendship with Shere Ali, any breach in the relations of England with Afghanistan was postponed.

All seemed prosperous with Shere Ali; all seemed to favor the leading idea of England's northern Indian policy, which is that as Switzerland is a neutral country, a barrier between jealous and contending nations, so Afghanistan, the Switzerland of the East, should become a barrier between Russia in Central Asia and British India.

Lord Mayo, one of whose last acts was to hold a durbar at Umballa and make a firm alliance with Shere Ali, was succeeded by Lord Northbrook, in whom Shere Ali no longer found a personal friend. It is needless to enter into all the causes of dispute between the Ameer and the new Viceroy. The latter persisted in declaring that there was no danger to British India from Russia, in refusing the Ameer's demands for men and money, and treating very coldly his plan for setting aside his eldest son, Yakoob Khan, as his successor, in favor of a very young son whom he dearly loved, Abdullah Jan. The correspondence between the Ameer and the Viceroy was sometimes almost insolent upon Shere Ali's part; always cold and stately on the part of the Viceroy. It is manifest that the parties cordially disliked and distrusted each other. The Russians meantime turned all this to their advantage. As the English

seemed disposed to favor Yakoob Khan's claim to the succession, the Russians, to conciliate Shere Ali, favored Abdullah Jan. The latter was proclaimed heir-apparent in 1873, and soon after Yakoob broke into rebellion. This was put down, and Yakoob was imprisoned four years by his father, after which he escaped, and fled into Russian territory.

It had been a great object with the English to put resident agents into Herat, Cabul, and Candahar. Shere Ali was equally resolved they should do nothing of the sort. In the year 1878 he believed in a coming war between England and Russia, and carefully sat on the fence, ready to drop down on the winning side. But Jingoism satisfied itself with peace with honor.

Meantime Skobeleff was again in Turkestan, laying siege to the vast stronghold of Goëk Topi; he had not forgotten his views of the importance to his country of strongly cementing a friendship with the ruler of Afghanistan, whoever he might be; and, to that end, he sent to the court at Cabul the young Ali Khan, or Alikanoff, a Russian officer who had greatly distinguished himself.

How far Alikanoff induced Shere Ali to compromise himself by promises of alliance with the Russians is unknown; but undoubtedly in his heart he preferred the Russian alliance to the English.

Meantime Lord Beaconsfield, in pursuance of his Indian policy, was determined to secure for British India what is known as "the scientific frontier;" that is, a northern and northwestern boundary defended by mountains, the passes through which the British should hold.

The English Viceroy sent a polite intimation to the Ameer that Queen Victoria had added Empress of India to her titles; but Shere Ali, who was again suffering domestic sorrow (his boy Abdullah Jan having died), returned little or no answer. Then it was determined to send a diplomatic Mission to Cabul, to insist on British residents being received at court and at Herat and Candahar. This Mission was accompanied by a thousand soldiers,

commanded by Sir Neville Chamberlain. When, in 1878, it reached the frontier of Afghanistan, the officials refused to let it pass without express orders from Shere Ali. Shere Ali delayed giving these orders. The English Home Government was telegraphed to for instructions. The result was that England took the position that her envoy and his Mission had been insulted. Troops were marched forward to join those with the Mission; Jellalabad and some other Afghan posts at the foot of the mountains on the India side were taken, and the peaceful Mission became an invasion. The English occupied Cabul and Candahar without difficulty, being very little opposed by the Afghans, and Shere Ali fled away beyond the mountains into Balkh, where soon afterwards he died, — some said by poison; but it is more likely that his misfortunes, acting upon his excitable temperament, caused his bodily powers to give way. Shere Ali was a man of royal presence and singular physiognomy. His appearance and his gestures showed a strange mixture of ferocity and kindliness, gravity and gayety. His features were handsome and even kingly; his eyes keen and black; his beard soft and silky. He was a man who had noble instincts and wild passions. He had no doubt played fast and loose with both the Russians and the English; but *that* he would have called statecraft and policy. Statecraft is, however, a game safe only for great players.

Yakoob Khan, even before his father's death, had presented himself in the English camp at Gaudamah, at the foot of the Afghan range, and signed a treaty of alliance with the English, granting them agents in Herat, Cabul, and Candahar, and pledging the contracting parties to assist each other. The moment the treaty was signed, the new ruler of Afghanistan departed for Cabul, and the treaty, placed in a tin box, was strapped to the back of a messenger, Mr. Jenkyns, a Scotchman of the Bengal Civil Service, who rode away with it gayly and joyfully, making a hundred miles in thirteen hours to Peshawar, whence it was transmitted to the Viceroy, then staying at Simla, the cool station in the Hills.

We read of men riding with black care behind them; poor Jenkyns little thought that in the tin box at his back he carried war, not peace, and his own death-warrant.

When Yakoob Khan was firmly seated on his throne a new English Mission was sent to greet him. The Mission entered Cabul on July 24, 1879, and was received with every demonstration of welcome and enthusiasm. Sir Louis Cavagnari was at its head, and Jenkyns was his secretary. The Mission was escorted by only twenty-six native troopers, and fifty infantry of the Guides. There was no English force in Cabul (though British troops were dispersed here and there through Afghanistan in considerable numbers), and the escort had been made purposely small, that the Afghans might have no ground for suspecting that the English came as conquerors, or with any intention of overawing their new ruler. The buildings intended for the residence of the envoy were not ready; the Mission therefore was assigned quarters in buildings wholly unadapted for defence.

"By Yakoob Khan and his durbar — as a privy council is called in India — the embassy was treated with every mark of consideration. The intercourse between His Highness and Sir Louis Cavagnari was frequent and cordial. No apprehensions whatever were entertained for their own safety by members of the Mission, who freely showed themselves in the streets of Cabul, nor did they find any grounds for believing that the popular feeling was averse to their presence. They knew, of course, that there were dangerous classes in Cabul, and turbulent elements in Afghanistan; but they believed the Ameer's authority would be respected in his capital, and that the country south of the Paropamisus hills was safe from disturbances."

But the Afghans are an excitable people. The sight of a mere street quarrel will work the spectators sometimes into a frenzy. On September 3, not six weeks after the Mission had made its entry into Cabul, a body of soldiers from Herat and its neighborhood, indignant at the non-payment of their arrears of pay, and believing that the Ameer had received funds from the English Government,

sought redress for their grievances. Receiving no attention from the Ameer, they turned to the British Embassy, which they presumed to be well provided with the necessary funds. Whether they were instigated to this by cunning chiefs, or whether it was the mere soldiers' instinct to go straight in search of the military chest, we do not know. It is no uncommon practice in semi-barbarous countries for soldiers in distress for their arrears of pay to threaten their Government; and the fact that the soldiers assailed the Resident, and not the Ameer, on this occasion, proves that they looked upon the British as paymasters, in the altered condition of Afghan affairs.

"On Wednesday, September 3, the mutinous regiments surrounded the British Mission house, and, ill adapted as the Mission quarters were for defence, the gallant little garrison held the place against their foes for a whole day, fighting desperately, and killing more of their assailants than they were themselves. The whole city was in wild confusion. Yakoob Khan insisted afterwards that he was besieged in his house, and unable to render any assistance to the English Mission. He sent, however, a General Daood Shah to endeavor to pacify the troops; but he was unhorsed and nearly murdered. Then he sent the Governor of Cabul, his own father-in-law, on the same errand; but nothing effectual could be done. The struggle was a desperate one, — the British soldiers fighting for their lives. Sir Louis Cavagnari was wounded about mid-day, and probably perished in the final assault, as he lay disabled from his wound. Jenkyns contrived to send a letter to the Ameer, asking for assistance, and the Ameer returned the pious answer, 'If God will, I am making preparations.' The assault and the defence went on all day; at night the building was set on fire, and in the confusion the mutineers succeeded in getting in and massacring those who survived of the defenders. A few troopers only escaped."

Whether Yakoob Khan was at the bottom of this massacre, or favored it, hoping it would turn out to his advantage, is not known. Subsequent investigations caused the English Government to depose him. He himself wrote to the Viceroy a week after the massacre: —

"I am dreadfully distressed and aggrieved at recent events, but there is no fighting against God's will. Eight days I have preserved self and family, through the good offices of those who were friendly to me. I hope to inflict such punishment on the evil-doers as will be known world-wide, and prove my sincerity. Some of the cavalry I have dismissed, and night and day am considering how to put matters straight. I trust to God for an opportunity of showing my sincere friendship to the British Government, and securing my good name before the world."

In spite of these pious assurances, Yakoob was very generally believed to be secretly in league with the rebels; and the moment a rising against the British was on foot, national fanaticism joined heart and soul in it. There were fakirs and prophets proclaiming the war a holy war against the infidel. But the tribes that had most come under English influence remained faithful to England.

Prompt measures were taken by the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, such as drew forth praises even from French journals. "Greatness is expensive," said the "Journal des Débats;" "and England, being vulnerable at so many places, must know how to defend herself by diplomacy or war. Lord Beaconsfield has tried to inculcate this. He has given England the feeling of possible danger."

General Sir Frederick Roberts was put in command of a large force, and marched as soon as camels and other means of transport could be obtained. Cabul was soon reached and taken possession of. It is a city entirely surrounded by high mountains, but it lies at the foot of the small, steep conical hill on which is built the Bala Hissar. Yakoob was arrested and sent to India; so was Daood Shah, his attempts to stop the recent massacre being considered, on investigation, to have been a mere feint. He was an old man of good presence and a pleasant countenance. The Bala Hissar was occupied by ten thousand British troops, but the larger part of the army was encamped at Shahpur, a sort of permanent intrenched camp, a mile and a half outside the city. It had been planned by

Shere Ali to hold seventy thousand men, and its defences were partially completed. The place was surrounded for some weeks by a large force of Afghans, who, finding they could effect nothing, day by day melted away.

Things before long seemed again going on peaceably in Afghanistan. Chiefs, seeing the success of the British, sent in their submission, or rather brought it themselves, into camp. Shops were reopened in Cabul, trade was busy in the Bazaar; a large force of tribesmen, having turned their swords and lances into spades and picks, were at work upon the roads; the English doctors had opened a hospital and a dispensary, where they not only worked busily, curing the wounds of friend and foe, but treating all kinds of cases and healing all manner of diseases and suffering; a telegraph line also was being set up between Cabul and Peshawar.

The attention of the Government had, however, been chiefly fixed on the great question, Who should be made Ameer of Afghanistan?

I have already told how Azful Khan, father of Abderrahman Khan, rebelled against Shere Ali, his brother; how, when forced to submit, Abderrahman refused to follow his example, and escaped into Russian territory, whence, returning with an army, he released his father, Azful, who, broken in mind and body, went into retirement, while for two years Abderrahman and his uncle Azim ruled jointly in Cabul. Shere Ali, however, recovered his throne, and Abderrahman went back to the Russians, who received him kindly, gave him a liberal pension, and extended to him their protection. He was the ablest prince of his family, and on him the English Government had fixed its eyes. To make him Ameer seemed a somewhat rash experiment, for he had lived so many years among the Russians that he might naturally be supposed to be under their influence; but the choice, so far as English interests are concerned, has answered well. Abderrahman still reigns. He has made an able, though a cruel ruler, and under him Afghanistan has given no further trouble to the Viceroy of India or the British Government.

That Government in 1880 decided to negotiate with Abderrahman, who had made his escape from the protection of the Russians, and, with a small army of exiled Afghans and his personal friends, was beyond the mountains in Northern Afghanistan. Having been privately informed of the British intentions concerning him, he slowly advanced with his small force towards Cabul. His position was a difficult one. He was carrying on negotiations with the English, and at the same time was aware that if his alliance with them were known, it would cost him half his fanatical followers. However, as he approached Cabul it was thought best to risk everything and to make public the English intention of raising him to the throne. There was at that time with Sir Frederick Roberts an English gentleman afterwards knighted as Sir Lepel Griffin, who subsequently wrote so foolish a book about a journey he made through the United States that did we know nothing else about him we should hardly be disposed to trust his judgment or his observation. But in India he knew that of which he wrote. He was the political agent appointed by the British Government to announce publicly to Abderrahman that their choice had fallen upon him to succeed Yakoob Khan on the throne of Afghanistan. Mr. Griffin was therefore instructed to proclaim him Ameer of Afghanistan in Cabul, on July 22, 1880. A few days later was received news of the battle of Meiwand, near Candahar, fought July 24, 1880. Of one British regiment, the Sixty-sixth, the Berkshire regiment, as it was called, 275 men were killed out of 364 who went into action. The fighting was desperate on the part of the English; the struggle at the last was to save, not their lives, but their colors. Of fourteen officers who in turn carried them, eleven were killed.

The defeat of this gallant force did not, however, alter the predetermined policy of Sir Frederick Roberts. He marched his force at Shahpur to Candahar, brought away the garrison, including the broken remains of the defeated column, and then marched towards India, leaving orders to Sir Donald Stewart in the Bala-Hissar to withdraw his

troops as soon as Abderrahman should be firm upon his throne.

There were many persons who blamed the policy which gave up Candahar when the English had once got possession of it, but the English Government was determined not to be caught again in the web of Afghan politics, and was satisfied with having an English Resident at Cabul, and English agents at Candahar and Herat.

Here is how Sir Lepel Griffin first met the new Ameer, about two days' journey from Cabul: —

"He appeared walking slowly and heavily, a large, Falstaffian, genial-looking man, with bright eyes and Jewish features, wearing the Astrakan fur cap, which is usual among Afghans of rank, and a blue uniform coat with gold epaulettes, probably a present from one of his Russian friends at Tashkend. He saluted me in military fashion, and then shook hands with much cordiality. . . . From the first moment that I saw him I had taken a liking to him, and had formed a most favorable impression of his character. His face, somewhat coarse and heavy in repose, lighted up, when he smiled, in a very winning fashion, and his eyes were full of fun and vivacity. His conversation showed him at once to be a man of much knowledge of men and the world. His estimate of the persons regarding whom we conversed was reasonable and shrewd; while through his whole bearing there was clearly visible much natural good humor and *bonhomie*. He evidently had a very high, perhaps exaggerated, opinion of his own wisdom, and it was exceedingly difficult to make him change his opinion on any subject which he had considered at all closely. The subsequent career of Abderrahman has not induced me to alter materially the opinion I formed of him during our first interview. He has proved a stern, determined ruler, and a most cruel one, if judged from an English standpoint. But if the character of the Afghans — their ferocity, fanaticism, ignorance, and impatience of control — be considered, it will be admitted that in no other manner could the Ameer have maintained his position and brought order out of the most hopeless and discordant elements that ever existed in any country. The vanity and pride of the man are phenomenal, but they may be excused in one whose success has amply justified his self-confidence. He has thoroughly understood the people he had to govern. He has ruled them, as he assured me they alone could be ruled,

with the stick. In this direction he has certainly shown extraordinary energy; and where Ameer Shere Ali beat his people with whips, Ameer Abderrahman has scourged them with scorpions."

The chief men of the turbulent clan of the Ghilzees he decoyed into his power and destroyed them utterly. The English seated him on his throne, relieved Candahar, drew off the remains of the column that had suffered at Meiwand, and peaceably withdrew their armies.

The English within the last few years have established a protectorate over Beloochistan. Not that Beloochistan is worth anything, for it is as sandy as the bed of the ocean; but it contains a place called Quetta, and Quetta is supposed to be a backdoor to the possession of what is called the Key of India, viz., Herat.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, born in 1809, has been for more than sixty years in political harness, and for half a century very prominently before the world.

He is not an "opportunist," — for opportunists change their tactics according to circumstances, without changing their convictions. Their course may be called a system of tacking, — keeping an end in view while apparently steering away from it; but Mr. Gladstone's course has always followed strong convictions, — and those convictions have, in sixty years, travelled nearly the whole round of views in politics, and the ecclesiastical part of religion.

Mr. Gladstone's life has been purely a political life, with very few picturesque points in it to excite our sympathies, or break the monotony of alternate changes between office and the Opposition. Besides, to a great extent we have gone over the same ground of English history in considering the career of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Gladstone's first leader, and that of Lord Beaconsfield, his rival; yet Gladstone had been in cabinets, and was a man of power in the state, while Beaconsfield was still the butt of "Punch," and a standing joke in the House of Commons.

The Gladstone family, though fallen in fortunes, was yet descended from the landed gentry of southern Scotland. Some generations back his people were maltsters in Lanarkshire, — substantial, pious, prosperous men. One of them was a kirk elder, and prominent in public affairs. Their successors became grain-merchants. Mr. Gladstone's grandfather was in that business at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, and his father was on his way to sell a cargo of wheat at Liverpool when the opportunity occurred to him by which

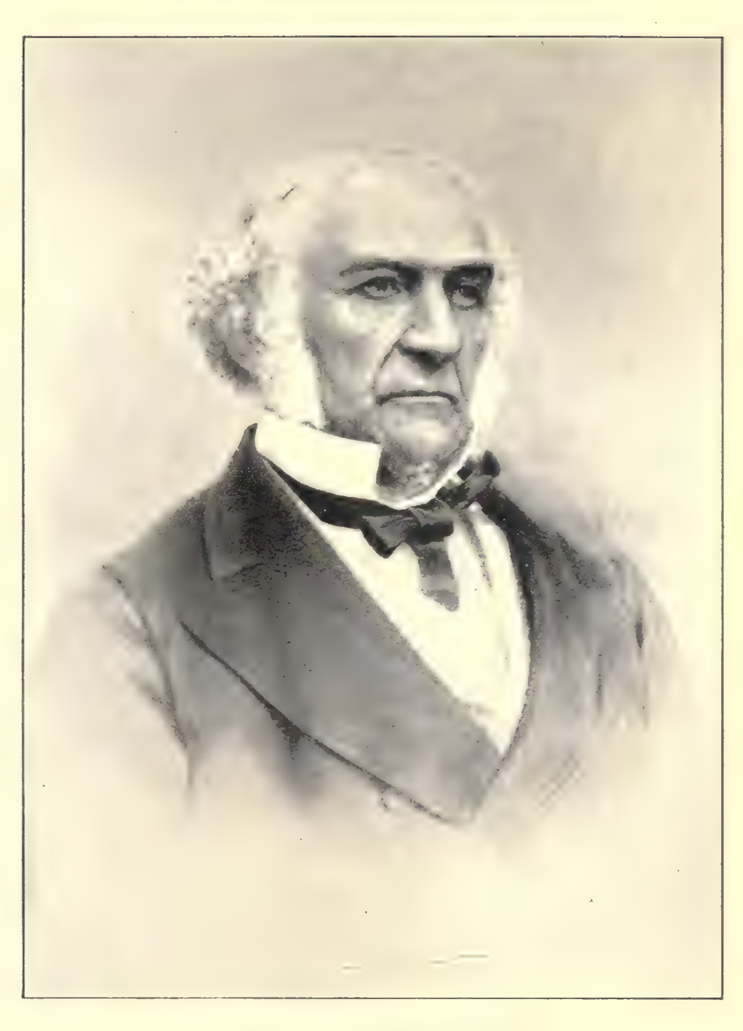
he rose from obscurity to wealth and prominence. His bearing and ability so impressed one of his fellow-travellers, who was a partner in a great trading firm in Liverpool, that on further acquaintance he was taken into the house, which eventually became the great firm of Gladstone and Co. Mr. Gladstone settled in Liverpool. He became Sir John Gladstone, and married a Miss Robertson, from the extreme north of Scotland, who claimed descent from the historian, from Henry III., and from Robert Bruce.

However that might be, the Gladstones were distinguished for business virtues, integrity, clear-sightedness, enterprise, prudence, and thrift. They were also a family possessed of exceptionally good bodily powers.

Sir John Gladstone became a leading merchant in Liverpool, trafficking in all parts of the world, and owning large sugar plantations in Demerara. He was an earnest supporter of Mr. Canning, and his personal friend.

Little William was three years old when Canning was elected to Parliament for Liverpool. He was ten years older when Canning became Foreign Secretary, in 1822. Already Sir John Gladstone loved to talk politics with his clever little son, and to instil into him his own views of the career of his friend Canning; so that the boy started in life with four political principles, — hatred to Turks; aspirations for Greeks; freedom all the world over; but no parliamentary reforms at home.

In 1821, when twelve years old, he went to Eton, where he remained six years. Any picture of school-life at Eton in his day is sickening; yet it contrived to turn out some splendid men. Arthur Hallam was Gladstone's dearest friend. Others of his schoolfellows whose names are known to us were Selwyn, the future Bishop of New Zealand, Manning, the future Cardinal, and several other bishops and leading men of name and fame in the after history of England. But the education Eton afforded at that day was very low, and its moral training was such that it needed an exceptionally fine moral nature, like those of William Gladstone and his two elder brothers, Thomas and



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.



Robertson, to withstand its contaminating influences; while its religious training was absolutely *nil.*

Gladstone's own tutor was the Rev. Henry Knapp, a man as little "reverend" as can be imagined. He and another master were given to all sorts of wild pranks, to which they sometimes admitted a favorite pupil. Knapp loved drink and theatres and prize-fights and horse-races; defending his love for the last two by saying that without familiarity with them no boy could understand the Olympic games. Knapp finally (seven years after Gladstone left Eton) got into disgrace for his debts, and ended by carrying off all the money he could rescue from his creditors, to Elba. He died in Rome in 1846. It is to be hoped that by that time he had laid to heart the high ideal of a schoolmaster incarnated in Dr. Arnold.

The position of Gladstone under such a teacher, and in an unsatisfactory "house," threw him upon himself for moral culture and for the attainment of general information. In those days no mathematics and no history were taught at Eton; no instruction was given in Scripture or modern languages, but little in arthmetic, while nothing about literature or science was then taught. The only thing rigorously demanded by the school was excellence in making Latin verses, and a thorough acquaintance with Homer, Virgil, and Horace.

We may all be thankful for the attention William Gladstone paid to Homer. The rest of his education he must have acquired for himself. Dr. Keate was the head-master. He was a man noted for his indiscriminate flogging.

"Etonians of sixty years ago," says a writer in the "Fortnightly Review," "were pretty much what Keate himself made them. By his system of ignoring mountains and magnifying molehills; of overlooking heinous moral offences and flogging unmercifully for peccadilloes, — he caused boys to lose all sense of proportion as to the delinquencies they committed. What could be expected from such a system? If it be true that Keate was in private life gracious, sensible, and modest, he is the more to blame for having done violence to his nature, so as to appear in

the discharge of his public duties a graceless, senseless, cruel little martinet. Of his fondness for flogging there can be very little doubt, and as no boy, even the quietest and best-behaved, was safe from his capricious rod, a quibbling spirit was developed amongst those who felt themselves to be in danger of his castigations, without having deserved them."

Here is a description of Sunday at Eton in Mr. Gladstone's time: —

"The boys used to lie in bed till nearly ten on Sunday. At half-past ten they attended service in the chapel, rushing in helter-skelter at the last stroke of the bell; shoving one another, laughing, and making as much noise as possible. The noblemen, or 'nobs,' and the sixth form occupied stalls, and it was customary that every occupant of a stall should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute among his neighbors packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten *during the service.*"

As I said, Mr. Gladstone's dearest friend at Eton was Arthur Hallam, the charm of whose manners and conversation seems to have been to all men very great. "He had," says one who knew him, "all the exuberance of boyhood, with a feminine sweetness of disposition, and a judgment of surprising lucidity, so that, as Sir Francis Doyle said of him, he appeared to turn the rays of a clear, fragrant torch on any question that he touched." Gladstone bore him great love, and for his sake took little part in the athletic sports of the school. These two, and a few other boys of intellectual tastes and moral purity, linked themselves in close companionship. They were enthusiasts at that time for the Greeks, and mourned the death of Byron at Missolonghi.

Soon after this event, Canning, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, came down to Eton, and found time to have nearly an hour's chat with William Gladstone, as the son of his old friend. That day made the deepest impression on young William, who at seventeen years of age was beginning to have political aspirations. As he listened to Canning's advice and his remarks upon the leading topics of the

day, the impressions made on him became lasting and complete. Canning drew pictures of future progress, under parliamentary institutions, for Greece and for the Spanish republics of South America, which he had taken under his protection, — miserable little weaklings which have never justified his love.

One thing that Canning said, Gladstone laid deeply to heart for use in future years: "Give plenty of time to your verses. Every good copy you do will set in your memory some poetical thought or some well-turned form of speech which you will find useful when you speak in public."

This visit of Mr. Canning's led to Gladstone's starting the "Eton Miscellany," as Canning had started the "Microcosm" in his Eton days. The editorial productions in the "Eton Miscellany" were most extraordinary. "Here," says the writer in the "Fortnightly Review," "was a set of boys, living under the rod of a pompous, tyrannical doctor of divinity, who yet were allowed a liberty not enjoyed by the greatest thinkers elsewhere, of pronouncing condemnation on the rulers of their country."

Mr. Gladstone's own Ode on Wat Tyler is an amazing production. Here is one of its verses. Thistlewood and Ings the butcher had been hanged in 1820 for conspiracy to murder all the ministers, including the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning.[1] The poem would be rather strong in these days, even for a Nihilist publication.

> "I hymn the gallant and the good,
> From Tyler down to Thistlewood;
> My Muse the trophies grateful sings,
> The deeds of Miller and of Ings.
> She sings of all who, soon or late,
> Have burst subjection's iron chain;
> Have sealed the bloody despot's fate,
> Or cleft a peer or priest in twain!"

And here is another poem by a pessimist contributor on Ireland: —

[1] Canning was then President of the Board of Control, but resigned before the Queen's trial.

> "Thus I thy destined woes reveal,
> Which Fate forbids me to conceal.
> I see no beam of cheery light
> To dissipate the shades of night.
> Through unborn ages thou shalt be
> One round of endless misery."

And Dr. Keate did not utter one word of censure on these poems!

It is fair, however, to say that Gladstone's prose contributions to the "Miscellany" by no means breathed the same sentiments as his Nihilistic ode. His eulogy on Canning when he died was beautiful. Arthur Hallam, too, contributed some charming little poems,— the "Death of a Charger" and "The Battle of the Boyne."

Towards the close of Gladstone's school career, Keate became very proud of him; and Gladstone founded a debating society which drew the attention of the elder boys to public speaking, literature, and politics. Indeed, Gladstone had been trained to debating in his own home, where, a visitor has told us, "the children and the parents argued upon everything." He instances a debate on whether Thomas Gladstone had any right to kill a wasp he had knocked down with his handkerchief; the end of which was that the wasp escaped during the discussion.

One thing which Sir John Gladstone inculcated on all his boys was to finish a thing begun, and to do it thoroughly. This quality young William took with him to Oxford, whither he went in 1829.

There among his associates were Charles Wordsworth (subsequently a bishop), Cardinal Manning, Tait (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), Sir Francis Doyle, and other future celebrities. In 1827, Keble had just published "The Christian Year," and Canning had thrown the universities into a ferment by his proposed measures for granting civil liberties to Catholics. Politics ran very high at Oxford, mingled with much disloyalty and irreligiousness. One young student (subsequently a hard-working High-Church clergyman) had as a little ornament on his mantel-

piece a model guillotine. On the head of his college demanding what this meant, he answered that it was an instrument to kill rats with, — a covert allusion to Hanoverian rats, the cant phrase for the line of Hanoverian kings.

Gladstone at Oxford was counted one of the Tories, who were a majority among the undergraduates. He had renounced by this time his admiration for Tyler, Ings, and Thistlewood, and pointed out how the disturbances of 1830 on the Continent furnished proof that all monarchical and ecclesiastical institutions were menaced by the new spirit of the age.

In 1832, when the Reform Bill was first agitated, Gladstone got up the Oxford Anti-Reform League, in company with two others, one of them Lord Lincoln.

The great debating society at Oxford is the Union, and to this Mr. Gladstone was elected as soon as he was eligible. Members soon began to remark the singular excellence, volume, and clearness of his voice, which added immensely to his powers as a speaker.

He was known at Oxford as a religious man, one exceptionally regular in attendance at the University sermons at St. Mary's and at "Chapels." He was regular at Burton's Lectures on Divinity, and at Pusey's Lectures on Hebrew. He went many times to hear Rowland Hill, a great Methodist preacher, and Dr. Chalmers, the Presbyterian, when preaching at chapels of their own denominations; and braved the risk of being expelled for doing so.

At the final examination, Gladstone, as Sir Robert Peel had done, took a double-first, — first class in classics, first class in mathematics also. Cardinal Manning at the same examination took a classical first. Gladstone had learned all his mathematics, besides optics, hydrostatics, trigonometry, and something of astronomy, during his residence at Oxford. His University honors helped greatly to give him a start in public life.

Immediately after the examination he went with his friend Lord Lincoln (in conjunction with whom he had formed the Oxford Anti-Reform League) to visit Lord Lincoln's

father, the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke had the pocket-borough of Newark then vacant, and put Mr. Gladstone at once into Parliament.

The ballot, universal suffrage, and a national guard were the Tory bugbears at that period. Thirty years later, Gladstone, whom the idea of these things horrified in 1835, had fathered the ballot, more than doubled the number of English voters, and promoted the raising throughout the country of an immense army of volunteers.

Gladstone had made a brilliant speech in the Union against Parliamentary Reform, and it was this speech which caused the Duke of Newcastle to regard him with great interest as a rising politician. When he was made member for Newark, Lord Lincoln was elected for South Nottingham.

Gladstone's maiden speech in Parliament was made in defence of his father's interests as the owner of large sugar estates and many slaves in Demerara. He deprecated immediate emancipation, and prophesied that it would not yield the beneficial results its friends expected from it.

An old man, speaking of the great change in Mr. Gladstone's politics from High Toryism in 1834 to advanced Radicalism at the present day, has said: —

"I hardly see that he has changed more than a man would do who swims with the tide. The change occasioned in England by the railways between 1830 and 1845 was wonderful. Then you must not forget the accession of the Queen, which put a stop to disloyalty almost entirely. Before she came to the throne, numbers of men belonging to Whig families were quite ready to become Republicans. It was this growing republicanism which gave so much uneasiness to young men like Gladstone, who dissociated the *idea* of monarchy from the personality of kings. As soon as Queen Victoria ascended the throne the change in public opinion was almost incredible. And the restoration of the people's affections towards their sovereign, gave reformers much firmer standing ground than they possessed before. They took up a position which proved that what they aimed at was reform, not revolution."

All this is true; but equally true is the indictment drawn up against Mr. Gladstone by Mademoiselle Marie Dronsart, a recent French critic of the late Premier's career.

"Mr. Gladstone has touched everything, and disturbed all he touched. As his friend Wilberforce predicted, he has labored to destroy everything that once was dear to him. He has imperilled the Church, whose most dutiful servant he still claims to be; the throne, 'the most illustrious on earth,' as he wrote to the poor young Duke of Clarence; the unity of the empire, which he says is part of his being, of his flesh and of his blood; the House of Lords, which is part of the industrial machinery of the Constitution, and which, according to Mr. Russell, he respects. He has stimulated the war of classes as it has never before been stimulated in England; he has attacked the principles on which property is based, and sown dissension from a full hand, while he has preached peace and good-will."

We shall see in the remainder of this brief sketch how, during the course of his long life, he has led his followers to support him in the accomplishment of these things.

He entered Parliament as the devoted adherent of Sir Robert Peel, who by his great knowledge of the world, his patriotism, and his strong religious principle, seemed to his disciples the incarnation of statesmanship.

Gladstone followed Peel through the grievous ordeal of the separation of the Conservatives from the High Tories on the question of the Corn Laws. In Gladstone's case, his fidelity to his leader was made bitter by estrangement from the father who adored him, and who exclaimed, with pain and indignation, "There 's my son William helping to ruin his country!" As his course was not that which met the views of the Duke of Newcastle, his patron, he conceived himself bound in honor to resign his seat for Newark, the Duke's borough. But he brought over Lord Lincoln to his way of thinking, and the Duke's wrath was unspeakable against them both. All this took place in 1846, the year of Disraeli's rise to political prestige and influence.

Almost from the time when he had entered Parliament, Gladstone had been a sub-officer in the cabinet whenever Peel was in power; but when, in 1845, all England was

agitated by Peel's proposal to grant a larger subsidy for the education of Roman Catholic priests at the College of Maynooth than had ever been done before, Mr. Gladstone earnestly opposed the measure, and wrote a pamphlet to express his views. The argument used by the Government, when advocating the Maynooth Grant, was that if the Irish priests were well educated, and in their own country, they would exercise a more enlightened influence upon the Irish peasantry. Mr. Gladstone resigned his position in the ministry in consequence. But when we consider his after career, it is strange to find him, at the age of thirty-six, voting in opposition to Irish feeling, and in support of the prejudices of the Established Church in Ireland, whose interests he has since most bitterly and most successfully opposed.

In 1837, he tried to get back into Parliament as Conservative member for Oxford; but although he had published two pamphlets in defence of the Church of England as an Established Church in Ireland, he did not succeed. He, however, obtained a seat elsewhere.

In 1850, Mr. Gladstone visited Naples. There, the horrors of the rule of King Ferdinand II., nicknamed "King Bomba," and the atrocities perpetrated in his prisons, struck him so forcibly that, on his return, he published two letters on the subject, written to Lord Aberdeen, which excited public feeling to the highest point both in England and America. The story that most moved men's hearts was that of Carlo Poerio. That gentleman's father had been a distinguished lawyer in Naples. He himself was a man of the highest personal character, and of many accomplishments. He was no revolutionist in the Mazzini sense, but a constitutionalist, a firm friend of the monarchy; and when the King swore publicly to adhere to the Constitution, on January 7, 1848, Poerio became one of his ministers, apparently the most trusted and beloved. In July, 1849, the tide had turned. The King tore up the Constitution, and determined to get rid of all those who, by ability, high character, and familiarity with public affairs, might reproach him with his treachery. Poerio was one of the first arrested, on some

frivolous pretext and on the evidence of forged letters. With forty-two others, he was tried for an imaginary conspiracy. That the principal witness was swearing falsely, Poerio again and again brought home to him, but with no result. He was condemned to twenty-four years' imprisonment, and sent to the Island of Nisida. There eight hundred criminals were confined, who had never been in chains; but orders came direct from the King thenceforward to chain all the prisoners. Sixteen of them, when Mr. Gladstone visited the prison, were confined in a room less than sixteen feet long, ten or twelve broad, and ten high, with a small yard. They were chained two and two, — informer with victim, criminal with gentleman. The chains were never removed, day or night, for one moment.

"I do not expect my health can stand it long," said Poerio to Mr. Gladstone; "but may God give me patience to endure!"

From Nisida, Poerio was removed to Ischia. There he was confined in an underground dungeon, and chained to the floor. His resource was in trying to remember Dante's Divina Commedia, a large part of which his memory had laid up in store. At Ischia, Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet left him; and at Ischia, Ruffini's wonderful novel leaves Dr. Antonio.

In 1859 — nine years after — Poerio was set at liberty, and embarked for America. He contrived, however, to change his destination, reached London, and thence returned to Italy.

By his pen, and in his place in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone had done his utmost for the liberation of the victims of the King of Naples.

In 1858, when Lord Derby was Prime Minister, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was Secretary for the Colonies, they sent Mr. Gladstone to the Ionian Isles to look after the affairs of that dissatisfied little republic, placed by the Congress of Vienna under the protectorate of England. The islanders had no fault to find with the material advantages of that protectorate. Much English money was

spent among them, they had good justice, and good roads; but Greeks are Greeks, and they desired to be reunited to other Greeks, under a Greek king. Mr. Gladstone, who was only sent out to investigate, was hailed as a liberator. His report as Lord High Commissioner was such that the Government decided to take the earliest opportunity of making England's rights in the islands a present to the Greek Crown. This opportunity occurred about five years later, when Prince George of Denmark, brother of the Princess of Wales, was called to the Greek throne.

Under Lord Aberdeen, in 1852, Mr. Gladstone, after his return from his Ionian mission, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he remained in office until the cabinet of Lord Aberdeen dropped to pieces, under the stress and strain of the Crimean war. During that time we find the Mr. Gladstone of the first half of his parliamentary life opposed to the Mr. Gladstone of the second. He was in alliance with the Turks, and opposed to Russia.

Mr. Gladstone's course in Parliament from 1855 to 1860 was somewhat erratic. His friends called it incomprehensible. "I cannot make out Gladstone," said one of them. He would — and he would not — join the ministries of Lord Derby and Lord Palmerston. He deprecated the continuance of the war with Russia, after having taken a leading part in the cabinet that brought it on.

In 1860, however, he had decided to be no longer a Conservative, but a member of the Whig party, and the declared opponent of Mr. Disraeli, who had just been defeated on the subject of a new Reform Bill.

Two years before this, when Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Isles, and treading the soil of Ithaca, in the very footsteps of Ulysses, Mr. Gladstone had re-devoted himself to the study of Homer, the beloved poet of his early youth. His contributions to Homeric literature must endear him to every one who has any enthusiasm for him who, Virgil told Dante when they met his shade, in the Inferno, had been "suckled at the Muses' breasts;" while

the poets who surrounded him cried out that he was "sovereign of them all." Nothing made Gladstone more angry than to hear any one advance Wolff's theory attacking the personality of Homer, unless it were to hear any one attack the personality of Shakespeare.

> "Few men," says one critic, "have known the Iliad better. He knows it not merely as a work of art, but as an anatomist knows the human body. He is familiar with every epithet, every metaphor, every turn of expression. He has brought to bear on it the keenest observation and the most patient experiments, and has delighted in announcing to the world his discoveries, with almost boyish enthusiasm."

Mr. Gladstone's books on the Iliad, and his "Juventus Mundi" (The Youth of the World) are delightful. He has also made English ballads of some parts of the Iliad, as Dr. Maginn made of some parts of the Odyssey.

It is the poetic temperament in Mr. Gladstone, stimulated by his loving intimacy with the greatest of poets, that gives him his power of sympathy with what is passing in the world. Anything that stirs the public heart stirs his; whether it be a book like "Robert Elsmere," or some great event. His heart burns within him to tell us what he thinks of it, and what he thinks we ought to think. "Like one of his Homeric heroes, his soul takes fire when he hears the noise of shouting in the camp, and the clattering of spears and brazen armor."

Mr. Gladstone made an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's cabinet of 1859, and was considered the strongest financier in the country. His policy was that of Sir Robert Peel. To remove import duties he considered would be to give a stimulus to trade. In 1862, he believed in the coming success of the Confederate States, for which in England he has been greatly blamed by those who thought otherwise. As before the battle of Gettysburg, a very high official at Washington privately expressed the same opinion, — the same fear, —

it does not do to be too hard on the prevision of an English statesman.

In 1865, Mr. Gladstone first intermeddled in the great questions of Irish affairs. In 1866, things there had come to such a pass that the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and Mr. Bright appealed to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, as the trusted leaders of the two great parties, to suspend their quarrels and see what could be done for the pacification of Ireland. Mr. Bright, twenty years after, when a very old man, by no means approved of the aid he had invoked. This was after Mr. Gladstone became identified with Home Rule measures.

In 1866, however, events, as well as Mr. Bright, seemed to call on Mr. Gladstone to "do something." After his rejection by the University of Oxford as its member, he declared himself "unmuzzled," — free to act, free to put his speculative theories into practice.

It was about this time that Mr. Kinglake wrote of him:

> "If Mr. Gladstone was famous among us for the splendor of his eloquence, his unaffected piety, and for his blameless life, he was also celebrated far and wide for a more than common liveliness of conscience. He had once imagined it to be his duty to quit a Government, and to burst through strong ties of friendship and gratitude, by reason of a thin shade of difference on the subject of white or brown sugar. . . . His friends lived in dread of his virtues, as tending to make him whimsical and unstable; and the practical politicians, perceiving he was not to be depended on for party purposes, and was bent upon none but lofty objects, used to look upon him as dangerous, used to call him behind his back — a good man, in the worst sense of the term."

At about the same date Sir Henry Taylor said of him: "I rather like Gladstone; but he is said to have more of the devil in him than appears, — in a virtuous way, that is, — only self-willed."

He was Prime Minister from 1868 to the early part of February, 1874, and Mr. Bright was in his cabinet. During those five years (whether for better or worse) a number of time-honored institutions were overthrown.

These years were distinguished by six measures, all supported by the Government, some of which were iconoclastic in many people's eyes: —

1. The Disestablishment of the Church of England in Ireland.

2. A Tenant's Rights Bill in Ireland, by which Government authorities were to fix the rent of any farm, concerning which they were applied to, for fifteen years; and at the end of that time, if the tenant wished to give up his holding, the value of the improvements he had made were to be paid for by the landowner.

3. Elementary national education was to be improved in England; ratepayers were to be taxed to support the Government schools; and Government inspectors were to visit all schools that accepted Government assistance.

4. Officers in the army might no longer purchase their commissions. Before this time, if an officer desired to part with his commission, he might sell it to any qualified officer in the grade of rank beneath him. If he died in the service, his commission lapsed to the Government, but his widow and children were pensioned.

5. An act abolishing religious tests in the Universities was passed in 1871.

6. The ballot, guarded by many precautions to secure secrecy, was granted.

The years from 1866 to 1874 were prosperous. The harvests were good, and the revenue was satisfactory; but discontents in many quarters were occasioned by these changes, and in 1874 a crisis arrived. Then came a dissolution of Parliament, then a General Election, and then Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party sustained a total defeat. Mr. Disraeli, with his imperial policy, came into power, and remained Prime Minister of England until the year 1880.

And here, before we go on with Mr. Gladstone's political history, we will take a brief review of his private affairs. He had married the daughter and heiress of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Baronet, at whose death in this year, 1874,

Hawarden Castle, in Wales, not far from Chester, came into possession of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Hawarden is pronounced "Harden" by those connected with it. There are two castles at Hawarden, the old and the new. The "old" is now only an ivy-covered ruin; it dates long before the Norman Conquest, and has many traditions. The Conqueror gave it to one of his followers, and it afterwards belonged to the stewards of the principality of Chester. In it the Welsh Princes Llwellyn and David performed some of their last acts of sovereignty. The Earls of Derby held it afterwards; and after the battle of Worcester, as is told in "Peveril of the Peak," the Earl of that period was beheaded, and a lawyer, Serjeant Glynne, an ancestor of Mrs. Gladstone, received it from the Parliament.

The "modern" castle is not a castle, but a beautiful house, with noble trees and home-like rooms, and books in every direction. The rector of Hawarden receives £4,000 a year, and the position was given by Mr. Gladstone to the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, his son. Always, when at Hawarden, until his eyesight failed, Mr. Gladstone read to the congregation the Sunday lessons; and this attracted to Hawarden Church many travelling strangers. The church is unpewed, — all the congregation sitting on uncushioned benches.

In 1873 occurred a celebrated trial, about which, as we are treating of England at that period, I may be permitted to say a few words. The affair lasted one hundred and three days, and created more interest than reform bills, Irish land tenure, or improvements in education. It was curious in a social point of view, because of the anomalous, unreasonable class-interest taken in it by the English lower orders.

The Tichbornes were an old and very distinguished Catholic family, living on the borders of the New Forest. One of the family, a young man who had conspired to assist the escape of Mary Queen of Scotts, had been put to death by Queen Elizabeth, and wrote some touching lines in the Tower the night before his execution: —

> "My prime of life is but a frost of cares,
> My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
> My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
> And all my good is but vain hope of gain.
> The day is past, and yet I saw no sun;
> And now I live, and now my life is done."

There was a custom of great antiquity connected with the family, and a family ghost haunted the Forest. In 1854, the Baronet, Sir Edward, had no son. His heir was a Mr. James Tichborne, who had married a lady born and brought up in France. She was a flighty, eccentric woman, and the marriage was not a happy one. Their son, Roger, was a shy, whimsical, impulsive, weak young man, who had been educated in a sort of haphazard way, — partly in France, and partly at the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst. He was put into the army, and joined his regiment at Dublin, where his broken English and some queer ways exposed him to rough jesting in the mess-room; but upon the whole he made an efficient officer, and was considered rather a good fellow. However, his home was so uncomfortable, owing to the quarrels of his parents, that he passed any spare time he had at Tichborne Hall. Sir Edward had changed his name, for some reason, to Doughty, and was anxious to marry his daughter, Miss Kate Doughty, to the young man, who would be eventually heir to his estates and title. The cousins were engaged, and were to be married in two years, during which interval young Roger was to travel. He reached Valparaiso in June, 1853, crossed the Andes, and visited Buenos Ayres. In February, 1854, he wrote several letters, dwelling affectionately on his hopes when he should return home, and soon after he went to Rio, where he embarked in the "Bella," a little sailing-vessel, for New York. The "Bella" was never more heard of; her boat was picked up bottom upwards; and on the death of Sir Edward and of Roger's father, the baronetcy and estates went to an infant heir.

But Roger's mother cherished a delusion that her son had been picked up at sea and carried to Australia. She got

this story from a sailor who came begging to her door. She put advertisements for her lost son in all the Australian papers, and these in time produced an answer from a butcher, Arthur Orton, who had met Roger Tichborne in Valparaiso, and learned something of his history. This man claimed the title and estates of Tichborne as the real Sir Roger. He came to England, learned all he could through some old servants of the Tichborne family, interviewed Roger's mother in Paris, after showing some reluctance to do so, and was rapturously received by her as her son.

On the trial he proved to know nothing of Stonyhurst, where he had been educated, or of the studies there. He could not speak French, but spoke Spanish, which Roger had never known; knew nothing of cavalry drill (Roger had been a cavalry officer), but was well acquainted with infantry tactics. On every point his case broke down; and, after a second trial for perjury, he was sentenced to penal servitude. For years his believers were appealed to to support his wife, an Australian woman of indifferent character, and her children. They and their claims are now forgotten; but for a long time the cruel treatment of a poor man by the proud aristocracy of England was a bitter cause of hatred against the great, among the lower classes. By what queer process of reasoning they made themselves out to be of the same class in life with Sir Roger Tichborne (if the Claimant was a baronet kept out of his rights), it is impossible to say.

This episode of the Tichborne case has been long, and does not appear to have much connection with Mr. Gladstone; it occurred during his premiership, and absorbed public interest in England for more than a year.

From 1874, when Mr. Gladstone's ministry went out of office, he assumed the position of the champion of Ireland; and no knight errant ever threw himself with more passionate sympathy into a favorite cause.

In a recent novel by Mr. Norris a character is introduced who undertakes to expound Home Rule in fifteen minutes. I can attempt no similar feat. Very briefly I will say that the first duty of an English Government is to

maintain the welfare and integrity of the British Empire. The demand for Home Parliaments (answering to the State Legislatures in this country) has been granted to distant colonies, and could very well be conceded to Ireland, were she a thousand miles from the English shores. But lying where she does, turbulent as her people are disposed to be, and, above all, after the proofs given in 1793, 1798, and 1848 of the desire of her population to ally itself with France or any other country that may engage in war with England, the experiment might be hazardous in the extreme. But Mr. Gladstone *willed* Home Rule, and his life is now too far advanced to make it probable he will ever on this subject change his views.

As regarded the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, many men of ardent piety and devoted High-Church Anglicans were content to have it so. They did not believe that the cause of God or of the Church could be furthered by injustice, upheld by police and military force.

The Church of England in Ireland had assumed all churches and parish buildings once belonging to the Roman Catholics, and it was supported by tithes. Disestablishment meant, not that the tithes were to be turned over to the Roman Catholic Church, but that they were to be collected, and spent in endowing secular institutions for the benefit of the people. Once an enthusiastic advocate of the Irish Church as connected with the State, Mr. Gladstone believed in 1871 that its supremacy could not be perpetuated without gross injustice. The Anglican rectors of parishes retain church buildings; but in other respects the English Church is placed on the same voluntary system as are the chapels of Roman Catholics or Protestant Dissenters.

In 1880, Mr. Gladstone came back to power, after having triumphantly overthrown the brilliant imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Foreign policy then became uppermost, as domestic policy had been in his former administration, and he succeeded to a heritage not at all to his mind.

His idea of foreign policy had been, from the first, generous forbearance in dealing with weak Powers; and, holding this view, he had in the early part of his parliamentary career vehemently attacked Lord Palmerston. To Italian liberty he had given a first popular impulse by his attacks on the Neapolitan Government and its cruelties. When Russia was humbled by the Crimean war he pleaded that she ought to be granted generous terms of peace; he assisted to strengthen Greece by the acquisition of Thessaly and the gift of the Ionian Isles; he soothed Italy when indignant at the cession to France of Nice and Savoy; he preserved Bulgaria and Montenegro as autonomous States, when Lord Beaconsfield might have sacrificed them both; above all, he refused to pursue the policy of allowing England to attempt annexation in India beyond her frontier of the Indus, — and then suddenly he succeeded to his rival's place, and had to make the best he could of a foreign policy based on ideas very different from his own.

He soon found himself waging a bloody war with the Arabs, not one foot of whose deserts he cared to obtain. Instead of promoting the arts of peace and industry, very dear to him as a man of the middle classes, the surplus revenue of which he had been so proud in the days of his former administration had to be spent in useless wars. Had Lord Palmerston been alive to rule things with a high hand, Arabi Pasha might never have made his rebellion, nor Russia have encroached quietly until almost within reach of the gates of Herat. Mr. Gladstone might indeed have erred in applying the principles of international policy, suitable to civilized nations, to countries that had never learned the first lessons of self restraint; but he had to take up England's foreign policy as he found it. He induced General Gordon to go to the Soudan; then he resolved to abandon it, after relieving the garrison of nineteen thousand men in three fortified cities. But no representations could make him give ear to the cries for haste which reached him from Egypt. He hated to spend English money on mili-

tary measures in that country; he *would* not believe that Gordon was in peril.

As dangers thickened round Gordon in Khartoum, and his latest despatches were being discussed at the Reform Club in May, 1884, a friend said to Mr. W. E. Forster, then Irish Secretary, that he could not understand how Mr. Gladstone could reconcile the repeated assurances of Gordon's safety, which he was giving to the House of Commons, with the General's own words, which he must have had in his possession at the time that he offered the assurances. "Ah!" said Forster, "you must not mistake Gladstone. He is perfectly honest and sincere,—*perfectly*. But he has that wonderful power of convincing himself that certain things are different from what they seem to everybody else. He believes Gordon to be quite safe, and he *really* believes it; but he is the only man in England who could persuade himself of it, in the face of facts."

In 1885 Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill for giving Home Rule to Ireland; but the House of Commons, exasperated by the dynamite outrages that had alarmed all London, would not support him. He dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the country. The new Parliament was returned with an immense majority against him, and Lord Salisbury and a Tory Government reigned in his stead.

The Irish policy of Lord Salisbury and his party was diametrically opposed to Mr. Gladstone's. Their idea has been to endeavor to pacify the refractory nation, not by concession of political privileges, but by promoting in all ways its material prosperity.

Meantime in his retirement, Mr. Gladstone, although eighty, retained his energy, his enthusiasm, his sympathy in every topic of the day. It would seem as if he said, with Arnauld of the Port Royalists, "Have we not all eternity to rest in?" or that he was spurred on by the thought that "the night cometh, when no man can work."

One of his last political acts of "right-about-face" was, during his retirement, to write, while travelling in Italy, a

letter to some Italian statesman, which was interpreted to mean that he took the Pope's part against the King of Italy, — *he*, who in 1852 had published scathing pamphlets against what were called the Vatican Decrees, which raised an absurd howl in England over the appointment by the Pope of bishops having English titles in England.

These pages are a link between history and politics. They close with the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, beyond which they do not follow Mr. Gladstone's career. Times change, and men and women as they grow older and gain experience may well suffer their opinions to grow too. But certainly Mr. Gladstone's changes of opinion in the course of sixty-five years have been extraordinary.

He entered Parliament a Conservative; he is now a leader of advanced Liberal opinions.

He began by defending the English Church as a State Church in Ireland; he disestablished it.

He began by opposing an increased grant to Maynooth; he has ended by establishing Irish Universities.

He is a sincerely religious man and a High Churchman; but he is said to contemplate the disruption of Church and State in Wales and England.

He attacked the Pope formerly with great bitterness; he would not object, apparently, to restore his temporal power.

I might carry this on further, but I prefer to quote Mr. Gladstone's own words from an early article on the Spanish priest, Blanco White, as applicable to himself in this connection: —

> "We cannot with impunity tamper with the fearful and wonderful composition of our spiritual being. Sincerity of intention after this *can* only exist in a qualified and imperfect sense. It may be in a manner sincere, so far as depends on the contemporaneous action of the will, but it is clogged and hampered by the encumbering remains of a former sincerity."

His home, as I said, is at Hawarden, not very far from Liverpool, where his father's commercial house was so prosperous three-quarters of a century ago.

The park of Hawarden is beautiful; the house is all for comfort, not for show. Books are everywhere, and portraits, most of them by some great master. Mr. Gladstone's own portrait is by Millais; Sir Kenelm Digby is by Vandyke. The master of all works in a study leading from his library, having around him all the litter literary workers love. Only, he has tables set apart for different occupations. There is an Irish table and a Homer table, — "where," said Mr. Gladstone lately to a visitor, with a sigh, "I rarely work now." There, too, is Mrs. Gladstone's own table, devoted largely to the affairs of the orphanage she has built at her park gates. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare have their separate compartments in the library, and the busts that preside there are of Cobden, Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Canning, and Homer.

For many years Mr. Gladstone permitted every villager to borrow books, from his own shelves; but he has recently (1894) presented to the village of Hawarden an excellent permanent library. So long as he lent his villagers his own books, he required that the name of each book and its borrower should be entered in a volume kept for the purpose.

"The Grand Old Man" is the name by which he is affectionally known to his own party. He was long the idol of the working-class in England, who would have blindly followed him in anything but his patronage of Irishmen. All his life he has been a man with tremendous powers of work, and his physical energy keeps pace with the intellectual. A reviewer says: —

"To fell a stout and ancient tree of mighty girth; to walk with ease and pleasure a dozen miles; to translate from English into elegant Latin, or from Latin and Greek into elegant English; to address a concourse of some thousands of hearers, or to deliver an oration from the chair of a university; to deal successfully with the complicated embarrassments of a tariff, or the perplexities of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; to write essays as an accomplished journalist; or firmly to grasp the rudder of the vessel of State, — all these exhibit a variety of power surely

not less than astonishing to ordinary mortals. To all which it must be added that he is not a remote and silent landlord; he is at home and talkative with the tenants and the villagers takes an interest in the Literary or Young Men's Society of his little village, and is a frequent caller at many of the cottages."

It has been said that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone attribute much of Mr. Gladstone's health to the fact that he *will* have his Sunday to himself and to his family, undisturbed by any of the agitations of business, the cares of State, or even the recreations of literature or of scholastic study.

CHAPTER XVI.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE AND HER FAMILY.

FROM 1880 to 1887 it was the foreign policy of England that secured general interest; domestic affairs took a second place, except when the nation grew angry at the ill-success of far-off military expeditions, or at the supineness of those in power, who ought to have listened to the general voice, and forestalled irreparable misfortunes. Then the offending ministry was turned out, and another placed in office to make the best it could of the confused foreign policy left by its predecessor. But these events in English history are all connected with Africa. The rebellion of Arabi Pasha; the bombardment of Alexandria; the occupation of Egypt; the campaigns in Nubia and the Soudan; the fall of Khartoum, and the death of General Gordon; the Ashantee war; the Abyssinian war; and the war with Cetewayo, and that with the Boers, — all occurred during this period, and may be treated of elsewhere.

Our English word "jubilee" comes from a Hebrew word which signifies a ram, because its commencement, once in fifty years, was proclaimed to the people by the sound of trumpets made of ram's horns. Queen Victoria is the only English sovereign since the Conquest who can be said to have *reigned* fifty years on her Jubilee day. Henry III. was crowned on the death of his father in 1216, in the Abbey at Gloucester, — the only English sovereign crowned elsewhere than at Westminster since Edward the Confessor's day. The Abbey at Westminster was in possession of the Dauphin of France on Henry's accession, and the Earl of Pembroke governed as Regent during his minority, which lasted till 1222. He was re-crowned at Westminster in great state by the Archbishop, Stephen Langton; and when

he died, in 1272, his actual reign had lasted fifty years. Edward III. ascended the throne on the deposition of his father in 1327, but it was not until 1330 that he assumed the reins of government. He died in 1377, having reigned actually forty-seven years, though nominally fifty. Poor George III. came to the throne a young man in 1760, but in 1810, a few weeks after his Jubilee, he became hopelessly insane, and from November, 1789, to February, 1790, England had been governed by Mr. Pitt, pending a Regency Bill, which was thrown aside as the King recovered.

Though the reason of George III. was tottering when his Jubilee year came round, it was the wish of the nation and his family that the day should be one of great public rejoicing. It is true that the affairs of the country were then most gloomy. Trade was depressed, men's patience and their purses were exhausted by the long struggle with Napoleon; the expedition to Walcheren, too, had just failed, to the great disappointment of the British public. Nevertheless, all England determined to keep holiday, and to celebrate the occasion, in true British fashion, with roast beef, plum-pudding, and beer. These national adjuncts to thanksgiving were even ordered by the Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital for *all* his patients. In every town or village an ox was roasted whole. His Majesty's navy had rum enough served out to float a man-of-war. At Dunstable, one thousand magnates feasted at one table. All poor debtors who owed money to the Crown were released, and large subscriptions were raised to free others, the King giving no less than £4,000. Prisoners of war (provided they were not French) were sent home; all deserters from fleet and army were granted a free pardon; those confined for military offences were set at liberty; and officers of both army and navy were promoted. In London, joy-bells woke the citizens at dawn. Everybody was early afoot, each dressed in his best for the occasion; flags and ribbons decorated the houses. Nearly every one wore a blue ribbon, with a medal suspended from it, which had been struck for the occasion. The Lord Mayor

and Corporation, in a blaze of civic splendor, went to divine service at St. Paul's. All the churches were open for a service of thanksgiving; after service came a grand review in Hyde Park; then the roast beef, the plum-pudding, and the beer; and, last, a general illumination. In Ireland the rejoicings were kept up for three days, with such good humor that it is recorded that all the time the revels lasted there was not one magistrate's charge in Dublin.

But the sad part of the affair, though it does not seem to have damped the general enjoyment at the time, was, that not a member of the royal family spent the day in London. The state of the poor King's health was so uncertain that his Queen and his physicians dared not expose him to the excitement of the occasion. At Windsor the people had the roast ox, the grog, the porter, and the pudding; and the Queen, with her three sons, came to see the roast, and honor it by tasting of the delicacy. They had a thanksgiving service in St. George's Chapel, at which the King was present; and in the evening the Queen gave a grand reception at Frogmore, not only to members of the court circle, but to honest tradesmen of Windsor and their wives. Brave, sad, and oft-maligned poor Queen! How her heart must have ached for the husband she sincerely loved, left behind in his own rooms at Windsor, while she did the honors, with what gayety she might, of this unusual style of royal festivity. These things took place on October 25, 1810. All but seventy-seven years after, on June 21, 1887, occurred another Jubilee,— that of the granddaughter of the "good old King," as his subjects loved to call him. He might not have been "good" as a king, but he was exemplary as a man, and most unhappy. The reign of Queen Victoria has been in all respects "happy and glorious," save for the sad bereavement which on December 14, 1861, darkened her life; but even as to bereavements, Death has snatched fewer victims from her large family circle than he usually does from persons of her age.

After the Prince Consort's death the Queen secluded herself for many years from court ceremonials, thereby greatly

disappointing her subjects; she has worn black all the days of her widowhood, unless on exceptional public occasions. During these years her companionship and intimacy has been with her own family, or, for a brief period, with Lord Beaconsfield. Her health, considered frail in her girlhood, has, on the whole, been excellent. When, on the day of her Jubilee, she drove in state to Westminster Abbey, she was attended by a gallant *cortège* of sons and sons-in-law. The papers at that time published sheets containing portraits of all her descendants, — her children, her grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren, her sons-in-law and daughters-in-law. Among all these there is not one who has openly dishonored his or her high lineage. There have been among them many sorrows, but some have been distinguished among the good and great of their generation for noble womanly and manly qualities. All the women, whether connected with the Queen by birth or marriage, have been ladies of exceptional ability and virtue.

The day of the Jubilee, Tuesday, June 21, 1887, was very warm. The sun shone with a fierce brightness he seldom does in England. The chief desire of those who planned the ceremonies was to make them, like those of the Coronation, a source of interest and rejoicing to the people, — who were to witness the splendors of a procession formed largely of princes and high dignitaries, while a solemn religious service took place in the Abbey.

Seats and windows sold at prices higher than those upon the Coronation Day, all along the line of the procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. The crowd was dense, but pleased, and in good humor.

Under a red and fawn-color striped awning all, except royal personages, who had tickets for the religious services had to pass to enter the Abbey. Along this covered way streamed by eight o'clock A. M. ladies in superb toilets, gentlemen in cocked hats and black velvet court costumes, generals and general officers in brilliant scarlet, naval men in uniforms of blue and white and gold.

Among the earliest of the royal family to arrive were three

young girls, daughters of the Duke of Edinburgh, their pretty fair hair floating down their backs, with flapping hats of Tuscan straw shading them from the sun. Princess Frederica of Hanover, wife of the Freiherr von Pawel-Rammingen, who had been for many years her blind father's secretary, was there, dressed all in white, looking pale, but very princely. The Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge), always a favorite with the people, and her daughter, Princess May, were loudly cheered. Then came the crowned heads who were not to follow the Queen in the procession, the royalties of Greece and Denmark, and the King and Queen of the Belgians. There were Indian Princes all wrapped round with shawls and stuffs of rich dark colors, stolid and stately, indifferent alike to plaudits and to the rays of a burning sun which made their jewels flash and sparkle. Queen Emma of Hawaii was among the crowned heads, and Princess Lililokalani, — since dethroned, who will never have a Jubilee. There was an Indian Mahranee, distinguished by her Eastern grace and quiet dignity; and a Prince of Japan, looking pleased and amused, in a queer white helmet-like cap, adorned with feathers and magenta ribbons.

It was half an hour after midday when the Queen's procession reached the Abbey. In the state carriage with the Queen sat the Princess of Wales and the Crown-Princess of Prussia.

In carriages that followed were other Princesses: the three daughters of the Prince of Wales, their carriage looking like a bower of tulle and whiteness; Princess Irene, the daughter of Princess Alice, was there, and their aunts, — the Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Edinburgh.

The Queen, in place of the black bonnet which for twenty-six years had saddened the eyes of her people, wore a coronet-shaped bonnet of white lace, bedecked with diamonds, which made her look ten years younger. It was remarked that she seemed pleased, and was smiling. Pleased and interested, too, seemed the Crown-Princess of Prussia,

— little forecasting that within a year she would be both an Empress and a widow, though her husband had taken advantage of his journey to England to consult Dr. Mackenzie as to his throat, which was already becoming a cause of anxiety. The Crown-Princess wore a superb gray silk, and a white bonnet, with strings of olive green. The Duchess of Albany was there, still in slight mourning. She was always a favorite, and was loudly cheered.

The most interesting part of the procession was the escort that immediately followed the Queen's carriage, — her three sons riding abreast, and her five sons-in-law; conspicuous among these last was the splendid figure of the Crown-Prince of Prussia. The only *contretemps* during the day was that the horse of the Marquis of Lorne threw him, just as the procession was about to start.

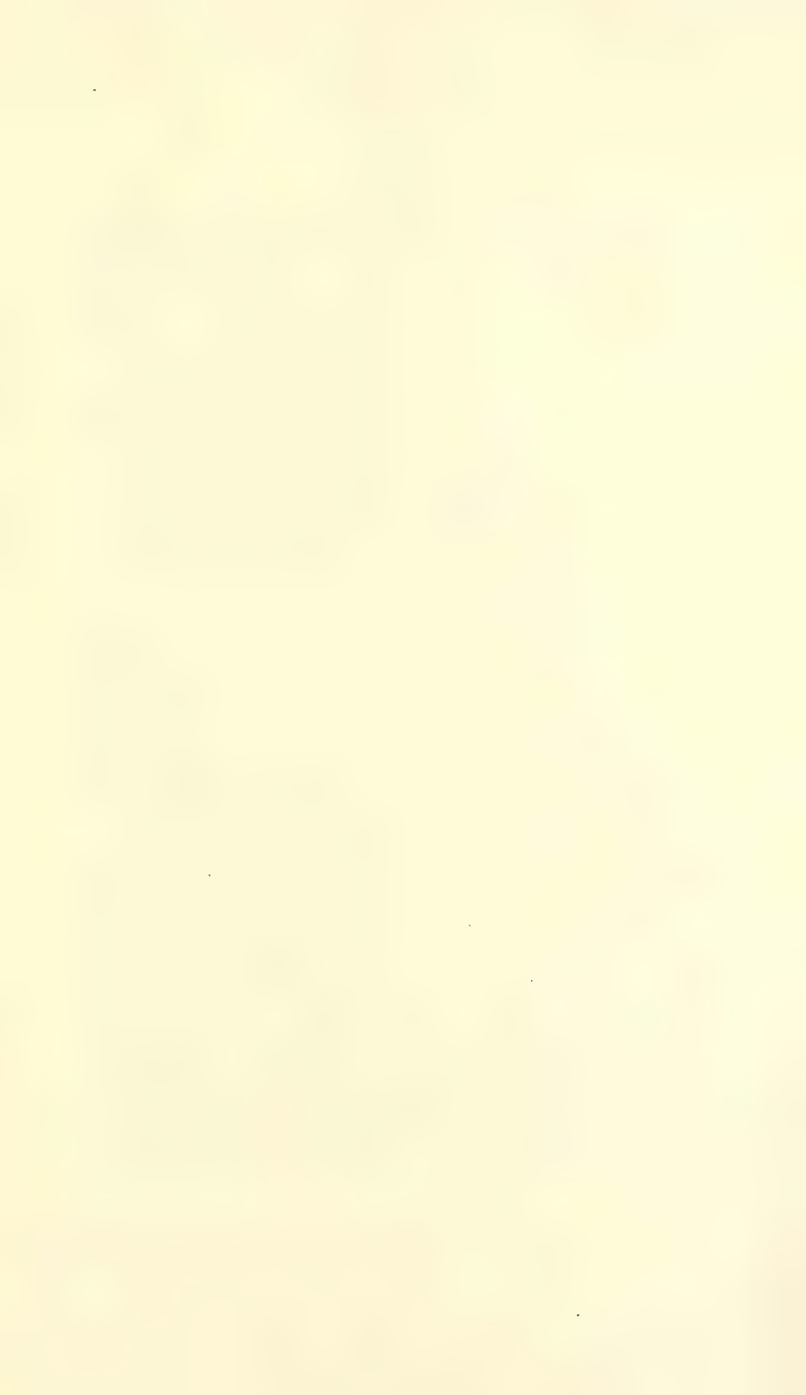
The services in the Abbey were solemn and beautiful. There is a service in the English Prayer-book for the anniversary of the succession of a sovereign. The archbishops officiated, and many bishops and high ecclesiastical dignitaries assisted in the chancel. Judges in their wigs and robes were there; groups of Indians, in gorgeous costumes and jewels, came to do honor to the Empress of India; sheriffs from the fifty-two counties of England and Wales, and mayors from the principal cities.

The next day, Wednesday, June 22, a great feast was given to all the charity-school children of London in Hyde Park, which the Queen and all the royal personages attended; and in the evening of that day all London was illuminated. "I think," says a writer in the "Monthly Packet," "that for once the English were not taking their pleasure sadly, but were delighted, interested, and amused with wondrous little. Dense as were the crowds, good humor and a certain order prevailed everywhere."

The Queen has had nine children, of whom, in 1894, seven are still living, — Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal, now the widowed Empress Frederick, born in 1840; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born in



PRINCESS ROYAL.
(*Afterwards Empress of Germany.*)



1841; Alice Maud Mary, Grand-Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, born in 1843; Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh and Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, born in 1844; Helena Augusta, Princess Christian, born in 1846; Louise Caroline Alberta, Marchioness of Lorne, born in 1848; Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, born in 1850; Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, born in 1853; Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, married Prince Henry of Battenberg, born in 1857.

Very briefly I propose to tell the history of these Princes and Princesses. We begin with Victoria, the Princess-Royal, born shortly after her parents were twenty-one, and probably the most highly intellectual member of her family.

She was born November 21, 1840. "A plump, healthy, beautiful princess," says the Court Chronicle, who began her life by protesting vehemently against being inspected by the Lords of the Council and other dignitaries, who, according to court etiquette, were stationed for that purpose in the next chamber.

She was a very pretty young girl at the time of her marriage, and was always her father's especial delight. Baron Stockmar was also very fond and proud of her. Before she was four years old she spoke French as well as she could speak English, and her mother records in her Journal several remarkable instances of her early understanding and self-control.

On Mrs. Bancroft's first visit to Windsor, as wife of the American Ambassador, when she went to take leave of the Queen, who was in the picture-gallery, Her Majesty said, "Oh, but you have not seen the children! I will go and bring them." She soon returned, carrying the baby, Alice, and followed by the Princess-Royal and the Prince of Wales, the latter shrinking behind his sister. "It is always so," said the Queen. "They are devoted to each other. She is afraid of nothing. He is shy, and always wants her to speak for him."

The Princess-Royal was her father's constant companion, and that of her mother as much as possible. When she

was three or four years old, the Queen laments in her Journal that her unavoidable occupations and engagements prevented her from nightly hearing her children say their prayers.

The Princess was an excellent artist, making illustrations for the books she loved, especially for the "Idyls of the King," which greatly pleased her father.

As the children grew older, the Queen purchased Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, as a seaside residence, and rejoiced over her new acquisition, "as it will give us," she says to her uncle, "a home *of our own.*

The children had their little gardens at Osborne, and a charming Swiss cottage, where they played at housekeeping; cooked, dusted, swept, and, once in a while, guests staying with their parents were invited to luncheon, which the children cooked and served with their own hands.

Princess Alice, in after years, writes to her mother: "We always say to each other that no children were ever made so happy with the comforts and enjoyments that children would wish for, as we were."

Then, too, by the time the Princess-Royal was ten years old they acquired the beloved Highland residence of Balmoral. The Queen's account of their family life in the Highlands is full of anecdotes of "Vicky," the extremely uncouth name by which the Princess-Royal was known in her family circle.

When the Queen visited Ireland, in 1849, she took with her her four children. The party landed in the Cove of Cork, at a spot thence called Queenstown. The Princess-Royal and Princess Alice afterwards went with their parents to Edinburgh. The Queen records that on reaching Holyrood she went out with her two girls, without rest, to explore the ruined Abbey. The Scottish scenes awakened the enthusiasm of the elder Princess, the daily companion of her father, who had been, as it were, brought up by his grandmothers on Walter Scott's writings, one of them having been in the habit of telling the stories of the

Waverley Novels before bed-time to the two eager little grandsons at her knee.

Prince Albert took great pains to instruct his clever little daughter in the course of public events, and to give her ideas of politics and political economy. On one occasion he made her translate a profound German pamphlet, on the future policy of Germany, which he wanted to show to the Prime Minister.

During the Crimean war the Queen and her daughters took an intense interest in the work of Miss Nightingale; and when, after the war, that lady came on a visit to Balmoral, the young Princesses hung upon her words, learning lessons they were so nobly to put in practice in the wars of 1866 and 1870.

It was immediately after the Crimean war that Prince Frederick William, son of the Crown-Prince of Prussia, then heir-presumptive to the Prussian throne, came to Balmoral, and there, with a sprig of white heather, the emblem of good fortune, wooed the Princess-Royal in true lover fashion on a Scottish hillside; but she was so young that her parents endeavored to insist that two years must pass before the marriage. It took place, however, January 25, 1858, in London. I cannot but think that a few extracts from the Queen's own Diary will have more interest than any mere abridgment into another's words.

"The wedding-presents," she writes, "were all set out in the great drawing-room [of Buckingham Palace] the evening before, — Mamma's and ours on one table, Fritz's and his family's, and Uncle Leopold's and others, on another. Fritz's pearls were the largest I have ever seen, — one row. We brought in Fritz and Vicky. She was in ecstasies, — quite startled; Fritz delighted."

Again: —

"Dear Vicky gave me a brooch, a very pretty one, before church, with her hair; and, clasping me in her arms, said, 'I hope to be worthy to be your child.'"

On the wedding-day the Queen writes also: —

"While I was dressing, Vicky came to me, looking well and composed, and in a fine, quiet frame of mind. Then came the time to go; the sun was shining brightly. Thousands had been out since early dawn, shouting, bells ringing, etc. The two eldest boys went first, then the three girls in pink satin, trimmed with Newport lace; Alice with a wreath, and the two others with bouquets only. . . . Our darling flower looked very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confiding, serious expression, her veil hanging over her shoulders, walking between her beloved father and dearest Uncle Leopold."

While Princess Alice wore roses and white heather, the Princesses Louise and Helena wore cornflowers, in memory of the bridegroom's grandmother, Queen Louise of Prussia. It was her favorite flower, and ever since has been cherished by her descendants.

The Queen continues: —

"It was beautiful to see our darling kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, her eight bridesmaids in white tulle, with roses and white heather, looking like a cloud hovering over her."

But very sorrowful was the parting on the snowy February day when the Princess departed to her new people and her new home.

Then Germany was proud to receive an English bride; *then* all was hope, and welcome, and enthusiasm; *then* Germany was not puffed up with national pride. Bismarck, indeed, had objected to the alliance, and some of the old court party were ready to cavil at the free and easy ways of a Princess bred in a court where all was homelike, affectionate, and natural; but the population of Berlin went wild with welcome, and it required persistent efforts of foes in her own household, backed by the powerful Chancellor, to make the sweet young bride "unpopular." Her father had said of her, "She has the heart of a child, with a man's head;" and, "Unquestionably she will turn out a very superior woman, whom Prussia will have cause to bless. I write to her every Wednesday by the courier, and receive her answer by the same messenger on the Monday following. We discourse in this manner upon general topics,

while she writes to her mother daily, giving her the details of her every-day life."

A few weeks after her marriage her wise father warned her not to be disappointed if her people, having been rapturous at first, should become critical. I remember hearing it said at the time that when the German court ladies found her trousseau included a dozen pairs of stout walking-shoes, they sneered at a Princess who had so carefully provided for keeping up her English ways. There had never been a Queen of Prussia who was not a German; and the Prussian court people considered English manners foreign, and good sense an invasion of time-honored etiquette.

However, these things were but the little cloud at first, "like a man's hand." Prince Albert, writing confidentially to Stockmar, tells him that a visit which he paid to the young people not long after their marriage had afforded him complete satisfaction. "The harmony between the young couple," he says, "is perfect;" and in a hundred ways we find this judgment confirmed.

At the time of the marriage, the father of Prince Fritz (the future Emperor William) was Regent of Prussia, his brother, King Frederick William, having become imbecile.

The Princess had a long and dangerous period of suffering before the birth of her first child. A lady, resident in Berlin at the time, states that she saw the father of Prince Fritz spring into a cab in the twilight, and drive furiously to his son's residence, where he remained until, after some hours of suspense, Marshal von Wrangel came out upon the balcony, and announced to the crowd waiting for tidings: "All is well, my children! 'T is as sturdy a little recruit as heart could wish to see." The "sturdy little recruit" was a delicate child, nevertheless, born with his left hand and arm imperfect. From his earliest months, however, he was taught to manage this defect, and he has so far overcome it as to be a skilful swordsman and rider. There is something pathetic in the entries in the Queen's Journal concerning this child, when we remember that he

lived (at least at one period of his life) to flout his grandmother, and to weigh down his mother's heart in her widowhood with sorrow that seems greater than any mother or widow in common life is called to bear.

> "Such a little love!" writes his grandmother. "He came walking in at his nurse's hand, in a little white dress, with black bows; and so good. . . . He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white, soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face. . . . So intelligent, and pretty, and good, and affectionate, — such a darling!"

As the year 1861 opened, the old King of Prussia died, and the future Emperor of Germany became King in his stead. Prince Fritz and his wife then became Crown-Prince and Crown-Princess of Prussia. At this time all testimonies agree with that of Lord Clarendon, who writes to Prince Albert that he is not astonished, but very much pleased, to find how thoroughly appreciated and very much beloved is Her Royal Highness; and adds that he has been more than ever astonished at the statesmanlike and comprehensive views she takes of Prussia's affairs, both internal and foreign, and of the duties of a constitutional king.

Unhappily, these duties were differently understood by the Crown Prince and Princess on the one part, and by the King and Count Bismarck on the other, whose idea was that a king should be as little constitutional as was consistent with retaining popularity.

Before Christmas of that sad year, Prince Albert died. The Crown-Princess hastened to her mother in her great sorrow. Her visit was the drop of comfort in the bitter cup the Queen was drinking in those days.

Both the Crown-Prince and his wife were fond of travelling. Besides visiting all parts of their own country, they were frequently in Switzerland and Italy, travelling incognito, and associating on pleasant terms with such interesting people as they met.

The Crown Prince and Princess had eight children, —



CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK.
(*Afterwards Emperor of Germany.*)



William, the Emperor William II. of Germany; Charlotte, who married the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen; Henry, who married his cousin, Princess Irene of Hesse-Darmstadt; Sigismund, who died before he was two years old; Victoria, who married His Serene Highness Prince Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe; Waldemar, who died at eleven years of age; Sophia Dorothea, who married the Prince of Sparta; Margaret, who married Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel.

It was just as the Seven Weeks' War of 1866 was breaking out that the Crown-Prince's little son Sigismund died of diphtheria. At the battle of Sadowa, or Königgrätz, the success of the Prussians was largely due to the generalship of the Crown-Prince; and that the war came so speedily to a close was owing in a measure to his statesmanship. "But ah!" he cries, in his Diary, "victories cannot compensate me for the loss of a son!"

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the Crown-Prince commanded the Third Army Corps, composed largely of South German troops, whose hearts he won. Even the French felt kindly to him, — the one German in the Prussian army who inspired that feeling; yet we learn now that it was he who insisted firmly on the unity of Germany, and the necessity that Prussia should secure the imperial crown.

As I said, the Emperor William I. aimed to be as little a constitutional sovereign as possible, and transmitted that notion to his grandson; while Prince Frederick hoped to educate the people up to aiding the sovereign to govern constitutionally. All through his father's long reign, he felt it his duty to repress or to efface himself, and to keep back the public expression of his opinions, though never to deny or abandon them.

During the war with France, both the Crown-Princess and her sister Alice, animated by their remembrance of Miss Nightingale's labors, devoted themselves to hospital work, while the Empress Augusta took on herself the charge of providing for refugees from France and comforts for the soldiers.

When the war was over, the particular form of charity to which the Crown-Prince and his wife devoted themselves was Kindergarten work, orphan asylums, and industrial schools.

In 1881 Prince William, now Emperor, married Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of that Duke of Augustenburg who was cavalierly disinherited by Count Bismarck in 1865. They have now (in 1894) six sons and a daughter. Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen made Queen Victoria a great-grandmother when she was fifty-nine.

The particulars of the Crown-Prince's illness have been very fully published, and are generally known. We have seen that in June, 1887, at the Queen's Jubilee, he was the handsomest and most stalwart of her sons and sons-in-law who rode in the procession to Westminster, — the one who excited from the crowd the most overwhelming enthusiasm. After the Jubilee he and his wife went, in July, to San Remo, in the Riviera. There Dr. Mackenzie was summoned early in November, and told the Prince that cancer in his throat was now to be feared, though it was not certain. "After a moment of silence," says Dr. Mackenzie, "he grasped my hand, and said, with his smile of peculiar sweetness, 'I have been lately fearing something of the sort; I thank you for being so frank with me.' He showed not the slightest sign of depression, but spent the day in his usual occupations, and at dinner-time that evening he was cheerful, without apparent effort, and chatted freely in his usual manner."

A day or two afterwards, in reply to a question about his general health, he said that he had never felt better in his life, adding, "I feel that under the circumstances I ought to apologize for feeling so well."

Now better, now worse, the illness dragged on at San Remo, the doctors squabbling and disagreeing all the time; the old Emperor at Berlin worrying about the future; and the young William and Bismarck arguing privately that the Crown-Prince never would be fit to become Emperor of Germany, and that the Constitution of the Empire had pro-

vided that in such a case power should pass into the hands of the next heir.

There came at last a day in February when an operation on the patient's throat had to be performed. The wife implored that she might not be forced to leave her husband, who might possibly die under the knife; but she was not allowed to be in the room.

The Prince's last words before the chloroform administered took effect were to comfort and reassure one of his attendants who was greatly overcome. At Berlin the old Emperor was cruelly agitated by news of this operation and its necessity. Young William did not go to bed all night, but walked about his chamber.

A month later, March 9, 1888, the old Emperor died. The new Emperor was greatly agitated on receiving the intelligence; but Prince Bismarck insisted on his return at once to his own dominions, and he did not feel it politic to make any opposition. The weather was cold; the journey began in a drizzle.

At Leipzic, Prince Bismarck met him, and seemed disposed to be courteous and sympathetic to the new sovereign, and conciliatory to Dr. Mackenzie. Berlin was two feet deep in snow when the imperial party reached Charlottenburg.

From that day, March 12, to the day of his death, June 15, the Emperor Frederick endeavored to work, and with all his might to fulfil his duty. He had looked forward so long to being Emperor. He had formed such schemes of what he would do for his people; of his establishing the Empire on the basis of the love, the consent, and the improved education of his subjects; he had differed so much from his father, and had so steadily effaced himself and repressed his own views, that it seemed hard that he was only to grasp the sceptre with a dying hand. It was a consolation to him to record his views, which he never would have the opportunity to carry out, and which it had been his duty during his father's lifetime to make no effort to have understood. There can be no doubt that, with the consent of his wife, he intrusted his Diary, or a summary of

it, to his friend Doctor Geffecken, who was subsequently sent to prison by Prince Bismarck and the young Emperor for publishing extracts from it.

Brief as the reign of the Emperor Frederick was, there were two political crises in the palace, in which Bismarck triumphed in the end. The first concerned the marriage of the Princess Victoria (second daughter of the Emperor Frederick) with Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who subsequently lost his bride, as he had already lost his throne; the second concerned the displacement of one of the ministers, whom a few weeks after the accession of young William Prince Bismarck ostentatiously restored.

The scenes in the Palace at Charlottenburg were distressing for some weeks, and must have greatly agitated the dying Emperor. In May, Queen Victoria came to Berlin, and her grandson and the Chancellor condescended to be outwardly polite to her; but fury in Berlin was so stirred up against Dr. Mackenzie and the young English Empress, who was supposed to have favored him instead of native-born Germans, that he was forced to accept an escort of soldiers to protect him in the streets. One of the popular allegations against him was that he was descended from a Polish Jew. His father was really a long-descended old Highlander, who had hardly ever been out of Scotland in his life.

At last came the end. A member of the French Embassy writes thus from Berlin, June 15, 1888: —

"The Emperor died this morning at a quarter-past eleven. For some hours the end had been known to be near. The Emperor had not been able to speak. All he could do was to move his hand and his eyelids. Several persons who saw him yesterday assured me that no one could imagine how piteous was the sight. At nine on the evening of June 14 the end seemed to be near, and all his family assembled round his bed. The night, however, was quiet. The Emperor did not move, but he lived, for from time to time great tears rolled down his cheeks. About four o'clock in the morning he took the hand of his wife, made a sign for Prince Bismarck to approach, and placed his hand on hers. A few moments after the Empress fainted. At ten in



PRINCE OF WALES.



the morning a garrison chaplain was brought in, who read the prayers for the dying. All those present knelt beside the bed, except an artist who had taken a sketch of the old Emperor's death-bed, and who was busily drawing in one corner of the chamber. Then it began to be perceived that the dying man was becoming unconscious. Suddenly he raised his head, as if to draw one more free breath, and then it fell back upon the pillow. The Empress was carried, hardly conscious, from the chamber. His son, the new Emperor, closed his eyes."

He was buried, with far less pomp than his aged father, in the parish church at Potsdam.

Had he lived, would Germany have esteemed him as she ought? "It is hard," says the French writer I have quoted, "to answer this question. The old German court party may rejoice in its heart at his death; but the lower classes, the *bourgeoisie*, — men of letters, men of learning, those who are the marrow of the nation, — will despair, for they adored him. To them he seemed the pilot who was to steer the ship of state to the Hesperides." The same writer continues: —

"I need not tell you that the widowed Empress has not been popular in the court, where it has been the fashion to disapprove all she does. She called in Dr. Mackenzie as a throat specialist, and popular rumor said it was for no reason but that he was a friend of the Battenbergs. She no doubt committed an imprudence when she caused to be moved the furniture in the apartments of the Queen Louise, which had never been touched since her death, that she might give the best rooms at Charlottenburg to her mother on her arrival; and at this sacrilege, Berlin did nothing but howl. The love her husband bore her was even counted against her. The poor woman was in a forlorn position; and when Queen Victoria came to Berlin, it was dreaded lest the Berliners should visit on her the antipathy it was the fashion to feel for her daughter."

The next child of Queen Victoria was the Prince of Wales. It is difficult to speak of him; for he has come prominently before the public in only two characters, — the maker of public speeches on public occasions, and the fast young

man, known in the gay capitals of Europe as one whose notice and attentions have been injurious to the reputations of women. Enough, and more than enough, has reached the public ear upon this subject, and on that of baccarat. There are other things, of a very different kind, that can be said about the Prince of Wales.

He has occupied for fifty years a very difficult position, and in some respects he has filled it with very remarkable prudence and ability. Can any situation be more trying than that of an English heir-apparent? Any more liable to unjust misrepresentations and to cruel disappointments? The heir of the monarchy to-day is *nothing;* to-morrow may be *everything*. He must efface himself. He must conceal his preferences and his predilections, for fear of exciting false hopes or creating dangerous jealousies. He must endeavor to shine, without absorbing other people's light; and the years slip by him without giving him the opportunity to assert his value or his manhood. Under these circumstances, some heirs-apparent have been driven into becoming men of pleasure, some into becoming men of intrigue, many into becoming both.

No Prince of Wales since Henry VIII. has been without blame, if he had come of age during his father's lifetime. The quarrels of parents with their eldest sons, all through the Hanoverian dynasty, are matters of history. If public opinion reproaches Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with a license foreign to the character of his admirable father, it must be conceded to him that he has ever been a dutiful subject, a hard worker, a man capable of rare self-control, a prince who has borne himself with dignity in a very difficult position.

In one of his first public speeches, he told his hearers that, being forbidden by his birth to take any part in politics, he hoped to devote himself to works of national utility and philanthropy. In politics, he has had the courage and the constancy to remain so absolutely neutral that no one knows what his political predilections are. For fifty years he had, in general, superb good health, a gay genial

disposition, a wonderful capacity for work, and a power of endurance and activity which, even among young Englishmen, was considered amazing.

He visited Canada and the United States in the days of President Buchanan; and, immediately after his father's death, he went to the Holy Land. He was accompanied to the East by a suite of gentlemen, among whom was Dean Stanley. The Dean published, on his return, a volume containing the sermons he had preached before the Prince, during their journey, on the spots where Biblical events had taken place; and in the appendix was a very interesting account of the Samaritan Passover, and of the visit they paid to Hebron and the Cave of Machpelah, where they were, by an especial firman from the Sultan, permitted to enter the mosque built over the cave, and view the shrines of Sarah, Abraham, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Leah, which no Christian had been allowed to do for six hundred years. As the gates of the shrine of Abraham were thrown open, the guardians groaned aloud, and the chief said: "The princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter; but to the eldest son of the Queen of England we are willing to accord even this privilege." Then, turning to the shrine, he cried: "O Abraham, Friend of God! forgive this intrusion."

Into the real cave they were not permitted to descend, but were suffered to bend over an aperture left open, that the holy air from it, coming up into the mosque, might be sniffed by devout worshippers.

Even before the Prince Consort's death the Princess Alexandra of Denmark had been thought of as the Prince of Wales's bride. Her father, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderberg-Glücksberg, was only a distant relative of the childless King of Denmark when selected by him as his heir-presumptive. Even as heir-presumptive his revenues did not exceed $4,500 a year; but his children have been all advanced to high positions. The Princess Alexandra may probably be Queen of England; Princess Dagmar is Empress of Russia; Prince

George is King of Greece; Princess Thyra married the Duke of Cumberland, the dispossessed King of Hanover; Prince Waldemar has married the great-granddaughter of Louis Philippe, the rich and beautiful Princess Marie, daughter of the Duc de Chartres.

The Princess of Wales has always shown exquisite taste in dress. She and her sisters, in their days of princely poverty, are said to have been their own dressmakers and milliners. The accomplishment that in her girlhood most distinguished her was music: she is an admirable pianist. But she is sadly deaf, — which may be very inconvenient to her when she reaches the throne. The Queen and all her husband's family have been always very fond of her, and she is extremely popular with the English people. I think they are thankful that she is not a German bride.

On March 7, 1863, "the sea-king's daughter from over the sea" landed at Gravesend, and was met there by the Prince of Wales and his mother's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. A magnificent pageant escorted her through London, and she then proceeded to Windsor, where the Queen (too recently a widow to take part in a public fête) met and welcomed her. Three days later she was married.

The Prince of Wales's country residence is at Sandringham, in Norfolk. It is said that Prince Albert selected it for his son because, being quite off the route of travellers, it is one of the quietest places in England. Here the family leads a country life, greatly beloved by its neighbors, tenants, and the villagers. The Prince and his guests hunt with the neighboring gentry, and entertain them in a country-neighborly way. Sandringham, instead of being a centre of intrigue, such as has too often clustered round an heir-apparent, is a real home, where the Prince (in spite of his crop of wild oats) is a most affectionate husband and father, surrounding himself with literary men and artists, noblemen of refined tastes, and distinguished foreigners.

Eight years after his marriage the Prince of Wales was taken desperately ill with typhoid fever. He contracted it at a friend's hunting-lodge, from imperfect drainage. All



PRINCESS OF WALES.



England was filled with anxiety, and the Queen and his sisters hastened to his sick bed.

"I shall never resist illness," said Prince Albert once to the Queen. "You would struggle, but I should succumb." The Prince of Wales, as his mother would have done, fought hard for his life. But great as his vitality was, the doctors despaired of saving him. Nothing they could do would make him sleep. At this crisis an old woman presented herself at the gate of Sandringham with a hop pillow. If it might be put under his head, she was sure it would be of service to him. The hop pillow was used accordingly; the Prince slept, and recovered.

There is a white marble slab in the parish church at Sandringham, recording in simple beautiful words the thankfulness of his wife for his recovery. When the fever left him, she rose in the early morning from beside his bed, and, with one of her ladies, walked across the fields to early morning service, that in God's house she might return thanks that her husband was spared to her.

It is said that the general feeling in England, on the day when the Prince went to St. Paul's to return public thanks for his recovery, produced a deep impression upon foreigners.

When he was thirty-four, and in the prime of life, he went to India on a species of embassy, — the representative to the natives of India of her who a few months later would be proclaimed their Empress-Queen. He arrived there accompanied by men of tried experience and ability, and nothing was neglected that could add brilliancy to his reception. He enjoyed everything like the most eager of tourists, but at the same time, in all that concerned official life and public affairs he showed the tact, earnestness, and dignity which befitted his position.

He has, like his mother, a beautiful voice, when reading or speaking. In India his activity, energy, curiosity to observe, and powers of endurance, surprised everybody. He knocked up his suite repeatedly, but he himself was always on the alert, and ready for everything.

Yet, though genial, easy, and kindly in all social inter-

course, the Prince of Wales never permits any one to presume upon his kindliness, or to forget good manners. *Then* his dignity at once asserts itself.

He has four living children. One died in infancy; and his eldest son, Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, died January 14, 1892, on the eve of his marriage. His brother, George Frederick, the Duke of York, married, eighteen months later, Princess May of Teck, his intended bride, and he and his infant son, Prince Edward, are now in the line of succession. The Prince of Wales's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, married, in 1889, the Duke of Fife, and has two daughters. The Princesses Victoria and Maud are still unmarried. The health of the latter is delicate.

In 1884 the two young Princes, Eddy (for that is the name by which Prince Albert Victor was known in his family) and George, were sent in an English warship to visit Australia; during their long voyage their mornings were to be passed in studies bearing on Australia and the colonies. Here is an extract from one of Prince George's letters, giving an account of a visit they paid to an Australian proprietor:

"Some of us," he writes, "went on horseback, some in carriages. The first night we slept nine in one room. In the first half hour after reaching our destination Eddy killed two kangaroos, and I three. These creatures are so numerous that, though their fur would be valuable, hunters only cut off their tails, which make admirable soup, and which are sold for a few pence. Kangaroos have great difficulty in turning round; for this reason they never try to shun those who attack them, but rush upon them; and in this way many make their escape through the broken ranks of the hunters. They devour the grass needed for the sheep. On the estate where we were (about twenty-five thousand acres) four thousand were killed last year. We took one alive, and a baby kangaroo from its mother's pocket. When not at full speed, they use their tails as a lever. There are other animals of the same species, smaller, and using their tails differently from the kangaroo."

The next child of the Queen was the one who was most beloved by the English nation, Princess Alice Maud Mary, Grand-Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt. From her earliest

childhood she enjoyed popularity even greater than that bestowed on other members of her royal house; and after the death of her father she was invested in English eyes with even a more tender interest. She was with her father in his latest hours; she comforted and supported her mother in the first dark days of her affliction; and she watched beside her brother's sick-bed even when she had husband and children of her own. Her Life and Letters, published in German, and translated by her sister, the Princess Helena, is a book to touch all hearts, and was read eagerly when it came out, in 1884.

Alice herself, speaking of the day of the Duchess of Kent's death, writes to her mother: —

"From that day dated the commencement of so much grief, so much sorrow; but in those days you had one, dearest mamma, whose first and deepest thought was to comfort and help you, and I saw and understood only then how he watched over you! I see his dear face, so tearful and so pale, when he led me to you early that morning, and said, 'Comfort mamma;' as if these words were a presage of what was to come. In those days I think he knew how deep my love was for you, and that as long as I was left in my home, my first and only thought should be you and you alone. This I held as my holiest and dearest duty, till I had to leave you, my beloved mother. But that bond of love, though I can no longer be near you, is as strong as ever."

For the first few days after her father's death Princess Alice took everything into her own hands, to save the Queen even communications with the Government and the household. "She is our Angel in the House," wrote one of the ladies-in-waiting.

She had been engaged some months before her father's death to Prince Louis of Hesse, the future Grand-Duke of Darmstadt. The marriage was celebrated quietly at Osborne July 1, 1862.

The world never learned to regard Prince Louis with entire admiration, but his wife adored him. "You tell me to speak of my happiness — *our* happiness," she writes to the Queen. "If I say I love my dear husband, that is

scarcely enough. It is a love and esteem which increases daily. What was life before, to what it has become to me now?"

There is no need to dwell upon the life she found so happy. The young people were very poor for their position, and Princess Alice's life was a combination of the Princess and the house-mother who pulls hard at both ends of her income to make them meet. She was interested in art, in literature, and in learned men. At one time Strauss almost led her away from the faith of her girlhood; but she was saved by fresh experience of her need of a personal God and Saviour, in hours of anxiety and sorrow. Her especial mission she considered to be the improvement of the condition of women. Sanitary matters also claimed her attention. Alas! that her cares had not extended in this matter to the Ducal Palace at Darmstadt.

In the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866, and in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, she founded the Woman's Union, to assist in nursing and relieving soldiers in time of war, and in peace to train nurses and assist in hospitals. All sorts of other benevolent institutions she established, — schools for idiots, kindergartens, societies for the employment of women. She went herself among the poor in their own houses, and she was the most devoted and untiring of mothers. She did too much, for she was rarely well. It pains us to hear her say: "I have made all the summer out-walking dresses, seven in number, — not embroidered, but made from beginning to end; likewise the new necessary flannel shawls for the expected. I manage all the nursery accounts and everything myself, which gives me plenty to do."

In the war of 1866 Prince Louis served with the Austrian army against Prussia. In 1870 he was on the Prussian side in the army corps of his wife's brother-in-law.

A terrible sorrow to Princess Alice was the fall out of a window in June, 1873, of her little boy Fritz, while looking at a military procession. The child's death took place, as



DUKE OF YORK.



it were, in his mother's presence. In reference to it she quotes some lines from a German poet.

> "Now unto you the Lord has done
> That which we wished to do;
> We would have trained you up, — and now
> 'T is we are trained by you.
>
> "With grief and tears, O children,
> Do you your parents train,
> And lure us on and up to you,
> To meet in Heaven again."

The loss of little Fritz was terribly felt by Ernest, his next brother. Their mother writes to their grandmother: —

"Yesterday Ernie was telling his nurse that I was going to plant some Spanish chestnuts, and she said, 'Oh, I shall be dead and gone before they are big.' Ernie burst out crying, and said, 'No! you must not die alone; I don't like people to die alone. We must all die together.' It is the remaining behind the loss, the missing of the dear ones, that is the cruel thing to bear. Only time can teach one *that*, and resignation to a higher will."

They came near all fulfilling little Ernie's wish, and dying together. Prince Louis became Grand-Duke of Darmstadt, and the Grand-Ducal Palace, like most mediæval buildings, was ill-drained. The children and their father sickened with diphtheria. The mother nursed them with unresting devotion. One little darling died. The mother in her agony kissed the face of her dying child, and took the infection. She was too run down by nursing and hard work to recover. She died December 14, 1878, — the anniversary of her father's death, seventeen years before.

The Queen has considered herself the mother of her orphaned children, and has arranged their marriages. Ernest has succeeded his father as Grand-Duke of Darmstadt. The eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, has married her morganatic cousin, Prince Louis of Battenberg. Princess Elizabeth has married the Grand-Duke Sergius of Russia, and is beloved by the imperial family,

and unhappy in her husband. Princess Irene, the third sister, has married Prince Henry of Prussia; and Princess Alix is not yet married.

Queen Victoria's fourth child was Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, who, on the recent death of his uncle, his father's brother, became the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. In England he is Admiral of the Fleet. He must be a man of courage, for in 1883 he was conspicuous at the dangerous ceremony of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia. He had married the Grand-Duchess Marie, sister of the Emperor, and only daughter of Alexander II.; for English law permits the marriage of one of the royal family with a member of the Greek Church, though not with a Roman Catholic. The Prince is said to have great skill as a musician; but he and his sister, the Princess Christian, seem to be less known to the public than any of their family. He and his wife have one son and four daughters, — Prince Alfred, now twenty years old; Princess Marie, wife to Prince Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the throne of Roumania; Princess Victoria Melita, married recently to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt; and Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice, who are still in the schoolroom. Their mother, the Grand-Duchess, is said to care little for gayety, but to be stately, reserved, and melancholy, — which is not surprising in a member of the Russian imperial family, for all her relations walk in dread of dynamite. Nor is she exempt from danger. A few years since, the Russian consul at Malta, an unsuspected Nihilist, was instrumental in putting an explosive into her box at the opera.

Princess Helena — or, as she is now called, Princess Christian — is an admirable translator, and must be a very sensible woman, judging by what she writes, which is always in the best taste possible. She is evidently the darling of her sisters, and was her mother's secretary, companion, and daughter at home after the departure of the Princess Alice. Rumor says that Prince Christian was brought to the Queen's notice by her seeing him much affected at the unveiling of

a statue of the Prince Consort, and that this led to her thinking of him as a suitor for her daughter; besides, she wanted a husband for her Helena ("Lenchen" her family call her) who would not take her from England. The Prince of Wales opposed the marriage, one of his reasons being that Prince Christian was of the branch of the royal family of Denmark opposed to that of the reigning family, to which Princess Alexandra belongs. Prince Christian is a somewhat elderly man, and has never been a great favorite in England, though the ready good-nature of his wife makes her extremely popular. She presides at numberless fancy bazaars and other charitable associations. They were married in 1866, and have two sons and two daughters; one of the latter, Princess Louise, was married in 1891 to Prince Aribert of Anhalt.

Princess Louise, the next daughter of Queen Victoria, was married in March, 1871, to John, Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. The Queen was very fond of the Duchess of Argyll, and it is said that the two mothers planned the match when the Marquis and the Princess were both children. In the Queen's book on their family life in the Highlands she relates the courtship, and "how Louise came and told her of her engagement, and of Lorne's expressions of devotion to her." The match was immensely popular in England. Archibald Forbes relates how, when he rode into Paris after the siege in 1871, the first question of all the English he met was, "Is the Princess Louise married?"

The marriage has been childless; nor does the Marquis (heir to the most distinguished name in Scotland) seem to have fulfilled the extravagant expectations some people had formed of him. He and the Princess went out to Canada, the Marquis being appointed Governor-General. But his administration was not successful; nor does the Princess seem to have adapted herself to Canadian ways.

The Princess Louise is an especial patroness of art needlework and the South Kensington Museum. Her face is distinguished by its fine intellectual profile, and her figure

for its graceful pose. "The Princess is exceedingly sympathetic, merry, and light-hearted," writes Mr. Motley in 1877. "She has decided artistic talents, — draws, paints, and models, and does your likeness in a few sittings very successfully. Nobody could be a kinder or more graceful hostess."

Prince Arthur William Patrick, Duke of Connaught, was "a dear, bright little fellow" in his baby days, and godson and namesake of the Duke of Wellington, — as charming a compliment as ever was paid to a subject by a sovereign. He is a general in the English army, and has been in command of the camp at Aldershot. He married the Princess Louise Marguerite, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, — the Red Prince, who won renown next to Von Moltke in the Seven Weeks' War and the Franco-Prussian campaigns. They were married in 1879, and have three children. The Prince's name and title led to the conclusion that it was hoped to associate him with the government and pacification of Ireland; but the post has proved too difficult, and the design too hopeless, for any administration to put the lord-lieutenancy into his hands.

In 1882, the Duke was in Egypt with General Sir Garnet Wolseley, and at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir fought against Arabi Pasha, heading a brigade of the Guards in the night march and assault on a very strong position.

The Queen, who was at Balmoral, knew the battle was impending, and she wrote in her Journal: —

"How anxious we felt I cannot say, but we tried not to give way. I prayed earnestly for my darling child, and longed for the morrow to arrive. Read Körner's beautiful 'Prayer before the Battle,' — 'Father, I call on Thee.' My beloved husband used to sing it often. My thoughts were entirely fixed on Egypt and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense that they seemed to feel as if they were all alive."

At last came a telegram announcing the victory, with a postscript from Sir Garnet: —



DUCHESS OF YORK.



"Duke of Connaught is well. Behaved admirably, leading his brigade to the attack."

"I carried it," says the Queen, "to Beatrice, where Louischen [the Duchess of Connaught] was, and I showed it to her, embracing her warmly, saying what joy and pride and sense of thankfulness it was to know our darling safe, and so much praised."

Queen Victoria's eighth child was Prince Leopold, on whom was conferred the ever-unlucky title of Duke of Albany. He was delicate from his birth, in a manner that made the smallest wound or scratch a serious matter. He lived almost entirely under the care of Colonel Grey, and the English public believed that in disposition and turn of thought he was the one of the Queen's sons who most resembled his father.

At one time there was some talk of his taking orders. He was known to the public by his excellent speeches, and he was frequently called upon to make them on occasions of public interest.

He went to Oxford, though his health had prevented his going, as he wished, to Eton. He was forever cut off from the sports and athletic exercises of other young men, in which he took great interest, and of which he seemed extremely fond. During all his short life he associated as much as possible with "great men, — men of renown." Mr. Ruskin was fond of him; and Prince Leopold said that he had "never looked up with such reverence to any man as he did to Ruskin."

In 1879, he moved his personal establishment to Claremont, a house always associated with sorrow. He was a loving brother to his sisters, and a tender uncle to his orphaned nieces at Darmstadt. In 1882, he married Princess Helen of Waldeck, a lady gentle, good, and gracious, who since her own widowhood has filled the place of a daughter to the widowed Queen.

Prince Leopold had been somewhat out of health in 1884, and went to Cannes, a place he was fond of, to recover. At Cannes, in his boyhood, he had had a strange

psychological experience, and it is probable that this was repeated, for a friend says: —

"The Duke, two days before his death, *would* talk to me of death, and said he would like a military funeral. In fact, I had great difficulty in getting him off that subject. At last I asked him why he talked on this matter. He was interrupted at the moment, but said: 'I will tell you later.' I never saw him to speak to again, but he finished his answer to me to another lady. 'For two nights,' he said, 'Princess Alice has appeared to me in my dreams, and says she is quite happy, and wants me to come and join her. That is what makes me so thoughtful.'"

He went out that night alone, without, as usual, a gentleman in attendance. Returning, he stumbled on the marble steps of the hotel, owing, it is believed, to vertigo or apoplexy, and fell, injuring his head. He died in a few hours.

He left a little daughter, and had a posthumous son.

The youngest of the Queen's children is Princess Beatrice, now thirty-seven years of age. Her face is full of character. "Baby" they long called her in her home circle, and the family letters and journals are full of her sweet baby ways and little accomplishments.

She grew up to be her mother's especial companion, absorbed in all the joys, cares, and sorrows of the Queen. The world said there was an attachment between Princess Beatrice and the Prince Imperial, and the story appears to have some color, from entries concerning the sad tragedy of his death in her mother's Journal. It was also said that the Queen was anxious that Princess Beatrice should be the second wife of the widowed husband of Princess Alice; and with that view used her personal influence to get the bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister to pass through Parliament. Meantime the Duke of Darmstadt had formed other views; he desired to contract a morganatic marriage with Madame Kolémine, the divorced wife of a Russian diplomatist. This marriage the Queen broke off, considering it an insult to the memory of her daughter;

and, although the Grand Duke had been married to Madame Kolémine, he was divorced from her in the Hessian courts.

Princess Beatrice is a charming artist, and once published a beautiful birthday book, illustrated by her own drawings. She loves bric-à-brac, old lace, and such matters, and says of herself she could find it in her heart to have as many gowns as Queen Elizabeth. Some one who saw her with her mother a few years since in the little church at Aix said that her care of that dear mother made a pretty picture. "She seemed to be listening, watching, breathing for the Queen; not in a fussy, irritating manner; but with the most genuine consideration she would steal her hand into that of her mother, hand her a fan, pull up her shawl, give her a cordial little smile."

Princess Beatrice has married Prince Henry of Battenberg, who is handsome and well educated. Before his marriage he was an officer in a Prussian regiment, with only slender pay. But the marriage was celebrated with much pomp in July, 1885, the young Princesses of Wales then making their first appearance in public as their aunt's bridesmaids; together with Princess Irene of Hesse, who has since married Prince Henry of Prussia. By the way, there must be considerable fraternal affection between this Prussian Prince and his eccentric brother the Emperor, for the Prince, when his first child was born at Kiel, held him up at once to the telephone, that his voice might be heard at Potsdam by his imperial uncle.

Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg have three sons and a daughter. The Princess and her family form, generally, part of the household of the Queen.

At the Jubilee on June 21, 1887, the Queen, as she sat in regal state to receive the homage of her children and grandchildren on that spot where she assumed her royal robes fifty years before, must have been a touching sight to all beholders. Long and blameless has been her reign, marked on her own part by rare tact and self-denial.

Queen Victoria alone of English queens regnant has been a mother and a queen at the same time. Elizabeth, Mary Tudor, and the second Mary were childless. Queen Anne had had the misfortune to lose all her children before she ascended the throne.

Note to Page 294.

A dear friend who has been much in India, and who shares the enthusiasm widely felt for Hodson's splendid services, is desirous I should add to the account of Hodson's court-martial (largely taken from the English "National Review," though elsewhere well corroborated) the opinion of his friends Lord Napier and Sir R. Montgomery concerning the charges brought against him of dishonesty. Lord Napier says: "The result of Major Taylor's laborious and patient investigation of Lieutenant Hodson's regimental accounts has fully justified, but not at all added to, the confidence I have throughout maintained in the honor and uprightness of his conduct." Sir R. Montgomery (Chief Commissioner in Oude) writes: "The whole report of Major Taylor seemed more satisfactory than any I ever read; and, considering Major Taylor's high character and the pains he took to investigate every detail, it must prove triumphant." Major Taylor's report was made in February, 1856, but it was never submitted to the Government of India till March, 1857, on the eve of the Mutiny. Lord Dalhousie left India having heard the charges, but not the vindication. Hodson's old schoolfellow, Mr. Thomas Hughes, wrote in his vindication shortly after his death in the "Edinburgh Review," and General Anson and Sir Henry Lawrence also stood by him.



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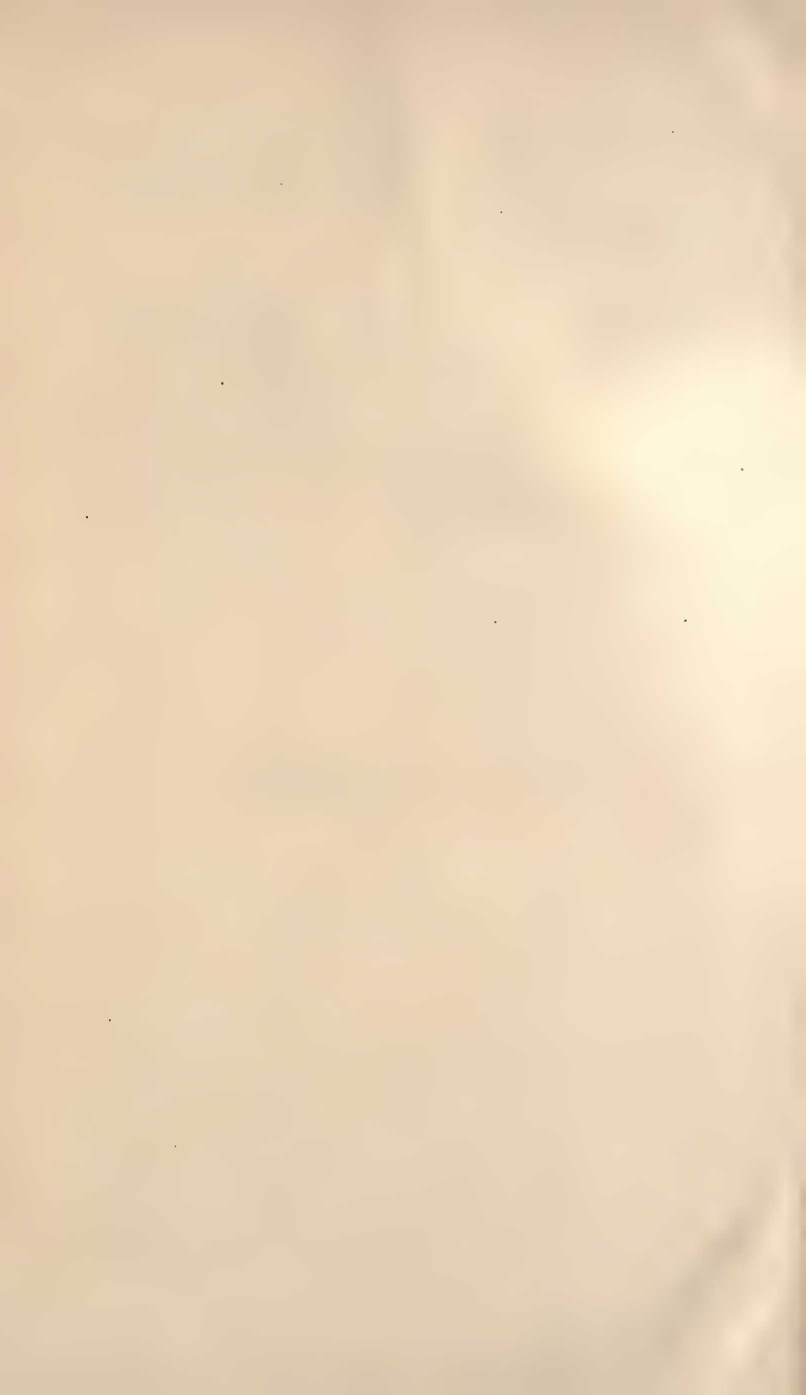
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